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INDEX TO VOL. XLII.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Antique Years, Legends of, 16, 205, 342, 442 Arnold, Dr. Thomas, Life and Writings of, 111

Babylon, The Modern, 151
Batavia Sperans. A Drama, 446
Battle, The Call to, 179
Biddulph, Richard; or, the Life and Adventures of a School-boy, 20, 242, 287, 500
Brother and Sister, The, 42

Cæsar and Cleopatra, Dialogue between, 166 Content, 320 Currency, The National, 253 Dying Bard, The, 304 Dying Boy, The, to his Mother, 189

Essay on the Light of Mental Science applied to Moral Training, 399

False Position, Dangers of a, 221

Glee-singers; or, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, 1, 137, 271, 478

Hindoos, Domestic Condition of the, 50 Hours of Travel, Leisure, 335

Irish Ballad, 220 Irish Peasant's Song, 442 Irish Song, 149 Italian Painter's Song, 252

Letters from the Country, 371 Liberty, Stanzas to, 240 Look how my Baby Laughs, 476 Lord Mayor's Day, Legend of, 362

Marriage, a Fragment, 125 Melody, A Vesper, 286 Mother and her Sailor Boy, The, 361 Murwaree, The Fortunes of, 515 My Bachelor Days, 423

Park, Sutton, Warwickshire, 191 Poems, Miss Barrett's, 322 Present, The, 69 Primrose, The First, 334

Recreation, Moments of, 35 Rendezvous, The, 129 Spafields, Funeral at, 180 Student, The Fair, 124 Suttee, The, 177

Tale, The Damosel's, 97, 209, 346, 463, Tourist, Tales of a, 77, 198, 306

Visionary Speculations, their Influence, &c., 170

Widower, The Young, 137 Wild Revenge, a Legend, 159

Year, The Departing, 95

Baber, Life of, noticed, 268 Bennets Abroad, The, noticed, 398

Curiosities of Heraldry, The, noticed, 398

Ecclesiastica, noticed, 134 "Effects," The, and Adventures of Raby Rattler, Gent., noticed, 532

Fire-side Library, The Queen's, noticed, 532

Gentlemen's Libraries, Plans for, &c., noticed, 529 Gitana, The, noticed, 262

Hampton Court, noticed, 381 Historical and Miscellaneous Questions, noticed, 390

Hot Water Cure, The, noticed, 394

Licensed Victualler's Daughter, Life of a, noticed, 138 Life in Earnest, noticed 387

Jealousy and Revenge, noticed 264

Magnetism, Human, its Claims, &c., noticed, 386 Medical Bill, Remarks on, noticed, 267

New Year's Gift, noticed, 270 Nothing. In Rhyme and Prose, noticed, 266

Nursery Rhymes, noticed, 138

Pilgrim of Beauty, The, noticed, 270

Pneumatogony, The, a Poem, noticed, 527

Reformers before the Reformation, noticed, 129

Schlemihl, Peter, the Shadowless Man, noticed, 530

Vacation Thoughts and Rambles, noticed 389

Village, The Goldmaker's, noticed, 532

Waldgrave; or, the Fortunes of Bertram, noticed, 398

War, The Woes of, noticed, 531

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE GLEE-SINGERS;

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

A TALE OF FLORENCE IN THE 13TH CENTURY.

[This tale, which will be continued through several consecutive numbers of the ME-TROPOLITAN, is from the pen of a lady of distinguished literary acquirements, but who wishes her name as the author to be at present unknown. When the writer has got fairly into her subject, we can promise our readers no ordinary gratification from the perusal of her historical romance.—EDITOR.]

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Civil dissension is a vip'rous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

K. Henry VI., First Part.

THE factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines originated in the resistance made by the Emperors of Germany to the encroachments of the Popes upon the Imperial privileges.

Though the germ of the contending parties was developed in the sixth century, the distinguishing appellations were not assumed till the middle of the twelfth; and the origin of the names is generally said to be as follows:—

Welf or Guelph, of the Ducal House of Saxony, warring with the Emperor Conrad III., to recover the confiscated Duchies of Saxony and Bavaria, for his young nephew, Henry (afterwards surnamed the Lion), was besieged by the Imperialists in Weinsberg,* in Bavaria, A. D. 1140. The watchword of the Saxon

• It was at the siege of Weinsberg that the display of conjugal affection occurred, noticed in the Spectator, No. 599; but Weinsberg is there erroneously spelled Hensberg. The Emperor had threatened to hang all the men when he took the town; but the women entreated and obtained leave to depart, each conveying whatever part of her property she prized most highly. The imperial troops were both surprised and affected on seeing the gates open, and the women issue forth, each carrying her husband on her back. Of course the lives of the men were spared. The German poet Bürger has written a gay little poem on "The Women of Weinsberg."

troops was "Welf," that of the Imperialists "Waiblingen," the name of the patrimonial seat of Conrad's family (the Hohenstauffen) in Wurtemberg. Hence, in time, the "Welfs" came to signify all those who were disaffected to the Emperor; and the "Waiblingens," the Imperial adherents. The Italians, long afterwards adopting the names, softened them into Guelph, or Guelf, and Ghibelline.

The cause of their introduction into Italy, was the quarrel of the popes and the emperors, called in history the War of the Investitures; each claiming the power of conferring ecclesiastical dignities; and the popes also asserting the right of nominating to the imperial crown, which right, the emperors maintained, rested

in the German electors alone, without papal interference.

In the course of the contest, the popes endeavoured to deprive the emperors of their Italian dominions, by inciting the different towns and districts to form themselves into separate and independent republics. Hence the Guelphs became partizans of democracy, though forming among themselves an aristocracy of wealth, and favoured the dismemberment of Italy, and the union of the spiritual and temporal power in the popes. The principles of the Ghibellines were exactly the reverse.

Early in the twelfth century Florence shook off the imperial government, and assumed a republican form. Internal peace, however, may be said to have prevailed, after a short but fierce interruption, till the year 1215, when it was broken by the events which form the substance of the following "Tale of

Florence."

Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, son and successor of Frederic Barbarossa, of the house of Hohenstauffen, and line of Swabia, died A. D. 1177, leaving a son, Frederic II., then aged four years, to whom Pope Innocent III. had been appointed guardian, and who used his power to deprive his ward of the best privileges annexed to the crown of the Sicilies, Frederic's hereditary dominions.* The German crown was disputed with Frederic by two rivals—one, his own uncle, Philip Duke of Swabia; the other, Otho, Duke of Saxony, who was son of Henry the Lion, in whose cause the watchword "Welf" or "Guelph" was first used at the siege of Wiensberg. The young Frederic was great grand nephew of Conrad, whose troops besieged Weinsberg, and used the war-cry of "Waiblingen" or "Ghibelline."

Philip of Swabia was assassinated in 1208; and Otho, being of a family always attached to the papal interest, was favoured by the Pope to the prejudice of his ward, and was crowned by him as Otho IV.; but, quarrelling with Innocent on the subject of the Imperial rights, was excommunicated. The pope then es-

[•] Derived from his mother, Constance of Sicily. From his father he inherited Apulia, Swabia, and some territories in Germany. The empire was elective.

poused the cause of the young Frederic, whom he encouraged to leave Sicily, and enter Germany to receive the imperial crown, after traversing Italy to encourage his adherents in that country.

A. D. 1212.

Otho, the rival emperor, then turned his arms against Philip Augustus of France, the ally of Frederic; but was signally defeated by Philip at the great battle of Bouvines, near Tournay, July 27, 1214, and never recovered this overthrow, which secured

Frederic's triumph.

Frederic II. of Germany was the most remarkable man of his time, or perhaps of any other. The circumstances of his situation had early matured him. In extreme youth he was called upon to fulfil the most onerous duties. He was a husband and a father at seventeen, and the champion of a disputed crown; and a consummate statesman and general almost equally early. He possessed extraordinary talents, and had received a superior edu-He displayed great strength of mind and body, and excelled in chivalrous exercises. He spoke perfectly Greek, Latin, Arabic, French, Italian, and German; and was one of the best Italian poets of the time. He studied astronomy, philosophy, natural history, and surgery. He was an antiquarian, and founded collections of art at Capua and Naples. He was brave, liberal, and magnificent; and in his youth, before a series of calumnies, persecutions, and perfidies had rendered him cruel and suspicious, he was generous, mild, cheerful, and affectionate. During forty years he combatted stupendous difficulties with unshaken energy. In Germany he had to contend with a predominant aristocracy; in Upper Italy with a powerful democracy; in Middle Italy with an arrogant hierarchy; and in his hereditary dominions to reconcile the hostile elements of six nations, viz. Germans, Greeks, Romans, Jews, and the Norman and Saracen colonies. He was unceasingly obliged to make head against rival kings and inimical popes, royal aggressions and papal excommunications; and, worse than all, against filial ingratitude and the treachery of friends and relatives. Yet, amid all this strife, he promoted arts and learning, encouraged commerce and manufactures, and endeavoured to correct abuses, and extend civil and religious liberty. He was well made, though not tall; had an agreeable countenance, and was master of the art of pleasing.

CHAPTER I. *

"Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright; For Seyd, the pacha, makes a feast to-night."

The Corsair.

In the autumn of the year 1214, Mosca Lamberti, a wealthy noble of Florence, of the Imperial or Ghibelline party, returned to his native city after an absence of some length.

A few evenings after his arrival, he invited the principal men of Florence, without distinction of party, whether Guelph or Ghibelline, to partake in a feast celebrating his re-union with his

friends and countrymen.

At the appointed hour, the most spacious apartment of the Palazzo Lamberti displayed a more cheerful scene than it had done before for a considerable period. From the fretted roof hung brazen lamps and cressets, whose light fell on the heavy tapestry—on the pictures which, according to the taste of that age (in which, as yet, none of the celebrated painters had appeared), were strange representations of subjects from the Revelations, well spangled with bloody suns and moons and falling stars—and on the ancient relics of sculpture whose era had long since passed away—the statues and torses which had been discovered, from time to time, in different parts of Italy, that cradle and grave of Roman arts and Roman glory. The long narrow lattices, decorated with some stained glass (then rare and much prized), were partially open to admit the soft air of a serene and still warm Italian even-At the lower end of the room, a small fountain played, with an agreeable murmur, into a basin of grey marble. On the pavement, chequered with black and white flags, stood a long table of oak, with carved legs, and covered with flagons and flasks of iced water and Italian wines, and beakers, bowls, and drinking-cups. And all around, on oaken seats in the Gothic style, adorned with grotesque carvings, sat the guests of Mosca Lamberti.

The Florentines of that day were extremely simple in their tastes and plain in their dress. The old men wore the ancient long Tuscan gown of very dark green or of scarlet camlet, with the hood trimmed with fur, and hanging behind. The younger men affected the more tunic coat with very long skirts, and tightened with a black leather girdle, and hose—i. e. pantaloons and stockings in one—with dark leather boots. The colours were all dark, either green or brown; but mursy colour was the favourite

with the gallants, and was esteemed full dress.

Among the guests were many distinguished denizens of Florence, but the two most remarkable figures of the group were Mosca

^{*} The substance of the following tale, so far as it relates to the Emperor Frederic and to Buondelmonte's connection with the Amidei and the Donati, and the subsequent consequences, is related by the Florentine historians, and frequently alluded to by Danto in his "Divina Comedia," or Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise.

himself and Giovanni Buondelmonte, the young, gay, handsome

chief of a powerful Guelph family in Florence.

Mosca was among the tallest of the middle size, and of a spare His face might be termed handsome, but there was something in its expression which, at the first glance, made a stranger avert his eye, but at the second look attracted attention, curious to observe the varying expression of that remarkable The features were prominent, the complexion countenance. dark, the high forehead bore an expression of contemplation and pride; the somewhat thin lips were compressed, when silent, as in habitual scorn. The usual glance of the bright dark eye was shrewd and piercing, but mingled with a laughing sprightliness that rendered its scrutiny less painful. It was variable in its character: sometimes, shadowed by its long black lashes, it spoke caution and suspicion; sometimes it beamed with apparent confidence; now it flashed with pride, or dilated in anger; sometimes it spoke the language of seeming candour and conciliation, but of diffidence never. His manner, when he chose, could be courteous and dignified. He was never abstracted, for a moment, from the persons before him; every word, gesture, and look of whom he seemed to watch and treasure, though he was skilful enough to let this appear as if arising from polite attention, rather than from keen observation. He did not speak much or hastily; and he semed to be somewhat upwards of thirty-five years of age.

From him the eye turned with pleasure to rest on the ingenuous lineaments of the young Buondelmonte. His complexion was more florid than that of his countrymen in general. His forehead was broad and smooth; his dark grey eye was bright, full, lively, and roving; his hair luxuriant, and of a dark brown approaching to black; and the whole air of his countenance so gay, so benevolent, and so frank, that it seemed radiant with the most attractive expression, which would have beautified features less regular than those of Buondelmonte, to whom nature had been lavish of embellishments. Add to these, full smiling lips, displaying large, regular, pearly teeth, and a tall, full, but graceful and active figure, and it will be readily conceived that he was an object of much admiration among the Florentine fair, who considered him the handsomest man of their country. He was generous, honourable, kind, and open, but somewhat unstable. He spoke and acted on every impulse of his too unreflecting mind; and he was credulous and precipitate; but, as these defects were unobtrusive, and affected others less than himself, no one in Florence was a more general favourite.

Though his manner was never absent or inattentive, it was the opposite of the observant keenness of Mosca Lamberti. He never sought to discover faults in others, or to disguise them in himself.

Wherever a party of men is assembled, the conversation, how-

ever it may begin or end, will certainly, at some period, run into politics. Thus it was with the guests of Lamberti, who, after congratulating their host on his return, and asking questions concerning his travels and adventures, began to discuss the politics of the Guelphs or Papal partisans, and the Ghibellines or Imperial adherents, whose factions were then agitating Italy.

Mosca Lamberti remarked that he lamented to find Florence still generally disloyal to its sovereign, the Emperor Frederic II.; still influenced by the councils of the Pope to form an inde-

pendent republic.

This remark of Lamberti called forth a tumultuary conversation, in which all the guests engaged at once with abundance of Italian gesticulation. Here a group of Guelphs declaimed in favour of a republican form of government for Florence, against a knot of animated Ghibellines, who argued for monarchy.

There the claims of the rival candidates for the German empire were canvassed; * Guelphs contending for the right of Otho IV. to the imperial crown, because he had been nominated by Pope Innocent; and Ghibellines for Frederick II., because he had been elected by the German states, in whom, only, they asserted, the

right of election lay.

One eager Ghibelline reminded his antagonist that the Pope had lately quarrelled with Otho, and declared for Frederic. Another interrupted him to exult over the recent defeat of Otho, by Philip of France, at Bouvines, and to prophesy the speedy success of the Ghibelline cause; and then a chorus of Ghibelline voices was uplifted in praise of the rare talents and fine qualities of the young Frederick; but still louder rose the clamours of

Guelph depreciations.

But the point on which the Ghibellines most strenuously insisted, was the integrity of Italy. They pronounced the Guelphs traitors to nationality in seeking to make the different Italian states so many small independent republics, under the papal protection. "But we," said they, "are the true patriots. In supporting the Emperor's + sovereignty, we seek to unite disjointed Italy under one head; to concentrate its powers, interests, and energies, and give it political existence as one integral country. We sigh to make 'Italy' a national name; to have it mean one nation. We desire to be *Italians*, not merely Florentines, Pisans, Milanese; sons of one mother, yet not brothers."

"I perceive," observed Mosca, "that during my absence, poli-

[•] The Guelphs considered Otho as the right Emperor of Germany in preference to Frederic, but denied the claims of both to Florence.

[†] Dante, in his Book de Monarchia, written after he had adopted Ghibelline principles, looked to the emperors as the only hope for preserving the integrity of Italy. He asserted that sovereigns derived their power from God, but were bound to rule for the good of their subjects; and to soothe the wayward passions of men, so that they might live together in peace and brotherly love.

tical differences have not decreased in Florence. Would it not be better, if, instead of smouldering thus, the embers burst into a flame at once, and let one or other party conquer, and dispose of the destinies of Florence?"

"No! no!" cried Almanno Amidei, a principal Ghibelline, and a kinsman of Mosca; "no! we deprecate civil war and its miseries. Both parties may yet be induced to coalesce; a little time, the course of events, the friendly guise of the Pope at present to Frederick, the brilliant promise given by the young Emperor's talents, may yet win the Guelphs to our views."

"You are right," said the Guelph Carlo Donati, with a smile, "you are right to temporize. We outnumber you, and a collision would do you no service now, you must wait a better time."

Amidei's brow flushed, but old Novello prevented his angry reply, by promptly addressing Donati: "We Ghibellines mean fairly by you Guelphs; and you know we are about to give you proof that we desire peace." Then turning to Mosca, he continued, "Messer Lamberti, though so lately returned to us, you have heard, no doubt, of the projected union between Guelph and Ghibelline; that, for the sake of Florence and her internal peace, in the hope that both factions will, ere long, combine in one legitimate object, the opposite parties have agreed upon uniting the interests of their two leading families, Almanno degli Amidea, as a chief of the Ghibellines, gives his richly-dowered sister the Lady Amidea, to our noble fellow-citizen, Giovanni dei Buondelmonte, the head of the Guelphs."

A close observer might have perceived that there was something of design in Mosca's face, as he replied, with some emphasis, "I congratulate Florence on the readiness of her children to

make sacrifices for her tranquillity."

"Sacrifices!" exclaimed Buondelmonte, "I object to the word. I feel the Lady Amidea's acceptance an honour. I freely offer her my best feelings. Do you call a voluntary oblation a sacrifice?"

"Scusate," said Mosca, demurely, "pardon my ill-chosen word. I know not why I used it—unless it be that memory reverted to something. I thought I had heard of a marriage contract not long since between my kinswoman Amidea and Captain Florestan Bastiani, the favourite of our Emperor Frederic: and I deemed there might have been some sacrifice of—of—feeling—or memory—or—"

"Captain Bastiani is dead," interrupted Almanno Amidei,

coldly.

"Then," said Mosca, "there is probably some foundation for the rumour I heard in Germany, that Bastiani was killed at the battle of Bouvines, last July—no longer, however, a Captain, but a private soldier; and that some blot had previously fallen on his escutcheon, which even his blood has not yet washed out; and which had been the cause of breaking off his intended marriage."

"Oh, then," cried Buondelmonte, "you have heard the illnatured version of that unfortunate story. Poor Florestan! he was a noble fellow! a conspicuous mark for envy, and became its victim."

"You appear to have a peculiar reverence for the memory of

Captain Bastiani," said Mosca, with a peculiar accent.

"I owe it to him," replied Buondelmonte, warmly. "I knew him at Arazzo, that noted Ghibelline city. In some popular disturbance in its streets, I was recognized as a Guelph, and should have been roughly handled, perhaps murdered, but for the interposition of Bastiani; who, with the fearful odds of a furious mob against him, fought for me bravely, even against his fellow Ghibellines, and carried me off in safety to his own abode, where, politically opposed as he and I were, he hospitably entertained me for several days.

"I found him generous, honourable, romantic, and gallant; and though trained both in courts and camps, polished by the former, and made heroic by the latter, yet corrupted by the vices of

neither."

"How then," enquired Mosca, with a suppressed smile, "how then came such a paragon to fall from his high station? Excuse my troublesome questions: broken rumours only reached me on

my travels."

"As any one might fall," replied Buondelmonte, "by the force of calumny. During the period that some Ghibelline troops were quartered at Sienna, a beautiful nun, named Rosara, was carried off, or eloped, from her convent in that city. Some wretches, envious, no doubt, of Florestan's high favour with your Emperor Frederic, caused suspicion of the sacrilege to fall upon the young There was a trial; some kind of proofs were adduced, officer. and though no one who was acquainted with Florestan could believe his guilt, I know not how it is, but he was condemned to That sentence was, however, overruled by the influence of your Emperor, who was convinced of his favourite's innocence; but the offended church was powerful; Florestan forfeited rank and wealth, was excommunicated, and banished from Italy. He disappeared, and was not heard of for some time, till authentic accounts from the French army stated that he had served Philip Augustus as a private archer, and was killed at the battle of Bouvines.

"Poor Florestan! had he lived, I am sure he would one day or other have found means to establish his innocence. But his death has left that task a legacy to me. He saved me once from a savage mob: I wish to save his memory from still more savage calumny." "And pray," asked Mosca, with a peculiar expression of countenance, "how do you expect to overturn the long-established evidence by which he was condemned?"

"I know not yet," said Buondelmonte; "but I am on the watch for anything that may serve as a clue in what I consider a sacred duty to the gallant dead."

Mosca Lamberti half covered his eyes, and compressed his

lips. After a short pause, he resumed-

"Do you remember, most chivalrous redresser of wrongs, that the man for whom you are a self-elected champion was a Ghibel-

line, your political enemy?"

"No," answered Buondelmonte, "I do not remember party distinctions in cases like this. And Florestan did not remember party when he flew to my rescue. And when a man is oppressed and defamed, I remember only that he is a man—a fellow creature."

"But why," persisted Mosca, "are you so certain of his inno-

cence, in opposition to received evidence?"

"Because," replied the young Guelph, "crime was contrary to his nature. I disbelieve his guilt from the same internal conviction that would make me incredulous were I told a dog spoke. Besides, there was an expression in Florestan's face when he pleaded his innocence on his trial, that weighed with me more than the oaths of a thousand accusers. Did you ever see him, Lamberti?"

Mosca replied in the negative.

"Then," resumed Buondelmonte, "you can have no idea of the perfect candour of his appearance. If he was false, no man is true."

"It seems an unfortunate partiality," said Mosca in a low voice to Almanno Amidei, "that Buondelmonte should think differently on all occasions, private and political, from the family with which he is about to connect himself. Are not all the Amidei perfectly satisfied of Bastiani's guilt?"

"We are," replied Almanno. "Even Amidea herself could

not resist the convincing evidence."

At this moment Stiatta Uberti, who sat near an open window, exclaimed—" Hark! the Glee-singers * are approaching."

* The term "Glee-singer" is not to be understood as meaning singers of glees, for the glee is not Italian, but purely English music, and was unknown before the seventeenth century. The word "Glee-singer" is used in this tale in the same sense in which old writers used the term glee-man, or glee-maiden, i. e. persons creating glee or amusement—itinerant minstrels and jugglers. Thus Sir Walter Scott says—

"Old thou dost wax, and wars grow sharp,
Thou now hast glee-maiden, and harp;
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band."

Lady of the Lake, Canto VI. The Court.

CHAPTER II.

Let music Charm, with her excellent voice, an awful stillness Through all this building, that her sphery soul May (on the wings of air) in thousand forms Invisibly fly, yet be enjoyed.

Westward Hoe .- Decker and Webster.

All were silent, and listened attentively to a sweet and animated strain of mingled voices at a little distance. There was something so attractive in the tones, that the guests of Lamberti seemed to strain their attention in hopes of catching even the faintest echo. Nor was it until the harmony had entirely ceased, that silence was again broken by Almanno Amidei expressing his hopes that the singers would come nearer.

"Probably," said he, addressing Mosca, "you are not aware of

the interest excited here by those vocalists."

Mosca replied in the negative, and enquired who they were.

"That," said Almanno, "is what every one is curious to discover. It is but a short time since they first appeared here; and they have hitherto preserved the strictest incognito. They are apparently three very young men; the treble singer, indeed, is quite a boy; and his youth gives a feminine softness to his voice, which blends enchantingly with the delightful tenor and rich bass of the other two. They are conjectured to be persons above the common, both from their air, and the exquisite taste and science with which they sing."

"They seem desirous of concealment," observed Uberti, "for they never appear till late in the evening, conceal their faces with the broad brims of their hats, and decline entering any dwelling.

"The tenor and treble singers shun conversation, but the bass singer sometimes asks a few questions of his auditors; he has been observed at times to look enquiringly on the countenances of females, while his two comrades never raise their eyes from the ground.

"The place of their abode they have hitherto contrived to keep

a profound secret.

"They are evidently Ghibellines, as is plain from the tenor of

their songs, which are chiefly of a political nature."

"There is something," resumed Almanno, "peculiarly plaintive in the voice of the boy. Even when the trio sing some cheerful animated strain, his voice breathes in a melancholy tone, as though his heart renounced even the sounds of joyousness, while his harmony delights all who hear it."

Calto Donati, who was seated next to Buondelmonte, turning

to him, observed, "Florence is at this time particularly fortunate in its new acquisitions of melody and beauty."

"New beauty! what do you mean?" asked Buondelmonte.

"Have you not heard that Florence has just received back her

long absent and loveliest daughter?"

"Who?" asked Buondelmonte, eagerly.

"Shame on you, degenerate Guelph! not to know that our party can boast of the most beautiful girl in Italy—in the world—Imma dei Donati, the only child of my aunt, the noble widow of Corso dei Donati."

"Imma Donati!" said Buondelmonte. "Yes, I faintly remember her, a beautiful child, when I was a boy. She was delicate too, I remember; and on the death of her only brother, was sent to Livorno for the benefit of sea air. Has she grown

up so lovely?"

"Lovely is too faint a word. Her charms are of a rare description. Some of her ancestors intermarried with beautiful Germans; and their northern charms have descended to Imma. Imagine a face of celestial expression, with an exquisite fairness, unknown among our brunettes; and pervaded by a paleness in her so interesting, that we fancy the slightest tinge of colour would injure her attractions; while any idea of deadness of complexion is removed by the tinge of two exquisitely formed lips, that seem like rose leaves. Imagine features the most regular; a soft, very dark blue eye, or rather, of the colour of the violet, fringed by long dark silken lashes; glossy brown hair, braided over a fair and polished forehead; an air of the utmost sweetness and serenity; a form of sylph-like symmetry and delicacy—imagine these, and you may have some faint idea of Imma Donati."

While Carlo spoke, his eyes were rivetted on his hearer, whose varying expression showed how deeply he was affected by the

image presented to his mind.

The Italian temperament is naturally excitable; but Buondelmonte was even more so than his countrymen in general. He was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty; and before his engagement with Amidea, had been a somewhat inconstant flatterer amongst the fair ones of Florence.

After a short pause, he said, with a forced smile, "Alas! for the hearts of our countrymen! they will all be offered to the young beauty; will any one of them be deemed worthy of accep-

tance by her kindred?"

Carlo fixed his eyes significantly on the young Guelph, and replied with some emphasis, "There is, or rather there was, one, whose alliance we should have prized—a Guelph, whose advantages, combined with ours, would have made him a noble head for our party in Florence. But—" he made an emphatic pause.

The words and looks of Carlo plainly discovered to Buondelmonte, that he was the man who might have obtained the beau-

tiful Imma, had he been free.

"Free!" thought he; and for the first time his engagement pressed on him like a fetter. Thought is rapid. In a moment he recollected that Imma was an heiress of high rank and great wealth, that her family was of his own party; and that of his affianced bride was of the Ghibelline faction. But, to do him justice, neither interest nor politics weighed anything in comparison with the imagery of Imma's beauty.

At this moment, the tones of a vocal prelude were heard immediately below the windows. It was the Glee-singers, who were tuning their voices to a lively air, in which the tenor and bass predominated, while they sang the following song; which, as they afterwards frequently repeated it on other occasions, and with some effect among the populace, was known in Florence by

the name of

THE GHIBELLINE RECRUITING SONG.

Hail to the Ghibelline! Fortune and fame
Follow his banners and honour his name;
For the sword of his chief, through the dark clouds of war,
Has gleam'd forth already, of conquest the star;
And the laurels that flourish round victory's shrine
Have tender'd their wreaths to the brave Ghibelline.

And the young heart of beauty will next be his prize, With soft words on her lips and soft looks in her eyes; For beauty was made for the meed of the brave. (Oh! how could she smile on the dastard or slave!) Thus the myrtle of love will its blossoms entwine 'Mid the laurels that honour the gay Ghibelline.

Shall the gallant and brave be unbless'd with the vine? No! for him shall foam up the best beaker of wine, As he drinks to the objects his homage that share—To the health of his prince, to the health of his fair. Then crown'd with the myrtle, the laurel, the vine, Oh, who would not envy the gay Ghibelline?

When the lay had ceased, the guests of Lamberti interchanged their comments on the music and the words; but Buondelmonte made no remark on either. Indeed, he had paid no attention to them; being occupied in trying to compose his somewhat rebellious thoughts. He felt that the beautiful image conjured up by Carlo Donati had taken undue possession of his mind, considering his engagement, and he felt something like distaste at the recollection of that engagement. But these feelings were immediately combatted by the suggestions of honour. He remembered that he had cheerfully entered upon the connexion with the Amidei the moment it had been pointed out to him by mutual friends,

and that from the moment he was troth plight to Amidea, he had done all in his power to win her affections, to make her forget her lost lover, and to render their union one of inclination as well as of policy; and he felt how cruelly, how unjustly he should act, did he break his faith, or suffer his heart to be alienated under the circumstances in which they stood.

Anxious, therefore, to lead his thoughts back to their proper channel, he turned to address Carlo Donati, though not perfectly knowing what to say, and began an unconnected and awkward panegyric on Amidea. Carlo could scarcely repress a smile; but, finding it incumbent on him to make some reply, he merely remarked, "The Signora Amidea is universally held in esteem as

a very amiable woman."

"An amiable woman!" cried Buondelmonte; "apply any other epithet of praise to her you will, and she merits it; but spare both her and me an expression which has become so hackneyed, so misused, and so misunderstood, that it now generally designates something very unloveable. Sometimes it means a piece of dull propriety, a domestic disciplinarian. Sometimes a being all self-complacent in her own great sense and worth: sometimes a careful observer of commonplaces, a drilled pacer in the one beaten track, from which she has neither talent nor courage to deviate. She only deserves credit as a really estimable woman, who is so from the exertion of a sound intellect and virtuous will, and who is not merely negatively good because she is too stupid or too much the slave of habit to be otherwise. To me the world's phrase, 'amiable woman, conjures up images of dullness, coldness, self-sufficiency, and affectation. Amidea possesses a very different character, and deserves a different panegyric."

Buondelmonte felt that he was rambling and talking irrelevantly. He saw that Carlo listened to him with suppressed impatience, glancing at the window near which they sat; and he felt at a loss how to change the conversation, when Carlo leaned out of the window for a few moments, as if for air, and then resumed his seat. But before Buondelmonte could speak, the Gleesingers without, raising their voices, sang the following song; in which, however, it was observed that the young treble singer

faintly and apparently reluctantly joined:—

SONG OF BEAUTY.

Rich is the gift when bounteous Heaven To woman beauty's charms hath given— Wend where she will, the flattering voice Of homage bids her ear rejoice, And ere she speaks, her eye can dart An interest deep to every heart; While for one favouring glance, their pride, Subdued, the noblest cast aside. Her form the painter loves to trace,
His model of resplendent grace;
Her name, her charms, his theme of praise,
The minstrel sings in sweetest lays.
Then thus when all on earth agree
At beauty's shrine to bend the knee,
How precious is the boon when Heaven
To woman loveliness hath given!

While these verses were proceeding, Donati watched with an air of pleasure their effects on Buondelmonte, whose countenance betrayed that they recalled to his excitable mind with double force the image of the beautiful Imma. But the expression of satisfaction soon faded from the features of Donati; for the treble voice, instead of ceasing with the other two, sustained the last note, and ran from it into a flowing cadence; then returning to the air, changed the original key into a plaintive minor, and, totally unaccompanied by either of his companions, sang the following verse with so much pathos, and such a melancholy intonation, as created in all who heard him a belief that the words bore an allusion to some circumstances connected with that youthful mourner:—

Yet oh! how oft with peril fraught
Is beauty's charm, how dearly bought!
When to the idol's short-lived reign
How oft succeeds a life of pain!
How oft, heart-broken and forlorn,
Exposed to pity and to scorn,
She sighs for death's releasing hour
And sinks a crush'd and faded flower!

This conclusion of the song accorded so little with the taste of Donati, that he looked both surprised and displeased. But before he could offer any comment, Buondelmonte, who seemed re-

volving some perplexed thoughts, exclaimed aloud-

"A light breaks in upon my mind; those Glee-singers are Ghibellines, and the last words of that song contain, I suspect, an allusion to Rosara, the beautiful and lost nun. I feel assured I can gain from them some clue to the mystery that darkens the memory of poor Florestan Bastiani." And he rose, and was about to quit the room.

"My dear Giovanni," said Mosca, detaining him, "you are too romantic. I see no grounds for your supposition, and you are about to run into some danger. You know that these men do not choose to be watched or questioned. Heaven only knows what sort of desperadoes they are, and your indiscreet curiosity will be rewarded with a stab, if not now, at some convenient time."

"No danger," said Buondelmonte, gaily; "those sweet warblers cannot be birds of prey."

"But you have heard that they will not converse with any one.

You will lose your labour."

"No great loss," replied Buondelmonte, "in an idle hour like this." And drawing himself from the hands of Mosca, he ran out of the room; and Lamberti and the others, alleging curiosity to see how he would comport himself, watched attentively the pro-

ceedings of the young Florentine and the Glee-singers.

By the time the former had reached the gate of the palace, the latter had left it, but had proceeded but a very little way when they were seen to be joined by Buondelmonte. The conversation was carried on in so low a voice, in order not to attract the attention of the passers by, that it was wholly inaudible to Lamberti and the others. They saw, however, that neither the treble nor tenor singer took any share in it, but that immediately on Buondelmonte's joining them those two averted their faces, made gestures of leave-taking, and hurried on to some distance, where they halted, as if to wait for their companion, the bass-singer, who remained near the noble Florentine. They could see that the bass-singer conversed with him for a few moments quietly, till apparently in reply to something Buondelmonte said, the Glee-singer flung his arms up, and stamped on the earth in a vehement and agitated manner; then recovering himself, and deprecating with a significant gesture any further conversation, he made a hasty salute, and hurried to his companions, and all three were soon out of sight, leaving Buondelmonte apparently stunned for a few seconds.

As soon as the latter recovered himself and returned to the Palazzo Lamberti, which he did with a much graver air than he had left it, he was greeted by many voices,—"What success?"

"None," said Buondelmonte, with a disconcerted look; "or rather worse than none. I introduced myself as a Florentine noble, who, fearing that the strangers were unhappy, was anxious to offer any service I could for their relief. The boy and the tenor-singer hurried off like wild deer, but the bass-singer remained. He thanked me, but rejected all offers of service for himself and his comrades, saying, that though it was true they had heavy cares, yet they declined to impart them. For himself, he said, I could do nothing, unless it were to do him the favour of answering a few questions:- 'Do you,' he said, 'know of any young and beautiful woman living in misery and concealment?' Surprised at the query, I answered in the negative. 'Do you,' he asked again, 'know any such person whose life of mystery gives constant occupation to the honest gossips in the neighbourhood, and who is never mentioned without a significant shrug?" And he uttered this in a voice of mingled grief and vexation."

"Ho," said Fifanti, a kinsman of Lamberti, laughing, "here

is some tale of a runaway wife, or ladye-love at least."

Buondelmonte resumed. "I replied, that I knew not of any who answered that description. He rejoined—'Then, sign or, it is not in your power to serve me;' and was turning away, when I said—'In courtesy for the question you put to me, permit me one in which I am much interested. You are, I am aware, a Ghibelline; have you ever known a celebrated person of your party, the unfortunate Captain Florestan Bastiani?' Alas! at the question he glared upon me with a look of rage and horror, flung up his arms, spurned the earth, and exclaimed—'The bane of my existence! accursed be his memory!' And before I could recover from the effects of his vehemence, he had rejoined his comrades and was out of sight."

"Poor Buondelmonte," said some, "here is a disappointment!"

"Poor knight-errant and redresser of wrongs!" laughed others.
And some of the Guelphs, in the spirit of party, remarked—
"Here is some more Ghibelline gallantry coming to light. It would seem that the hero Florestan had run away with this poor fellow's wife or fair one some time or other."

"Well," rejoined Buondelmonte, "even yet I uphold poor Florestan. I knew him, and I do not know this vagabondizing

singer."

So spoke he in a tone of confidence; yet he remained thoughtful and out of spirits for the remainder of the revel.

LEGENDS OF ANTIQUE YEARS.

No. II.

THE REUNION OF PSYCHE AND EROS AT THE FOUNTAIN OF HAPPINESS.

THEY are standing by a fountain, O how sweet its murmurs be, That come around the heart like joy, Whispering, "There's bliss for thee." O very fair is the sunny land, Where you breeze light footsteps roam, In the shadow of whose wine-wreath'd hills Is the vale stream's rosy home, For sings in joy that streamlet By the flower-paths of its mount, Till pouring melody on air It riseth in that fount. O pure should flow those waters In light and song arrayed, For there, more bright than sunshine, They stand—that youth and maid.

She gazeth on those chrystal waves unchain'd, As though her soul had there its goal attain'd—As 'mong those fragrant waters were the home To which her spirit over earth would roam.

But the youth sees them not; he, in that scene, Sleeping as in the shade of Venus' sheen, Sees but the maiden. To her eyes alone, As to their blessed rest, his looks have flown. Ay, peerless knight, to whom all war might bow, Arms and the conflict are unthought of now; But her he sees, the meek one bending there. Often grief's wave hath kiss'd that forehead fair-Since last I saw thee from the vanish'd earth Arising to the land where joy has birth. Sad one! how often on the breeze hath come Thy spirit's moaning to thy heavenly home! How oft by its clear founts, its bliss-tuned halls, Borne on the air, that bitter plaining falls! And if it breath'd not unto Eros' ear, 'Twas that his bright step mov'd not longer there; 'Twas that his sojourning-place aye mov'd with thee, Still changing where thy wand'ring step might be. Thy soul in its deep sadness he hath stirr'd, And its strings quiver'd to his lightest word. Never before was it so tuned known For the deep glory to be his alone. And as she plungeth in those waters blest, The delicate urn in her soft hand doth rest; By a quick impulse, through her spirit sent, She meets the eyes for ever on her bent, Her champion, faithful past all faith is known, And in the glance that answereth her own, She feels the change that o'er his aspect shone. 'Tis Eros! by the glory of his brow; 'Tis Eros! by that smile o'ermantling now; 'Tis Eros! by the wings unfurling there, That shed a deeper sunshine on the air-The pearly wings, whose glorious purple throws A brighter hue upon Elysian rose; By the rich splendour of the sun-like air; The radiant tresses may no other wear, That, flowing from his forehead unconfin'd, Toss their rich gold in sport upon the wind, In curls and waves that gleam and quiver there Like shifts of sun-light breaking on the air; By the bright lip, whose tones persuade reply, The spirit doth in its pure carvings lie; The smile, joy-calling, breaks from it alone, By the all beauty, Eros, art thou known! She speaks not-hiding in his bosom fair, Breaks the long passion of her rapture there. Too rarely sounded is joy's deepest cell To know the accents should its mysteries tell; Too seldom are the soul's deep wings unfurl'd, To have caught the language of this outer world; And all too seldom are its deep chords mov'd, To gain an utterance known save by the lov'd. Often to Psyche's heart hath pierc'd a tone-A look, a glance, from her defender shone, Wakening its memories, thrilling them to pain, Of the one image in that shrine doth reign:

And now she feels, though 'neath obscuring veil, Has near her mov'd, the step whose guidance could not fail. And he has read, though once her foot might stray, But his her heart through all that ling'ring way; And now it has its ending-O deep love For the wild surgings thy deep touch can move; For the strange agony thy voice can pour Upon the quiet of night's stillest hour; For thy quick sorrow can the soul subdue, Sink it in waves of woe will hide all light from view. There should be rich requital. Bliss to lose In its full brightness all thy woes infuse. We walk in thine observance, every road Of earth has by-paths unto thine abode. There gleams no thicket by life's common way Where thy soft influence haunts not to way-lay; "Charm'd"—yes, tell not of spell, or sibyl charm, That wake the wild winds, or compel their calm; They cannot bless the slight and green-branch'd roof With glory from a monarch's stands aloof; Nor rouse disquiet on the brow, receives Most worthily the crown a nation gives. Thy vow assures requital. O deep love! In life's short hours thy power to bless may prove, Yet comprehending in their briefest stay More of the germ of bliss than common ages may. Giv'st thou not full requital? Those have tried May answer; for the rest, words do not guide. And this one granted hour of utter joy No cloud might hover through all time t' alloy; And, as his brow bends o'er her with a look No past regret, no future fear, may brook, (For aye dissolve they in his sun-bright smile,) All one her spirit breathes with his, the while. Forgiveness, welcome, trust, re-union, there Are whisper'd in those looks o'erbeaming fair.

Forgiveness! yes; no line can sound
The depth whence rapture springs;
Up through the chasm wrong has made,
Like that her soft hand brings.
Yes! the deep calm she can impart,
The buoyant life can steal,
Even to the deeply-worn in heart,
But the repentant feel.
And those who love, intensely love,
When even variance can prove,
Affection's tide is all too deep
For barrier from his course to keep.

Now riseth on the air a tone
Richer than aught the lyre hath known.
Who lists that sweet whisper well we guess
"Here hast thou found the springs of happiness?
Art thou content that here thy wand'rings cease?
My Psyche! does thy long search end in peace?

Murmureth a response like the tune Of nightingale in greenest June:— "I seek no home, no happiness, but thee—
Thine through all time, thine through all life, to be,
That is the all of blessedness for me.
To breathe but in thy life, unturned, all bright,
To see the eyes that make my only light."

Into the far depths of her being flows
His life immortal, his divine repose;
And with his glorious nature blends the tone
Of that one love but erst to Woman's known.

Day falls in rosy softness on the hills,
Heaven's golden arch with dreamy splendour fills,
Where Eros and where Psyche, by that shore,
Found the one meeting, severance knows not more.

Leeds.

E. H.

STANZAS.

I look'd at ev'ning to the sun,
"Twas sinking in the west,
"Mid waves of fire and clouds of gold
In glory to his rest.
No breeze was in the woodlands heard,
No breath was in the air,
Save when some songster cheer'd the grove
And sweetly warbled there.

Before the orb of day declin'd,
One joyous look he cast
Around each land, where late his beam
In radiant beauty pass'd;—
His glance was like a patriarch's smile,
Who, tir'd of weeping here,
Pours fourth his blessing on the world,
Then seeks a purer sphere.

Oh! thus, I cried, the pilgrim looks,
When youth hath pass'd away,
And sees in memory's mine a gem
That never can decay—
A glass that shows each former hour
Serene as when it fled,
And blooming faces bright with joy,
Whose owners are the dead.

"Tis thus when summer leaves the earth,
The mellow harvest smiles,
And gives, in place of foliage, fruit
That winter's want beguiles.
The softened tints of feeling come
When youthful visions fly;
Whilst kind remembrance lights its flame
Within the old man's eye.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;

OR.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XII.

PARDON! JUST ONE WORD ABOUT CHARITABLE FOUNDATIONS.

WHY he has no more oil or juice in him, when he goes into the world of bone without marrow, or rather into unmitigated dryness! Why he must have deserted Burgundy as well as Champagne, and must surely have taken into his cellar bottles of pea-soup actually red with cayennepepper, or something else of a dry character, away from genuine unadulterated richness! Charitable foundations for sooth! Pshaw!!! me, but you are mistaken, for dry as the heading of this chapter is, the thing itself shall exert itself in order that it may repay your perusal. Besides, it would be improper—to say nothing about the injustice of the matter-for us-that is, you and I, dear reader-to separate, after so long an acquaintance, and for so mere a trifle as your not liking to look over the single (?) fault of a friend. But it is necessary to go into dark, dingy, antiquated, and apparently forlorn places, which are devoted to the purposes of education, and which are signalized by the title of Charitable Foundations; so come along with me, thou, kindest of all imaginable readers, into the habitations of the poor.

Richard Biddulph was one of about one thousand children, who had been taken away from the chances of society and the world, and placed by kindly disposed men within the walls, as well as the general routine, of a public foundation, for the express purpose of improvement. of the boys had parents, others had but one, whilst many, and Biddulph was amongst the number, were relieved of both father and mother, uncle or aunt, grandfather or grandmother, cousins as well as all other relationships, when they were mere children; so that it was kind, it was extremely benevolent, on the part of their governors, to search them out from the very scum or refuse of society, and to place them within the precincts of a Royal Institution. Oh, they were really charitable chaps were those governors, and had the best, ay, the holiest intentions, which made their old hearts beat joyously, as they took boy after boy out of the temptations of the world, into the religious precincts of the Hospital, so that they might be clothed, fed, and educated, without paying one farthing for it. The old fellows knew the opportunity they had of being really happy, so they looked about horrid neighbourhoods, into poor men's houses, as well as along the quiet streets of the metropolis during the night, for children who were likely to be contaminated

Continued from page 335, vol. xLI.

by bad example, or those who had poor parents; and though last, they did not look for the least desolate orphans, whose only home was the wide world, and whose only relation, friend, or patron was Mister Nobody: and really the old chaps were proud of enacting Mister Nobody every day of their lives. Upon finding such as these, the governors convinced themselves, they were genuine objects, when they toddled off as fast as their aged legs would allow them, and placed the poor children under the protection of a noble, a really beneficent charity, when they hobbled back again to their poking counting-houses, just as though they had not done a good action. God blesses such as these with soft pillows, and contented hearts! He sends an angel to embrace their spirits just before their old bones are put into coffins; and He smiles as they are led amidst a joyous chorus to his right hand in heaven! Poor men and women offer up prayers for their eternal happiness; and little boys think kindly of such rare old fellows, whilst they are capering about in the playground of a school! Now only imagine a number of old chaps, such as Mr. Howard, for he is one of those just referred to, uniting in one common purpose, going off in different lines but meeting at one common point or centre-charitystriving to do good to the poor children of our beloved country-searching after objects, and holding meetings once, twice, or three times a week, in order that they might compare notes with one another, and see which of them had done the most good to the patched, diseased, forlorn, contemptible-looking poor. Only fancy the grim smiles sitting upon the old fellows' faces; not upon one but upon the whole of them-whilst they did'nt talk about doing, but stated very abruptly what they had done. There was a fire in the room during both summer and winter, but they might have done without it, for their old hearts were naturally warm, and quite away from anything artificial. Why, as the old boys sat night after night in the committee room, the worthy men, whose likenesses hung against the walls, appeared to look down upon them with love; whilst the youth whose portrait wants no gilt frame to adorn his brilliant historical character, seemed to express a desire every time the antiquated chaps came near him, to live again, so that he might have such worthy coadjutors; "I like them all," the picture of the King seemed to soliloquize, "Yes, I like them all, but old Howard strikes my fancy the most, because he does'nt talk so much as the others, but acts; now that's what I like works and not words. But they are all good chaps," it seemed to continue, " and may God prosper -I know he will—their deliberations." Then the picture fell into its own still character, until the next meeting of these worthy men, when it soliloquized, or appeared to soliloquize over and over again. Such were the governors of the Royal Foundation alluded to, so that it had good men at its root, although it had one or two bad ones upon its branches, for schools, as well as ships and steam-engines, are liable to have irregularities about them, which, however, are not incurable. Such were the governors! Good, generous-hearted old fellows; fine, worthy, eccentric dogs, who are not to be met with very often at public places, and never to be found at charitable dinners. Such were the governors! God bless them all! not one of them, but all!

Now these beneficent old fellows were engaged in their own parti-

cular businesses during the time they had not set apart for charitable deeds, so that they appointed agents, who were called masters, to carry into effect their benevolent intentions. One after another were these gentlemen introduced to the foundation, and it depended upon their peculiar notions, as to how the children who were entrusted to their care were turned out from this public school into the wide world. Some of the masters had one kind of notion about education, whilst others had very different notions; so that it was curious to perceive the whole of them trying very hard their peculiar systems upon the children, in the same manner that chemists try experiments, which, unhappily for them, sometimes, and in an explosion, thus practically curing them of its fallacy. But it was curious-nay it is remarkably curious-that they all used, and do use the rod at all public and many private schools, which seems contray to the generous-hearted governors, although, in reality it is part and parcel of a system of genuine education which had never been questioned, or in the slightest degree enquired into.

Why, only imagine a school-room without a bundle of rods—ay, and large whales upon the flesh of some of the scholars—and it does not appear a school at all, but only the shadow, or shade, or biography of one. Every public school has its beneficently kind and holy purposed governors, who are continually trying to improve their foundations; whilst it has its stern fond masters, who, holding a rod within their hand, make the boys tremble as they look up to them, which blasts the best feelings of their young natures, and eventually turns them

upon the world utterly reckless of the degradation of the lash.

Richard Biddulph was beginning all of a sudden to imagine that the rod might be dispensed with out of the school, and a bundle of kindness, as well as lots of encouraging words, might be introduced into it, in order that the boys might learn to love learning, and remember their school days with pleasurable sensation, instead of looking back to long, weary hours-which appeared days-which they were confined, or imprisoned, within the sight of their fierce jailor, who happened to be the master of the school. As the time came for his removal out of the jurisdiction of Dr. Frampton, into the school in London, his heart beat with delight, and he hoped to change altogether his mode of education; but unfortunately the same system is likely to follow the coach from the pure air of the country into the hazy atmosphere of the metropolis, so that as it enters into the gates, the cry of a child is just as likely to be heard, "Oh! oh! spare me!" as that of "God bless the holy intentions of the founder, as well as the governors of this school!" Yes, the system is the same.

Now the only curiosity about the matter is, that governors do not hear the cry of a child within a school-room, as he could if he asked pity of them in the streets; but, somehow, governors do not, and not only these governors, but all governors of all foundations whatever.

Richard Biddulph, as he descends in society, shall mount the rostrum, and deliver them, as well as the world, a lesson they shall never forget; and if Mr. Howard should say one word or so upon the subject, the reader must not be surprised if he reads a verbatim report of it in one of the succeeding chapters. But, stop, thou snatchy pen! See how boldly it writes LONDON!!!

CHAPTER XIII.

A ROYAL FOUNDATION IN THE HEART OF IONDON.

Now, now, kind-hearted, charitable citizen, I have brought the hero Richard Biddulph under your very eye; for as you pass from your counting-house near the Bank to your mansion in Russell Square, you cannot help seeing the gates of one of the noblest institutions your mother country can boast of, with a splendid Gothic building in the distance, which is the hall where the children congregate at their meals. The houses round about it are the wards where the boys sleep, which have a modern appearance, so that all that is seen through the wide iron gates has an original and substantial appearance about it, very interesting to every one but mouldy-cheese-rhiney antiquarians. Then, again, you eannot help admiring the happy faces of the boys as they chase each other about the play-ground, and jump and dance, and sing and spin tops and bowl hoops, and do other and many things, which prove that they are out of school, away from its restraints, and are beyond the eye of the masters. The dull city plodder casts a hasty glance at a scene which calls up the best, the truest, the happiest feelings of his nature; whilst his clerk, at about five minutes to nine in the morning, has not time even to do that; for he brushes along just as though he had not a moment, and, in fact, he has not—no, not a single moment to bestow upon charitable contemplation. The omnibuses pass to and fro, full of contented and happy people, whose minds are too busily engaged, either upon the coming or the past, for them to look any way, either on one side or the other side, hither or thither—no, not on any other way than the straight way on, on, on; so that they do not see the abode of philanthropy, or the seat of kind, bounteous, benevolent intentions. Yet still, for all that, it stands as a lasting memorial, far higher than any other monument in this great city, to the remembrance of a benign prince, whose piety was only illustrated by his charitable actions, and whose heart is inherited by many of those who now carry out the original intention of the illustrious founder.

The ground upon which the whole foundation is situated was formerly in the possession of a religious body, who gradually declined, when, at the suggestion of Cranmer, King Edward the Sixth gave a corporate right, with fees and emoluments sufficient to support a school for the education and protection of poor children. Upon the lampposts, on the chimney-pots, as well as upon the leaden buttons on the boys' coats, is an exact image of the youthful founder; and during the time when the incidents described actually occurred, there was an antiquity and a loneliness about the place, which, upon a holiday, when the children had deserted it, looked more like a convent than a public school. The cloisters ran about in all directions, and were built of, and paved with, stone; so that, during the night, the sound of the watchman's tread echoed again and again through them; whilst the monuments that were scattered upon their sides to the memory of certain pious persons, gave a very good idea of the aisles of a church.

In the middle of the cloisters was a paved court-yard, in which there was a pump; which paved court was used as a burial-ground for those children who died within the walls of the foundation. It was a solemn duty when some of the boys had to follow their dead schoolfellow to his grave, which, being covered over with dust, without any kind of epitaph—school-boys care as much about epitaphs after they are dead, I suppose, as other people—to his memory, was, on the next day,

trampled under the feet of his constant playfellows.

There were eleven wards or domitories, with about fifty boys in each, who were placed, the same as in the country, under a nurse, whose duty consisted in looking after both the physical and moral health of the children entrusted to her charge. The wards were aged places too, with large beams across their ceilings, with old pillars and windows which looked nearly as old as the cloisters themselves. Age had put its index upon the whole schools, and even the steward, masters, and beadle, had a cobwebby appearance; whilst the boys' antique dresses did not tend to modernise the general effect of the whole.

Richard Biddulph came up to London by the coach, and was, in due form, introduced by the beadle to No. 4 ward and his new nurse at the same time. He stared for one moment around at his new abode, and, upon catching a glance, he discovered the character of his future

mistress.

Mrs. Pettigrew was a well-made, though rather stout, lady of, perhaps, five-and-forty. She wore a widow's cap on her head. She had a dimple in each of her shining cheeks, and she was dressed in a black silk gown with crape round the edges of it, and her words were as soft and gentle as herself.

"Now, my dears, wipe your shoes clean—that's good fellows. There now, just sit down for a minute, and I'll tell you which is your suttle—there now; for you must make yourselves at home, you know. Juley," cried the nurse; "Juley dear, come and see the new country

boys."

"Yes, ma," answered a voice from a little parlour, and a young lady

of about 17 came running towards her mother.

"There now, ain't they nice boys, and don't they look as though they came from the country?" she asked; and when her daughter said, "Yes, ma," she continued—

"Indeed, indeed, they are fine, healthy-looking chaps;" when she

patted first of all the head of one, and then of the others.

Then came two other young ladies from the same small parlour, with beauteous faces and long ringlets from the top of their heads; and there appeared so much charity and kindness amongst the whole family, that Biddulph smiled shily at one, and then at the whole of them

together.

In due course, another personage made her appearance, who gloried in having followed the fortunes of Mrs. Pettigrew for a number of years, and was proud of being connected with that amiable lady in the capacity of servant. She had a thin, parchment-looking face, with eyes going far back in the head, and a nose which might be said to be no nose at all; being nearly as flat, and going off in the same diameter as a wherry turned upside down. She was tall in stature, and looked full fifty years of age, and her name was Rebecca.

"Now then, Beccy, if you please, let's give them their beds before the other boys come out of school; and do you know a little gruel would not do them any harm, do you think it would, Juley?"

"Oh no, ma," answered that worthy girl, as she ran a race with her two sisters towards a little kitchen by the side of their smaller parlour.

And here I may as well reveal that this good lady, Mrs. Pettigrew, was the widow of a clergyman, and that she had only the month before been obliged to accept the office of nurse, so that she might find a home for herself and her three daughters. She was a kind soul, whilst her husband, the country curate, was alive; and when she left the village, where she had assisted him so often in practical acts of charity, the whole parish, from the surgeon down to the sweep, had given her the title of a real friend to the poor. Her daughters and Rebecca also were missed from the little spot, as well as the late curate and his lady,

for they had all appeared to live for the purpose of doing good.

Previous to Mrs. Pettigrew's appointment, the boys of No. 4 ward had been placed under a woman who did not appear to know the character of the human mind; for she was extremely surprised that she did not gain the love of the children when she was always interfering with them in their play, and acting more like a spy upon their actions than a parent. They allowed her dead body to be removed from the place without so much as one boy shedding a single tear; and as the undertaker carried the coffin down the long ward, the boys looked one at another, and seemed to say they were delivered from a trifling and petty persecutor. On the contrary, their new nurse was so kind, that they scarcely knew whether they were standing upon their heads or their heels; for she spoke kindly to one, and combed the head of another, and sympathised with all of them. Oh, how they loved Mrs. Pettigrew! and there was not a boy in the ward that would not have suffered martyrdom for her sake, for she was more like a kind and considerate mother, than a cold and calculating nurse, doing certain duty in consideration of a certain sum of money. All the boys were anxious to feed her cat, which was a good-tempered one; whilst pounds of nuts were dedicated to her daughters' squirrel; and during the day this worthy lady attended to her many duties, whilst during the evening her family and herself sat around their little fire, and worked either at their own or the children's clothes.

Richard took the hand of an early country companion, and strolled into the ground, where he was quickly joined by many of those who had been sent to London before him. The boy soon found that his character had travelled before him; so that some of the children shunned his society because he was thought to be a dunce, whilst others, again, feared to engage with him in a pugilistic encounter. He was quickly placed in school, where he discovered that the rod was used as before, and that those masters who used it were not respected so much as those who did not.

And here I must introduce upon the floor of the grammar-school in London two gentlemen, who, happening to hold office together as undermasters in that school, and being paid in an exactly equal proportion, thought it their duty to adopt opposite modes for bringing about the same end. The name of one of them was Mr. Sterne; and the name

of the other was Mr. Mild. Mr. Mild's name might have originated from the gentleness of his disposition and character towards the boys placed under him by the governors of the school. He was not only kind in his manner, but also in his conversation; and he used to reason with his pupils whilst they stood around him, making them understand that it was not so much for his as their own interest that they should progress quickly in that knowledge which was required for their advancement in society. He never used either a rod or a cane, but had brought the boys to that standard that a rebuke from him acted much more beneficially than either. This eccentric conduct on his part was laughed at by the other masters; and so far was Mr. Sterne from following such an example, that he actually went into the opposite extreme; for, whatever he might have been in private society, he invariably put on a severe expression in the presence of the children, so that he was feared by the whole of them. He had a brown face with black whiskers, and he had an eye that was quicker than an eagle's; and when he punished, which was rather too often, he sometimes allowed his passion to get the better of his judgment, when his face assumed a satanic character, which made every boy quail in his presence, whilst the culprit suffered much more before than during or after the punishment. It was remarked that although Sterne's boys were sharper, Mild's was more retentive; and it is a most singular fact, that during a period of six years, whilst only one Grecian was sent to college from amongst the boys of the one master, there were no less than four from the scholars of the other; which was accounted for by their opposite plans of education.

As ill-luck would have it, Biddulph was placed under the Rev. Mr. Sterne; and as he took the flogging as a pure matter of course, it had not the slightest effect in the redemption of his mind or the improvement of his morals; and many and many a time the poor boy went from his school to his ward to receive the sympathy of Mrs. Pettigrew

or her kind daughters.

"My dear child," she used to say, "why you look downcast; you have suffered; yes, I know it, child; so you must try to escape it in future. Come now, sit down with Fanny, and she will hear you say your next lesson; now do, Biddulph."

"Thank you, ma'am," returned the boy; I—I—I," and here he burst into tears, which came from the heart of the lonely and persecuted

child.

"Come, come, Richard, you must not cry; come, dry your eyes, and you will not be punished again."

"Oh, no!" sobbed the boy, energetically; "oh no, ma'am! it is

not for that I cry; but, but you remind me of my mother."

The nurse smoothed the hair of Richard, and went with a full heart

about the duties of the day.

Now from the school-room you must accompany me, my dear reader, to the hall, where all the children had collected, and were surrounded with nearly all the beauty aud fashion of London; for it was what is called a public supper. A public supper-night is the only time when the public are admitted into this sanctuary of charity; and I really think there is not a more delightful sight to be seen throughout the

whole of London. The rich patrons with their wives and daughters walk amongst the children, as they sit in rows, looking the healthiest and best fed little dogs that ever breathed; and so in reality they are, for those that are sick are kept away from a scene of charitable effect. The many lights, and the many apparently happy faces, whose mouths are engaged in munching away at their meal, is a scene which may be seen to much better advantage now-a-days in the new hall, which is not only a larger building than the old one was, but it has a splendid organ at one end, and a gallery for strangers at the other. Amongst the noblemen and gentlemen assembled Biddulph saw but one, who was none other than the plain Mr. Howard, who was asking Mrs. Pettigrew a question.

"Oh, bless him! he is well, and I think he is quite happy."

"Can I see him?" asked the old man, who was dressed much more plain than he was before.

"Oh dear yes, sir; will you walk this way, sir? Richard, here is a

gentleman wants to see you."

"Me! ma'am?" asked the boy, doubtingly, as he eyed the old man for an instant, and then allowed his eyes to fall upon the table-cloth.

"Is he a good boy, ma'am?"

"Very good indeed, sir," replied Mrs. Pettigrew, as she patted his head.

"Good bye, my lad, good bye," repeated the governor, as he left the place suddenly, and went out of the hall in a minute.

"Who's that, Biddulph?" asked a boy sitting next to him.

"Oh, only my mother's gardener," replied the boy, as the colour came and went from his cheek, for he found that his nurse's quiet eye was fixed upon him more in sorrow than in anger.

The supper with its splendour and its glitter was over; Richard retired to his ward, when Mrs. Pettigrew called him into her little parlour, where there was no other than themselves, when she quietly shut the door and addressed him as follows:—

"My dear child, you are an orphan, and unfortunately you are alone, and have your way to make in the world after you leave the foundation."

"Yes, ma'am, I know it."

"I will not repeat it, but you have been guilty of an untruth, for I know that Mr. Howard is a gentleman by birth, and was never your mother's gardener. Now do not give way, my dear child, to a practice which may ruin you in the world. No, do not, will you, Richard?"

The eyes of the boy looked up into the quiet, remonstrating face of the kind woman, but were quickly cast down again; when he walked away from her presence sullenly; but after getting a few steps he ran back, as he laid himself prostrate at her feet as he exclaimed, passionately—

"Oh, no, no! I will not; but will you forgive me?"

"Ay, that I will, replied Mrs. Pettigrew; and Richard Biddulph found that she was as good as her word.

CHAPTER XIV.

RICHARD BIDDULPH AFFECTS NOT TO HEAR THE CRY OF "STOP THIEF!"

Within the gates of noble foundations, customs-singular, eccentric kind of customs-take root gradually, and grow by such minute degrees that it is surprising, after a century or two, to find curious plans acted up to with regularity and precision, just as though there was nothing at all strange about them. But sometimes, all of a sudden-in the twinkling of a bedpost-before a young lady can say Jack Robinson, these customs are discovered to be nought but dirty, cobwebby, pernicious practices, and are swept out-yes, actually kicked, or rather swept out of old houses by a large broom, called public opinion. Then, and not till then, grey-headed old fellows are obliged to confess that society is a little better than in the days when they were boys; whilst public functionaries thrust their heads into the picture, and exclaim, "How curious! How extraordinary!! How very, very powerful is this chap Opinion—more especially when he is a public character, and gets his mind laid out in black and white before the readers of newspapers and magazines!!!" Look to this, you men, who are masters of unions, and have the care of the poor. Watch this, you prison keepers. Pay particular attention to this, you masters of schools, as well as you worthy old governors who are intrusted with the education of the poor, and the rich child too, for the matter of that. Look to it! Shall I write it again? Well there-

LOOK TO IT!

These remarks particularly apply to those whose savage brutality, instead of kind words and actions towards those who are locked and bound to their simple dictum, without the power of resisting, save by ineffectual cries, with twistings and shaking about of muscles, whilst the same thing is being done simply because it was done yesterday.

Now, amongst the customs peculiar to this school was that of allowing all those boys who had friends and relations in London to visit them upon days set apart as red-letter days in the almanack; being high days and holidays to religious institutions, as well as to charitable foundations. As the clock struck eight, such lucky individuals ran, with quick steps, through the open gate into the street, and so on into the fond arms of their parents; whilst, on the contrary, those young gentlemen who had no father, no mother, no grandmother, no friend, no acquaintance, no one who made their ears red from thinking of them, stood at the side of the iron barrier, watching the merry faces of their excited school-fellows as they passed, one after another, out of the restraints and formalities of the foundation. Richard Biddulph did this continually, and watched, and watched, and watched, until he was left with no other companion than a forced tear, which he wiped off with the sleeve of his coat, or a beadle, or a leaden button, or the antiquated buildings of the ancient monastery.

There he stood, looking through the gates at the passers-by, as well

as at the shops in the distance, when he turned round and walked through the cloisters, counting the iron railings as he went along.

"Oh, why am I left thus alone in this school?" he began. not as good as the other boys in it? Ah, only let them tell me so, and I'll prove it. Why, there's not one will stand up to fight-the cowards; yet they go home" (he paused at the word home), "whilst I am neglected, despised, spit upon. Why, why should it be so? Oh, why is it? I know, I know it," he repeated to himself firmly; "because I'm an orphan; and they can't be so good as other boys, because they are not treated or respected in the same manner. Now that's it-I know it is; but I shall die soon," he continued. "No, no, I shan't though; for what would Mary do, for she does care for me? And what is she doing now?" he asked himself, as he made a full stop. "Is she happy? Is she deserted? Is she poor? Oh! has she empty pockets like mine?" he asked, as he turned those useless bags out, and displayed their newness and their anything but worn condition. "Oh, Mary! Mary! Mary! Mary! Mary! how I wish to assist, to aid, to show how much I like, I love you!" he concluded, as he gained one of the porter's lodges, which was used for changing the current coin of the realm into that which was—nay, which is, peculiar to the school.

The porter sat locked in sleep, as porters, beadles, as well as the inhabitants of secure and easy berths usually are; and money—bright, sparkling, brilliant money was on the table, sleeping—and money ought not to be allowed to sleep—before him. Richard Biddulph put his foot upon the first step of the ladder of crime, when his other foot followed shortly, and his whole body and mind were involved in the intention.

"There's no time to be lost. Now, or never," he said inwardly, as he took up a full handful of the coin and prepared to depart, when a pair of fierce eyes, sharper in their appearance than needles, and more radiant than suns, looked upon him from a little window, upon which he grasped the money tightly, and darted through the door into the cloister. Now all this time the porter slept; but the porter's wife happened to be a singularly lively kind of lady, so that, with three strides, she gained the doorway, and cried in a tone of voice rather powerful than otherwise, "Stop thief!" and "Stop thief!" sounded again and again and again in the language of echoes—queer talkers are echoes—through the long windings of the building. Without stopping to ask, How it is ladies do manage to perform Herculean feats now and then? it is requisite to state that the boy was soon in the grasp of this Amazonian woman, whose strength was not to be mastered by a child.

"So, so, young'un—so I've cotched you, have I? No, no, you shan't go—that you shan't. So you'd put my husband out of his place, would you?" continued the woman, as she dealt him sundry cuffs, which nearly shook his head off his shoulders.

"Just so, Polly," said the porter, when he awoke and found what had happened; "just so. Didn't I tell you I'd find out all the thieves in the school?—didn't I?"

The porter was a man who never expressed surprise at anything—a kind of philosophic smoker whose muscles had taken up a position of

contentment when he was a boy, and had never changed that position afterwards; or a sort of masculine Taglioni, always standing upon one

toe, and not in any way affected by the audience.

"Come along with me, young'un," said the sleepy beadle, as he put the short arm of Biddulph within that of his own; "we must go to the steward. It's a fine day, ain't it, young'un? Remarkable fine day, ain't it?"

They were soon in the steward's office, where the porter told his tale in an easy and quiet manner, whilst the superior sat with pen and ink before him, and to whose short-hand notes I am indebted for the following cross-examination :-

"What's your name, boy?"

" Biddulph."

"Ay, but your Christian name?"

" Richard, sir."

"What have you to say about the matter?"

"Why, sir," said the boy, as the colour came to his cheek, "I didn't take the money. No, sir; I went to get change for some, sir."

"Oh, indeed; then where's the money you wanted to change?"

interrogated the steward, quickly.

Biddulph seemed quite taken aback at so straightforward a question, and began playing with the desk that was before him, like a convicted

felon at the bar of the Old Bailey.

"Mr. Hockey," said the steward to the beadle, "you may now take away the boy; for he is not only a thief, but also a liar; and, lest he should contaminate the other children, you had better confine him in your lodge for the night, and I will punish him in the morning."

"Yes," sir, answered Mr. Hockey, as he drew the arm of the boy again within his own, and went back to his lodge; remarking, as he went along, that he thought it an extremely fine day, and asking the

boy if he did not think so.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Pettigrew, when she heard of it; "What! I hope it may turn out to be false, although I am afraid it is but too true; and now, my dear children," she continued, as the tears rolled down her benevolent face, "let this be a warning to you all never to go away from the path of virtue, and always to do that which you consider to be right in the sight of the Great Father of us all;" when her children said "Amen," and so did Rebecca.

The discovery took place upon Saturday; so that, during the whole of that night and the next morning, he was confined in the little room at the porter's lodge, with no other companions than a needle and thread, which Mr. Hockey had lent him, so that he might not be left wholly to

his own meditation.

"All this serves me right," the boy began, "and I well deserve punishment-that I do; and I know I shall get it too. But why not try to escape from this place altogether; for I have suffered enough already in this school? and if I get out of its gates, it shall be for ever.'

His hands went mechanically to work upon the instant, and soon transformed the blankets of his bed into trousers and a jacket, when, putting part of his shirt around his yellow stockings, he waited for the

time and opportunity when he should venture on his perilous undertaking. As the clock struck 5 on the Monday morning, he easily undid the door, and walked quietly down to the little room at the entrance, when, taking up-a bag containing ten half-guineas, he went forth into the play-ground with a bold and determined step.

As the workmen passed the boy on their way to an unfinished building, they were pleased to pass jokes upon his figure; but the nerve of the boy did not desert him; and as he passed through the gate, which was opened by the son of another porter, who mistook him for one of

boys belonging to the builder.

"Fine morning, ain't it, my lad?" said Biddulph to the other.

"Why, yes, it is, my lad," replied the jocose boy, as he slammed the gate hastily upon the singular form of Richard, who walked with a firm step till he got to Newgate Street, when he found himself sitting upon a door-step, trembling like a leaf. The morning air was freshening, and thinking that, if he stopped in the same spot, he should be detected, he rose up, and walked on till he got to Hyde Park Corner. After putting six of the half-guineas into a letter, and having signed his name to it, he addressed it to Mary Stone, when, dropping it into the post, he went on walking and walking without once asking himself, "Where am I going to?"

Upon discovering that the boy had escaped, Mr. Hockey said he was not at all surprised at it, and wondered that he had not done so long before; whilst the steward did not know how to act, and the boys looked quite aghast one at another. Nay, so powerful was the sensation that even the metal heads of the royal founder upon the lamp-posts actually appeared to express surprise at the audacity and ingenuity of the boy. On the same day there appeared an advertisement in the

newspapers to the following effect:-

"£50 reward. Absconded this day, from a Royal Foundation in London, a boy fourteen years of age, dressed in a flannel jacket and trousers, which he made himself out of a blanket. His name is Richard Biddulph; but of course he may assume another title. Whoever will bring him to the counting-house of the school shall receive the above reward, which is final."

The Bow Street runners and their scouts were out in all manner of directions, seeking him in all sinks, and looking behind all old walls and houses; so that it must not surprise the reader when he finds Biddulph, within forty-eight hours after his escape, standing, like a criminal, hardened and forlorn, in the presence of the steward. There was a scowl upon his face which told a tale of bitter disappointment.

"I am sorry, Biddulph," said that functionary, "that you are now placed out of my jurisdiction; for the governors of this school have taken the matter into their own hands; so that you must make up

your mind for the worst."

"I told you, sir, that he'd be taken," said Mr. Hockey; "for, as I

told Mrs. Hockey, he's sure to be taken-that's certain, sir."

"You will now be placed in such confinement," continued the steward, "from which you cannot escape, until the decision of the governors be known. Then put the hospital clothes upon him. Of course, take

what money he has about him, Mr. Hockey; and now you may go.

There take him away, Mr. Hockey."

"Oh, of course, sir," rejoined the beadle as he left the office; and as he was marshalled to his confinement, which was strongly barricaded, Mr. Hockey thus addressed the boy:—

"Well, young'un, I wouldn't be in your breeches for nothing—that I wouldn't; but, however, I knew how it would be, and I know what'll

become of you-but no matter."

After locking the door and planting a sentry outside of it, the boy

was left to himself, when he said-

"What the deuce do I care? They can't kill me; and if they do, what of that? No, no, I'll brave it well, whatever it is—that I will."

The governors of the foundation met in grave debate the next evening, and there was a larger attendance than had been for some time before. The well-carpeted room, with the light from the wax candles, and the portraits hanging round the walls, contrasted strangely with the place where the object of their consultation was then lying. After a variety of speaking, and a vast quantity of short public oratory, the majority came to the conclusion that the boy should be expelled from the school, although there were several—God bless them!—who tried to reason their brother members out of such a notion; and amongst that few was the old gentleman with the old clothes and the dirty exterior: but it was decided against them; so that, after a vote of thanks to the president, they all, with but one exception, went home in their carriages, and left the officers of the institution to carry into effect their awful decision.

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUIET CLOISTERS AND THE OLD BONE.

After the decision which had been come to concerning Biddulph, by the governors, there was one stern parchment-faced old man, who lingered behind the rest, as they took their departure, and who appeared rooted to the floor, as he stood scrutinizing and gazing at his middle finger. Yes, there were the rusty gaiters, and there was the antiquated spencer, the quizzical hat, and thick shoes, with the brass buckles, making up the idea of an English mummy just taken out of a coffin of the sixteenth century. Thin, wretchedly thin, like a balloon without gas; sickly, sallow, apparently on the border of corruption, like Martin's last man, or like a crackly leaf whose blood has been dried up by the sun. He stood, and stared, and quizzed, and looked and looked again with all his little eyes at his middle finger, as though that were the only object worthy of his attention. All the other governors had left, and he was left alone with the books, the table, chairs, and the pictures, which pictures appeared to have more life in them than he had. The pendulum of the clock ticked and ticked, and the birds chirrupped-sparrows of course, and they are devils to chirrup—outside the window, yet the old man was like a creature entranced without motion, and without the slightest consciousness, save and except of the object which he gazed at with all his little eyes with increased fixedness and attention.

The room door opened once very softly upon it hinges, and a fine manly head looked through for an instant, and then vanished as if affrighted, when the door closed quietly. The room door opened again, and the same head saw the same object in precisely the same attidude, when gradually the body followed, and after that another body, and after that another, so that there were three persons in the room besides

the old bone looking at his middle finger.

After the three young persons—young by comparison—had held a short consultation in a whisper; the oldest of the three advanced on tiptoe, and after getting sufficiently near, said, "Sir," but there was no answer. "Sir," he repeated in a louder tone, "Mr. Howard, sir, sir," and again there was no reply from the quiet old gentleman, who still gazed and quizzed at his middle finger. Upon joining his companions, they—that is, the young people—held another conversation, in which it was urged that something ought to be done immediately, or the curious compilation of eccentricity and leanness, might give up the ghost from want of attention. This being agreed to, they surrounded and tapped, and shook the old gentleman until they had wakened him out of his reverie, when he said from his throat, "hump," put his queer little hat firmly upon his head, and walked out of the room without taking any kind of notice whatsoever of the three young gentlemen, who stared at each other without uttering a syllable, although to a physiognomist every one of their eyes said as plainly as possible, "Its very

strange, ain't it? Yes, it is very strange."

The withered old man caught firmly hold of the bannisters as he descended the stairs; and his little legs moved mechanically, like the levers of a steam-engine, on, on, on, until by dint of great exertion he found himself-or rather he was found-within the antique, quiet, melancholy, sepulchral cloisters, with his two hands firmly grasping two iron bars, and his two eyes gazing upon a woman fast asleep upon the pavement, who held a sickly sore-eyed child in her arms. The furrows of his face were beginning to expand, the mouth to part, whilst the under lip curled away from the teeth, and exhibited two pieces of bone ready to fall from the gums, yet that face was truly the face of a philan-The child opened its sore eyes, and met the gaze of the throphist. aged man, and smiled with all its might, and wheedled itself all of a sudden—as children only have the power of doing-into the affections of the gazer, who, after turning to see that no one was at hand, knelt down and kissed the child, and patted its pimpley cheek, and then looked round again to satisfy himself that there was no witness save God to his feelings. Being upon his knees, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and kept them in that direction for full five minutes, when he arose, snatched the child from the arms of its mother, and went off as fast as his infirmities would allow him. Oh! how he pressed the small atom to his breast, stopping every now and then to smother it with kisses, which appeared to be relished by the child, as it did not cry as most children do when they are kissed; but smiled and smiled, and smiled again and again. Just as he had got round the turning of the cloister the mother woke, when instantly missing the object of her solicitude, she gave one shriek piercing-intense-full of feeling, and went off in pursuit of it. There was no one in the clois-

ter, except the old man, the badly dressed woman, and the small child, so that, save the echo, there was no answer to her cry of "My child! my child! oh, where is my child?" Screaming as she flew along, the poor soul looked in every place, however unlikely, passages, the most intricate holes and corners, without finding the object of her search, whilst the old man without fear or trembling leaned against an old wall, and contemplated the innocent features of the little child, which he still The mother, wretched without her only darling, and held in his arms. the stern old bone glorying in the possession of an object which reflected back his affection. There are many kind souls who are anxious to exchange sympathy with a man, when in the absence of an object bestow it upon a dog. To tell the truth, this old bone was none other than Richard Biddulph's governor, the person who had befriended him when he was a child, and would have been glad of an opportunity of continuing that friendship till his death, had not the circumstances occured, which had the effect of withering for a time the heart of the old man, and making him feel lonely and deserted in the world. He would have cried, and tried to do so, when the determination was come to by his fellow governors, but he could'nt. He had not a single tear in his dry parched-up constitution, and the little blood which flowed through his veins was thick and congealed without any semblance to the blood of the human race in general. The boy Richard had been the only object of his solicitude, and had left him desolate and miserably deserted. He did not soliloquise as Hamlet or Cato would have done, because he never spoke one word more than he could help; but for all that he felt absolutely wretched. May he not be excused for trying to begin a new friendship with a child?

After searching for a long time, vainly, the mother was about to go to the proper authorities, when she espied the old shrivelled bone and her darling offspring, when, uttering a wild scream, she sprang upon him with vengeance, calling him brute, and child-stealer, which had no effect upon the man; whose thin lips were compressed together lest his tongue should commit itself, when he reluctantly delivered up the

infant to its mother.

"Determined monster," continued the woman, "did you think to rob me of my only joy? Oh! may the curses of a just Providence be upon your guilty head; and may you die in prison!"

"Curse on, woman," said the old bone, "curse on; but let me kiss

your child."

"No! no! no! your kiss is contamination," replied the beggar, as she turned away to leave the solitary place, when she was instantly followed by the old man, who returned the smile of the little child with a curious grin, as it looked back at him with a face redolent of joy and childish affection.

The wretch in rags was followed stealthily by the old man through the streets of London to a narrow passage, leading to a low lodginghouse in St. Giles's, which she entered; when the old man took out his handkerchief, and rubbed and rubbed at his little eyes without bringing to his assistance a single tear, when he walked slowly away.

MOMENTS OF RECREATION.

No. II.

"It is the use of the imagination to impress us with the beauty and the sweetness of virtue, and with the deformity and the bitterness of vice," says an excellent book for youth, entitled "Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master," which, intending a birth-day present for a juvenile relation, I had selected out of the myriad on my bookseller's counter, purporting to be of the same class, simply from observing "Fourteenth Edition" on the title-page-a sort of criterion I beg to protest against offering for general use,—but which the wilderness of books before me had imposed upon me in the hurry of the moment. Having completed and carried home my purchase, I opened it, according to my wont, at random, a good way beyond the beginning of the book,—having always had a propensity to skipping over prefaces and preliminaries, and after some desultory reading tending to satisfy me that I had not chosen amiss, the above passage brought me to a halt, and powerfully engaged my attention, by the contrast it presented to the fruitless and fantastical range in which imagination is often permitted to riot unquestioned. upon my elderly heart like a wild-rose spray, thorns and all, upon my cheek, in the hedge-row rambles of my youthful days, and stirred up a variety of retrospections and imaginings—the latter of which settled into a beautiful vision of the happiness which might result to mankind, if imagination could be articled in infancy to such noble service, and dieted only with reference to As surely as certain oriental insects take these valuable effects. the very shape and hue of the leaves they are found feeding upon, does the moral character of man take a tinge from the topics of his prevailing ruminations; and those habits of thought which are begun in childhood through the agency of the imagination, are of all others the most eradicable. Hence the importance of presenting this influential faculty with choice nourishment in early life, inviting its morning vision to the contemplation of the beautiful and the just, and banishing from its nursery haunts whatever images and exercises might prove baneful to the moral and intellectual health.

There is no operation of the human mind in which imagination will not be found to take a share. Two and two cannot make four, without its instrumentality. It is equally the purveyor to the senses and to the intellect; and as it is the earliest in action, the most susceptible, and the most aspiring of all the intellectual

faculties, one should think it would be no difficult task, and a great advantage gained, to enlist it in the service of truth and virtue ere the field of human action has been traversed by the passions. But do we make any strenuous efforts to this effect? A spoilt child in infancy, the whimsies of the imagination form the diversion and the pride of parents and nurses. The first books set before this frolicsome babe, are most commonly tales of fiction; her first cultivated displays, recitations of poetry; a language which in her young lips is but a bewildering jargon; her first love is romance, and her first ambition to figure as a wit or a beauty-in other words to dazzle. Now it is my opinion, that the education of the imagination ought to begin as early, and be conducted as carefully, as the education of a Sovereign Prince;whose manners, even in infancy, are trained to decorum; who has the choice knowledge suited to an exalted station assiduously administered as his powers gradually unfold; and who has vast responsibilities and a noble destination perpetually presented to his view; -which are all needful, and yet often insufficient, to counteract the snares, the flatteries, and the delusions with which he is surrounded. It has been the recent remark of an ingenious contemporary, that a complete treatise on education is still a desideratum in literature. "Every one," says he, "admits the propriety of giving to a child a good education, and every one acts upon this admission to the best of his ability; but to enter upon the task is like entering on a wide heath, across which there are many paths, but no finger-posts." "The difficulty lies not in practising principles that are universally admitted, but in ascertaining the principle that is to be acted upon." That no system of education can ever be compacted to suit all grades of character, and all conditions of life, is just as evident as that no medicine has yet been found that will cure all diseases; but to me it appears that the instruments and ingredients of education, the tutors and the treatises, are already as abundant as those belonging to the healing art (teaching, next to novel writing, being the mania of the day); nor has the theoretical part been less anxiously analyzed and descanted upon, by an almost equal number of clever professors. But, to pursue the metaphor, in education as, in physic, success depends mainly upon judicious ministry. Treatises can but discourse of elements, and lay down general rules; which must be selected, compounded, and dispensed, like the treasures of the Materia Medica, according to the symptoms and circumstances of each individual case, if we expect to produce results beneficial to the recipients.

The only rule of universal application that I know of, is comprehended in that celebrated advice of Ageselaus, who, when he was asked what was the best education for boys, replied, "That which will be most useful to them when they become men,"—a

criterion, the application of which the Christian moralist extends to interests which reach beyond time and mortal manhood, and finds it to include the safest principle, governed by the noblest motive that can enter into the mind of man. Every theory upon education which is not based upon the notion of man's immortality, and of his condition as the subject of future accountableness, must be defective towards calming the inquietudes, and restraining the unruly passions, of a being at once so weak and wilful, yet who is endowed with faculties to conceive, and propelling them to aspire after, an immortal state; and who is, moreover, embued, whether "savage, saint, or sage," with some portion of religious instinct; or, in other words, with a certain intuitive sense of his dependence upon an invisible Ruler, whom it is his interest to propitiate: and in speaking of the want of a principle to be acted upon, the writer above quoted, though I hope I may have mistaken him, appears to have overlooked this. Are we desirous of educating our children for time, or for eternity? is the first question to be resolved.

The heath of education is commensurate with the heath of time; as wide, and necessarily as variously to be traversed; and I contend that we have educational finger-posts in this our day and generation, nearly as numerous as there are paths in human life;—correct and useful too, to a certain extent;—but the lofty one which points beyond it, is the only sure guide towards an immortal destination. And if we admit as an axiom, that the present time is but the first stage of a never-ending existence, and hold it in view, constantly referred to as a first principle,—which most teochers in a Christian land pay it the compliment of assuming it to be,—we may safely dismiss as a vain regret, the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of rendering any theory of education so complete, as to be erected into a standard for universal

practice.

A distinct and thorough knowledge of the subjects we have to work upon, is, however, extremely desirable, whatever business we undertake; and as the gentleman alluded to appears to have a talent and a thirst for useful investigation, I would earnestly advise him, before proceeding with his endeavours to overturn the devices of that "modern oligarchy" whose alleged usurpation in the province of educational theory I would heartily join with him in denouncing, if their system be, as he asserts, oppressive and injurious to the lawful exercise of the imaginative faculty, to employ the ingenuity he eminently possesses upon strict inquiry into the powers and properties of this most subtle endowment—the most heaven-like and beautiful in its apparent capabilities, but unquestionably the most abused, of all the rebellious tribe within the microcosm of fallen man, which it is the proper business of education to reform and keep in order.

"That faculty which is the first capable of being impressed," ought doubtless to be "addressed the first"-but tell us precisely what are the best methods of governing it? and, in the first place, what is imagination? I contend that the very word, which is in everybody's mouth, has never yet even been accurately defined. We speak of imagination familiarly by instances, and in the concrete; but we never describe it distinctly and intelligibly in the abstract. Is it an instrument or a power? To me it appears to be the vehicle of all intelligence, and the originator of all thought -the worker of all moral mischief and intellectual confusion, yet the angel of light within us, to whom alone in our mortal condition the gates of paradise are still open! The distinction between imagination and fancy, which some writers have laboured to establish, I set aside as utterly unimportant until we have arrived at our own meaning in the employment of either term. In poetry, the adoption of either seems to be regulated principally, if not entirely, by the convenience of quantity; in some of our best prose writings they will frequently be found to change places with even less apparent reason; and Johnson, still our best lexicographer, treats of them synonymously and convertibly in his dictionary, and nowhere gives us the least satisfaction concerning their several claims. Fancy may, perhaps, be the younger and the giddier of the two?—for I think we may detect a habit of preferring this name, for our more fantastic and frivolous vagaries of thought—but it will be sufficient for the inquiry I am desirous to elicit, that we agree for the present to consider them as one; and I beg to state, with all deference to a well-known author, who holds a contrary opinion, that I am inclined to believe, and prepared to affirm, the principal desideratum in the theory of education to be, a truer knowledge than any we yet possess, of the laws, powers, and properties of a certain intellectual quality which is designated generally, and in ordinary speech, by the term imagi-

I recollect perfectly well what was concluded upon thirty years ago, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," about "mind being one simple and undivided being," and that "in every mental act the whole mind, and not any part or portion of it singly," was energetic; though in order to be methodical and perspicuous, metaphysicians had invented out of its various workings, a certain machinery of powers and properties which they found it convenient to distinguish by different names: which was just as much as to say, "my name is A., but for perspicuity's sake, you must agree to think of me as B. to-day, and as C. to-morrow." But as there is consistency and parity throughout all nature, I can see no reason why there should be five bodily senses, and but one mind; or, at least, why the mind, the superior part of man, should not be allowed different members capable of separate energy as well as

the body, the inferior. Be this as it may, the common and vulgar creed had maintained a plurality of distinct mental instruments. long before the discovery of phrenology; and without any reference to this new light, we habitually speak of cultivating, and frequently of using, most of those instruments, powers, or faculties, as if each were quite independent of the rest. We have, moreover, established a sort of physical order of precedency, with respect to the development of one class of these, considering them as if they were different births, in different stages of life—in which order perception comes first, which is the passive endowment of infancy—next imagination, then memory, then judgment. Imagination then being adopted as the first-born amongst the active members of this national family, claims, without doubt, the earliest attention of those who are charged with the business of education. Its discipline, indeed, should begin with the cradle, and end with the tomb. Whatever it may be in itself, in its operation it appears to be the governing spring of the intellectual machine; consequently nothing less than the issue of life or death to its subject and possessor. And woe be to the preceptor, who, in the training of the youthful character, overlooks the momentousness of making it his first care to impart a healthy tone and a gracious influence to this mighty agent! Old as I am, I would readily engage that the largest "legacy in my power to bequeath, should be left to him and to his heirs forever," who could furnish me even now, for my own particular use, with a clear ontology of so mysterious, yet so sensibly influential an essence! or with such a well-delineated personification of imagination, or in her character of a restless and self-willed Hippogriff, as would infallibly direct myself and others where to fix the bridle, and How to apply the rod. This would truly be an achievement prouder and worthier than any yet performed by the "pen of the scholar, or the sword of the conqueror!" Imagination scarcely ever needs the spur. Restlessness and eccentricity are the besetting sins which impair her native vigour, and deteriorate her moral usefulness. Her range extends beyond the regions of time and space, and her wing is more rapid than the sunbeam; but, abandoned to the guidance of inexperience, her flights are ever capricious and profitless; therefore, the strict rein and governing hand of judgment are especially necessary to direct her earliest excursions. The same hand, too, must preside, from the cradle, to supply her with proper food; for her appetite is boundless as her wing, and perpetually craving after novelty and variety, and if she be not nourished with wholesome and generous aliment -like other spoilt children, indulged with the sweets which they prefer to solids—she will become sickly and attenuated, through. the deleterious repletion to which such craving inevitably conducts. I am far from affirming that tales of fiction, and lessons

in poetry, should be entirely banished from the nursery; and I am not aware of any such attempt having been made. Children at first require to be amused while they are instructed, and to be incited to attention by various innocent crafts. But I contend that the fiction for the young should have no wider range than the province of nature, and that the poetry should be good in its kind, but at least such as a child can, without much difficulty, be made to understand. Fables and fairy tales fill the head with a useless lumber of machinery, which youth soon gets weary of, and dismisses them-but it is not quite so easy to reclaim the imagination from roving in those preternatural tracks to which they may have led the way. And the pleasure, and consequently the profit, of some of our best poetical writings, has frequently been marred through all after life, through the mistaken conceptions, and ridiculous associations, which accompanied their too early perusal. Fables and fairy tales, however, have gone out of fashion. Peace to their manes! They had their faults, and their merits The former, at least, had always a good plain moral, which the reader could not easily mistake—and they were comparatively few in number. In the days when they were in vogue, learning was commonly one thing, and amusement another. Such books were made holiday presents of, for holiday reading; and they were chiefly advocated for, like sugar-plums, in the way of bribery or reward, as stimulants to the acquisition of the art of reading. But now the whole business of early education is conducted in the fashion of narrative, or of dialogue, made flowery by fancy, and aiming at prodigious effects, by the constant union of entertainment with instruction. For one Æsop or Mother Bunch of the olden time, the juvenile library of the present day has at least five hundred books of "moral tales for youth," more perilously attractive to the idler, because more like reality; and for one misapplication of good poetry-which might have had a chance of becoming valuable in time, the deposits of memory in this kind for childhood are now not less abundantly provided, by verses written expressly for children, or poetry made childish; as if they were not expected to grow older, or as if committing verses to memory were a necessary branch of education, at all rates. Precepts, doubtless, need the illustration of instances and examples, at a period when the mind is incapable of following out the reasonings upon them; hence anecdotes and story-books addressed to the more precocious imaginative faculty, may be made important accessories in nursery education. And as verse unquestionably assists memory, golden rules and important facts may innocently as well as usefully be strung up in nursery rhymes. The recollection of nursery rhymes will haunt a man to his dying day, and and it is desirable that they should treasure something more valuable than Goosy Gander or Tell-tale-Tit; but I contend that

both verses and story-books should be administered to children, like opiates and the sugar cup, sparingly. I have often devoutly wished that an Alexandrinian conflagration had intercepted my own juvenile rambles in the wilds of fiction, in days when books of every kind were comparatively few; and I am satisfied that such a catastrophe would be a national blessing now; for instead of agreeing that "the books which are now recommended to be put the earliest into the hands of children, are addressed almost exclusively to the judgment, and little, if at all, to the imaginative faculty," my own observation, which has been rather extensive,

obliges me very nearly to reverse the position.

I have not at present time to proceed with my intended illustration from modern examples, of the mischiefs resulting from the over-excitement of the imagination in youth; but I beg to take occasion from the allusion to my own case, into which a deep feeling of those mischiefs has betrayed me, to exhort my readers, young and old, to give heed to the following literary precepts, which I can assure them are the fruits of experience—the experience of fifty years of contrary practice! Read few books—read thoroughly; read only the best books (which precept is included in the first); read to understand; read to remember; begin at the beginning of your book; and never choose a book on the sole evidence of its title-page; although once in your life you may,

like myself, stumble upon a good one by so doing.

"My dear old gentleman," cries some Solon of sixteen, "pray be kind enough to turn over a new leaf now, or to come to an end at once. Give us, if you please, either wit or novelty, we will not insist upon both. We are not so unreasonable in the present day as you seem to consider us—we only require one of these, and either will suffice." Ah, my young friend, have pa-Thirty years hence, if you survive so long, you will care tience! no more about wit than about dew-drops, though you will like, even better than you do now, the indulgence of your own humour! And with respect to your other alternative, novelty, I may reply to you in the words of a wit of Louis the Fourteenth's day, speaking of her Parisian beau monde and belles lettres circle,—"I really do not believe that you would look upon the end of the world to be a novelty,"—a predicament which, be assured, you would have had less likelihood of being placed in, had you been fortunate enough, midway to your present age, to receive "Keeper's Travels" as a birth-day present, and to adopt with the singlevisioned faith which ought to be a characteristic of eight years, such practical impressions concerning the dignity and the duties of the imaginative faculty, as the simple representation of them at the beginning of my page is calculated to produce.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER IX.

Jealousy, with rankling tooth, That inly gnaws the secret heart.

Gray.

The birth of two little boys, his "twin sons," was indeed a source of mutual delight to all the trio at the rectory, and Janet was all activity in at first taking care of her dear Isabel, and then playing with her two little nephews. With what pleasure did she see Isabel looking so beautiful, with eyes beaming with pleasure; whilst her dear Gustavus christened his own sons by the names of Gustavus Garth and Garth Gustavus. Deborah, as well as Janet and her master, thought surely there never had been two such fine boys before; for first children are the largest that ever were seen; so said Deborah, and so echoed all the rest of the household.

Janet actually found it quite a task to withdraw herself from the nursery. To watch the two dear sleeping infants was her greatest pleasure; and often when, as it would seem, that Isabel and Gustavus had been seeking her, Isabel would put her head into the nursery door, exclaiming, "Here she is, Gustavus; always sure to find Janet with her sleeping boys."

"Hush! hush!" said Janet, holding up her finger, "little Garth is

waking."

"Oh, never mind the children; they soon sleep again. Do leave them to Sarah and Deborah; one would suppose I could get no nurses for them. But I should not care," said she, very pettishly, "but Gustavus won't walk till you come; he says you want exercise."

Janet instantly laid the little hand she was softly holding gently back on the pillow, and glided quietly out of the room to join her two

companions.

Mr. Tellis had been requested to come to the christening, but that he could not; however he promised to come in less than six months, and this, when the time did arrive, was his first visit to the rectory since the marriage. Tellis saw, before his first day was over, how things were changed in the domestic circle. He found other company in the house to meet him, and altogether it was very pleasant and very gay; but Tellis thought to himself, Still it is not the old rectory circle, and yet it is the same I used to find here; but Miss Schutz seems as much company as myself now. He took particular pains to make Miss Schutz as much at her ease as formerly, but found she was very much more reserved. He noticed her fondness for her nephews, and found there, at least, he had touched the right key; but baby boys will not afford a lengthened conversation; and their size and

¹ Concluded from page 295, vol. xL.

features being discussed, and likeness, if any discoverable one could be traced, he seated himself by Miss Schutz, saying, "What a source of interest these children will be to you!"

"So they are already, Tellis," said Gustavus, who was on the other side of him; "they run every chance of being spoilt in due time by

dear Aunt Janet."

"No, not that, Schutz; Miss Schutz is, I hope, too sensible a lady to spoil any children; a spoilt child is rendered odious to all its friends, and to itself in time. I shall expect these will not be spoilt; but none of your little paragons, if I understand anything of Miss Schutz's ideas."

"Oh, we certainly shall not allow Janet to spoil them, Mr. Tellis; I don't approve of spoilt children; but really Janet bestows almost all her time on them now, and I think it is really marvellous what pleasure

she can find in looking so long at sleeping infants."

Tellis thought, I should not think your time would be so wasted. "I have been round the old haunts, Miss Schutz, in the garden and shrubbery. Who has made that change in the north walk? I suppose, do you know, I could not admire it because it was changed."

"Don't you?" said Janet. "Isabel thought the plantation would

shelter it."

Tellis had tact enough to discover he had better make no further observations on that. He tried several other topics, but unfortunately with not much better success; and he discovered Mrs. Schutz found much employment, if not in watching sleeping boys, in listening to Janet's remarks or answers, and in general not harmonising exactly, as he thought she would. His visit was not of long duration. the coach bore him away, he ruminated on those he had left. Certainly, said he to himself, there is a change. Miss Schutz is much changed; she is fearful of expressing an opinion, for fear of giving Mrs. Schutz is very, very unlike Isabel offence to Mrs. Schutz. Berners. Schutz is what he was, good dear fellow; but he seems afraid to speak to his sister, without an approving nod from his wife; and she seems dreadfully afraid that the meek, quiet, unobtrusive, kind Janet will usurp her place. Marriage has not improved her at I wonder if her jealous feelings extend to me; for she seemed, just now, to think I was endeavouring to bias her husband's opinions. Well, she never would have been there at all without Janet's permission, I can answer for; so that should have made her better-behavedbehaved! she is civil enough and over-palavering before Schutz. Poor Schutz! Well, I should be miserable if Isabel were my sister. I think he is very much annoyed, though he wisely hides it. Poor fellow! I pity him from my soul. How very happy he thought they That jealous young lady will spoil his happiness and should all be! his sister's too; and how very strange! she who was here so often beforehand, and so well knew the sisterly and brotherly attachment between them, and dear Miss Schutz was so ready to receive her like a sister-here Mrs. Schutz receives her as the Queen does her sub-There is nothing to take hold of. I am sorry-yes, truly, jects. for my old friends. How I wish my Mrs. Schutz could but have lived to this, and then, may be, she would have advised Miss Schutz living somewhere else—but where? Poor Miss Schutz! it is her rightful home. The very children Mrs. Schutz will, I see, turn to a source of constant vexation. I wish she would be downright uncivil to Miss Schutz, and then her brother must teach her better manners to her sister; but she takes it so very, very sweetly, poor thing. I wonder she has not married too. I wonder the real reason she did not; so thought Tellis.

Janet, keenly feeling what Tellis had plainly seen was truly the case, thought a change would be desirable—at least, for a time, and then there would be a fresh start; for she seemed particularly unfortunate just then. Whatever she said or did was apparently wrong to Isabel. Even her own sister Caroline, who had been spending some time with them, and who was the counterpart of Isabel before these jealous fancies marred her own happiness and that of those around her—even Caroline remonstrated with her.

"Why, Isabel," said she, when they were alone, "what is the reason you speak so sharply to dear Janet? I am sure you cannot think

how sharply you do speak."

"I am sure, Caroline, no one can say I am not very civil to her; but I like to show I am to have the lead."

"And Janet is the very last person to wish to take it from you."

Caroline persuaded Janet to return with her, to which she consented,

and both left soon after Mr. Tellis had ended his visit.

Gustavus felt much at parting from her, and begged a speedy return; assured her they could ill spare her at any time, and how could she go and leave his dear boys? She promised she would not stay long; she would write, if he promised his own hand should send her news of the rectory inmates. Many and many turns did they take round the distant meadow ere he would let her return to the house, and then, as he drew near to the garden gate, he gave her a fond embrace. His heart seemed full, and she could hardly restrain her tears; but they joined the luncheon table. Mrs. Schutz said all that civility could say; promised to give her accounts of the children; and having taken leave of her and Caroline, they got into the carriage and drove away, and Isabel and Gustavus returned into the house.

CHAPTER X.

"The present hour is our own; The next we ne'er may see."

The two young ladies and Miss Caroline's maid proceeded on very pleasantly and agreeably. Caroline was all life and gaiety, and she was going to her own home, leaving her dear sister quite happy. She felt for poor Janet, who, she saw, was out of spirits, and she tried to rouse her to her wonted cheerfulness; and Janet, who was not one to give way to her own feelings, exerted herself, and, if she did not talk much, she made a ready listener to her eager companion. They changed horses again at a small inn where post horses were kept, and

at first felt some little alarm at the unruly movements of one horse when they began to start; but they were re-assured by the innkeeper, ostler, and driver, and they went off at a rapid rate. As they passed more quickly than was quite pleasant by some cottages and down a hill, Janet fancied she saw Mr. Tellis on horseback. She said to Caroline, who was seated in the middle, and so really nearer to the side on which he passed, "Really, I believe it is Mr. Tellis going to the rectory again. It is such a few days ago—what for, I wonder;

for they do not expect him?"

Little did Janet guess the actual object of the appearance of Mr. He was going to the rectory, and on this occasion cer-Tellis then. tainly to see Janet. To understand his motive, we must return to his own little library the evening before he was riding up the hill. He had seen and deeply felt the injustice his friend Miss Schutz endured from the jealous temper of her sister-in-law, which, though it was, in a great degree, checked before her husband (who yet saw quite enough to embitter his happiness without seeing any remedy), at all other times it was allowed to go unrestrained. It was called forth by the most unlooked-for circumstances. The most trivial expression of affection for her brother was sufficient to rouse Mrs. Schutz to the highest pitch of jealousy and unjust dislike to the really unoffending Janet, who bore it with a quiet and meek temper; feeling it would be the means, if she had at all resisted it, of separating her for ever from her affectionate brother; for she could not, by her presence, be the means of family dissensions.

How sad, how melancholy is the thought, that human beings can, by not keeping a proper command over themselves, destroy their happiness, and that even of the most amiable of human beings! but so it is. Janet's mother had truly felt that it could be done in her husband's case, from the want of a proper command over the temper; and now both Janet and her brother were feeling the sad effects of this one and most unlooked-for fault in Isabel. Too often is it attributed to ill health, and, therefore, that it is unconquerable; but can those who indulge in these wicked propensities candidly answer to

their consciences, that it is so? If such is the case, then

"No farther seek to draw their frailties from their dread abode."

They are watched over by more than an earthly Eye, and will have the merciful aid they require. But many—too many, alas!—cannot, in truth, make this plea. It was not so with these two characters here attempted to be pourtrayed. It was not so with Mr. Schutz, and, as we have seen, he bitterly lamented it; and Isabel—she was equally aware of the wickedness of her conduct, and that it was only the will to ask for assistance to subdue her temper that was required—she did not attempt to curb it, and it gained the ascendancy over her.

Would that this tale could awaken in any one breast alone such contrition for similar failings as would prevent a repetition of them! Then, indeed, would the narrator think the attempt to detail it not thrown away.

But to return to the narrative. Tellis had long and most ardently

desired to have gained such an interest in the affections of Miss Schutz, as might induce her to listen to a proposal of marriage: but whilst her brother remained unmarried, and all was peace, happiness, and love, it seemed to him, could any home he could offer make up to Janet for what he should deprive her of, the constant society of her brother? and then from her brother he learned they all wished still to live together. Besides, he really could not tell whether she would herself think of such a proposition from him at all; for, with true maidenly modesty, whatever her feelings for Mr. Tellis might be, her own heart alone knew them. That he was much liked by her as an acquaintance, a friend, he saw; but, as he never chose to speak out, he could gain no further insight into her wishes. If he could have done so, with what unfeigned delight would he have seen, that now the time had arrived when, feeling her removal from the rectory must be a comfort, and even desirable for her brother's happiness, Janet would gladly have entered fully into his wishes; for truly she could return his attachment; although, to casual observers, all seemed still comfortable; but Janet might really say,

"Nay, truly, say not that I do not feel,
Though oft my thoughts in secret I conceal.
What, then, more painful than the secret grief
To which not even friends can give relief,
When, with an aching heart, we force a smile,
Nor dare indulge the grief we feel the while!
Then, when alone, with double force it comes,
Destroys our quiet, all our peace benumbs.
'Tis like the insect in the rose-bud found,
It gnaws the heart, while all looks gay around."

But Mr. Tellis was not a *casual* observer. In his last visit, as has been said, he noticed the change of things—how far less happy poor Janet was, or possibly could be as things stood; and nothing could make a change for the better, unless Mrs. Schutz gave up her jealous whims.

Will that be? No, he thought; time will only increase it. Can it be possible that, if I only ask the hand of Janet, I can obtain it? What would I not do to be thought by her and Gustavus worthy of it! What would I not do to endeavour to make her happy! I would make myself as like Gustavus as possible. She was so much more reserved even to me last time. Perhaps Janet thinks I have behaved unhandsomely by her to endeavour to please her, as I have done, and then to leave her. No, I have never, never really lest you, Janet, but feared I was all too unworthy of you. Now you are unhappy, I will try if I cannot relieve you from it by offering you a home. Oh! the very idea is delight itself. Even should it not be, I can but hear it is unpleasing to her. To-morrow morning I will return to the rectory; I will say nothing of my coming; I will go on horseback.

The morrow came, and he kept his resolution; and he was riding up the hill when Janet, who was the furthest side from him, caught a glimpse (how far some people can see those they like!), and, as has been said, spoke to Caroline, who occupied the middle seat, and the

maid was in the other corner.

"Really I believe it is Mr. Tellis going to the rectory again. It is such a few days—what for, I wonder; for they do not expect him?"

Caroline laughed, and said, "I did not see him if it is; for, in fact, I don't like this horrid fast driving at all; but I can't help laughing. Why should you suppose he is going to the rectory? He may be

Before her speech could be ended, snap went the drag-chain, over went the chaise on the side Miss Schutz was sitting-and then what a scene of misery ensued! The post-boy was thrown over a heap of stones with his leg broken; the shaft had entered the side of one horse, and the other was kicking tremendously to release itself. group of labourers at work in a neighbouring field soon ran to the spot, and Mr. Tellis, who was going up very leisurely, watching the rapid progress of the chaise downhill, saw it turn over, and instantly returned to render his assistance, though, at the very rapid rate the chaise went, he saw no one that was in it. They released the kicking horse, and the other they found too far spent to do any mischief. They lifted the post-boy to the bank, and then proceeded to assist those inside, who were loudly calling for help. The first who was got out was the maid, assisted by Mr. Tellis, and, excepting a very severe cut on the arm, which was bleeding profusely, she seemed unhurt. Caroline Berners, as she alighted by the assistance of two of the countrymen, declared herself quite unhurt. But what was the dismay of Mr. Tellis, on attempting to drag out the other body, to find he had in his arms the lifeless body of Miss Schutz! He stared in wild astonishment, hardly believing it could be her; not having even noticed Miss Caroline Berners, whom the men had assisted; and the maid,

"Can this be," he said, turning a death-like countenance to Miss Caroline, who came forward to look for Janet, "Can this be Miss Schutz?"

"Yes, yes! Janet, my dear Janet," said she, affectionately; "look up, do, dear Janet! speak, oh speak!"

"She is gone past all our voices," said he, now first recognizing Miss Caroline; "she is no more. Oh! my poor Schutz, what news for you!"

Their exclamations drew the attention of the men.

being hers, he did not know.

"Bless you, sir," said one man; "may be she is only stunned; run, Richard, run quick, quick, for the doctor!"

"No doctor can bring life here, my good friend; she is gone, for ever, ever gone." And he heaved a convulsive groan.

The poor men who remained joined in hearty exclamations of sorrow; but Miss Caroline Berners was so completely startled at this sad sight, that they were obliged to support her, fainting, back to the bank, where lay the post-boy and sat the poor maid. The doctor speedily came; he first stopped with Mr. Tellis, who was still supporting the lifeless body of Janet; and, raising her arm, tried to feel her pulse.

"Human aid is useless there," said he, with a mournful shake of the head; "I had better, sir, first attend to the living; the other lady, too, seems nearly gone." Tellis articulated hoarsely-"She is, I believe, faint."

The doctor's aid soon restored poor Miss Caroline to a sad consciousness of all around her. The men procured a cart from a farm not far off; and with a litter of hay, and the cushions of the chaise, they made a seat for Miss Berners and her maid, whom they placed in front. The body of poor Janet, covered with her cloak, was lifted in, and Tellis jumped up to support it. It appeared she had struck the back of her head; not a feature—nothing was disfigured; she lay like

a marble figure.

A door from a neighbouring cottage was made a litter to convey the poor post-boy to the farm, with whom the doctor remained to set the limb, after he had placed the others in the cart. The countrymen who assisted led one post-horse and the horse of Mr. Tellis, whilst the other horse was conveyed to the farm. They then returned to the inn. When they arrived, and he had had her body conveyed into a parlour, and placed on a sofa covered over with a sheet, Mr. Tellis sat down in the room to write a hurried note to Gustavus, and dispatched it by a messenger, who was to precede the chaise containing Miss Caroline and her maid, as the former longed to join her sister and return to the rectory. Mr. Tellis said he should remain at the inn, and await the arrival of Mr. Schutz; he had tried to break it to him the best way he could. Gustavus, instantly on the chaise arriving, and Miss Berners and the maid alighting, got into it. agonized feelings, when he beheld the corpse of his affectionate companion, his loved sister, his friend from childhood, were indeed great; but sorrow such as his cannot be described; it is often felt deeply and keenly, and too many can find his sufferings come home to them.

His kind and ever-valued friend Tellis arranged everything for him, concealing his own bitter and painful regret deep in his own breast. He wrote for the coroner, and gave his evidence on the inquest; and every arrangement being made, it was judged advisable not to convey the corpse to the rectory at all; but when, in the course of a few days, the coffin was closed, Gustavus returned to his family, and the following morning at an early hour Mr. Tellis promised he would see to the arrangements for conveying the body to its last resting-place. It was met at the rectory by her poor brother and all his servants, and friends, and neighbours, who wished to pay this last tribute to a benevolent, pleasing, and most amiable being, whose delight was in acts of kindness to all within her reach. She was buried by the side of her mother. The last mournful offices paid to her, Tellis accompanied his sorrowing friends to their home. He tried a few words of comfort

to Gustavus, and then pressing his hand, said-

"It is in vain now for me to offer consolation, but, my good friend, believe me, no one valued your sister more than Frank Tellis; and when time shall have softened your grief, let us again live over the past by referring again and again to all she said and did; her words are imprinted on my memory."

"Never, surely never, Tellis, could brother and sister love each

other more than we have done."

With this they bade each other farewell, and Tellis departed, thinking it best to leave him; and Schutz believed that he went on by the

Lines. 49

coach, but Mr. Tellis remained that day at the small village inn. And

"When came still evening on, and twilight grey Had in her sober livery all things clad,"

he bent his footsteps to the churchyard, and there stood to look once

more on her grave.

"Oh!" said he, "that my poor friend Schutz had not married, and then she would have died, as she lived, in perfect happiness; for her affection for him could not bear a separation, otherwise now, I believe, Frank Tellis would have been a widower. Oh! why, why did I not speak my mind before now? I too shall be ever lonely. But Gustavus—yes, 'all is for the best.' Jealousy can be now no longer; it might in time have separated them; now she died in happiness, in peace with all. Schutz may yet enjoy his wife and children, and his Isabel what she was before, amiable in every respect. May I—oh! I trust I may—profit by what I have seen, and be prepared at any instant to leave this world, as I believe this loved one was——"

Tellis turned suddenly on hearing a foot fall on the grass, and instantly found the arms of his Gustavus clasped around him. He too had sought the churchyard; his overpowered feelings strove for utterance, but it was more than nature could do. He tried to say a few words, gasped for breath, and fell a lifeless corpse on the grave of his

sister.

LINES

Now listless o'er life's sullen tide My bark of life floats idly on; Youth's incense-laden breeze has died, And passion's fitful gusts are flown.

While sadly round her aimless course
Now lowering brood the mental skies,
The past but murmurs of remorse,
And dim the ocean-future lies.

And must this be? My soul, arouse!
See through the passing clouds of ill
How Fame's proud pharos brightly glows
And gilds thy drooping pennant still.

Stretch to thine oar, you beam thy guide—
Spread to ambition's fresh'ning gale;
Friendship and love are at thy side,
While glory's breathings swell thy sail.

DOMESTIC CONDITION OF THE HINDOOS.1 CHAPTER V.

Early marriage is the source of much of that unhappiness, which dissimilarity of taste, or disagreement in views, or difference of temper, is calculated to produce. The marriages of children here are, as we have said, founded upon no free choice or will of the parties who enter the marriage state. Parents alone settle, as well as perform, the marriages On what principle and manner they do so, we have of their children. explained under that particular head. The young age of the parties themselves, whose judgment is not yet informed, nor whose understanding is yet enlightened, does not, of course, admit of their free choice and will being consulted in the arrangement of matters relating They are, therefore, wholly dependent in this, as in to their marriage. other things, upon their parents, whose judgment is well displayed in the consequences that issued from their union! And, indeed, the consequences are greatly deplorable. After the marriages of children are formed, after the general afflux of oriental luxury and magnificence has passed on the sides of both parties, after halls have resounded with the chorus of Indian music, after jests and laughter have diffused animation throughout the whole family circle, and after the whole routine of ceremonies has been gone through, the husband and the wife mutually separate from one another. A sudden stillness falls in, and custom throws between the newly formed pair, a line of separation so broad, that those faces, which just lately glanced with joy, see one another only when a succession of years, months, and days has rolled over. But those germs of love, which sprung up in their bosom on this occasion, wither and die away for want of that nourishment which can only be supplied by mutual intercourse, mutual converse, and mutual communion of sentiment and feeling. The girl does so long live under her paternal roof, always busied with the trifles of the kitchen. does so long live with his own parents, busy in preparing to follow the profession of his forefathers. One looks into the kitchen; the other looks abroad into the world. Both are engaged in different pursuits, under different circumstances, and in different societies. That portion of life when their minds are the least biassed by prejudices, and when the firmest kind of attachment is yet capable of being formed between them both, is spent away in a state of mutual separation from one another, and in different situations, without the opportunity of enjoying the mutual interchange of their ideas, and determining their mutual choice of the mode of life they both should follow. But though they were to live together, and to enjoy the benefit of mutual intercourse, their age is yet scarcely fit for the accomplishment of any such object. They are yet too young and unable to form a correct judgment as to the mode of life they should pursue, and to determine their choice rightly about things by which they are surrounded. Unable, from the

¹ Concluded from page 324, vol. XLI.

circumstance of their extremely young age, to exercise their judgment in matters presented to their notice, all the different scenes and circumstances by which they may, from the earliest years of their childhood, be surrounded at their respective abodes, make deep impressions on their minds, and become at last, as they grow up, the principles of their reasoning and conduct in life. The consequence of all this is, that when, after so long a separation, they meet together, the incoherence of their mutual views and tastes becomes evident in the mutual discontent and unhappiness which follow. Mutual disagreement in their views and pursuits ensues. One does not like the other. What pleases the one displeases the other; the objects which occupy the attention of the one are always different from those which occupy the attention of the Their tastes disagree, their pursuits differ, their views are opposed, their interests jar. If one is engaged in the higher pursuits of science, the other is busy with the trifles of the kitchen. If one takes delight in the exercises of the intellect, the other is pleased with some meaner occupation. Each despises or scorns the employment of the other; or, at least, both do not derive pleasure or interest from the same kind of pursuit. The consequence of this inequality between both, as to their pursuits and tastes, proves very injurious to the happiness which the marriage state is calculated to produce. Supposing, for instance, what is often the case, that the husband has received a sound education, and enjoys the result of real instruction, and the wife is utterly ignorant of the very first elements of learning, then they both cannot derive from their mutual society that amount of pleasure and happiness which an equal degree of mental cultivation would have proved capable of affording. A husband of enlarged views cannot possibly draw solid enjoyment from the companionship of a narrowminded creature, who cannot appreciate even the value of things which engage his attention. When the wife is altogether incapable of sympathizing with her husband in his views, and of appreciating the worth of his attainments, he cannot enjoy that blessing which marriage is otherwise calculated to afford. And such unhappy results always follow when marriages take place early; at an age when both the parties are incapable of judging for themselves, or of finding out the right views and tastes of one another.

Again, in cases of such early marriages, the husband and the wife may not only differ with respect to their mutual pursuits and views; they may have also very different dispositions. The effects of this difference are greatly deplorable. Perhaps the husband may happen to be an unprincipled and violent man. He then exercises over his wife an absolute authority, the limits of which can scarcely be defined. He tyrannizes over her in every way, and inflicts upon her the severest The slightest mistake of his wife clouds his brows and sours tortures. his temper. Her condition, indeed, in that case, is so wretched, that the humblest slave that trembles under the lashes of his master is far She spends her days and nights in the most unhappy better treated. Her mind rests with melancholy broodings over the several instances of harshness she daily receives from her husband. Her pillow is wet by many a nightly tear, and her time wasted in many sobs and sighs during the day. Mutual hatred and envy prevail, and their marriage state, so far from producing any real happiness, presents to the view a perpetual scene of animosity and brawl. They both dislike one another. A smile is never seen on their cheeks. Anger always furrows their brows. Mutual discontent and hatred are then given vent to in those abusive languages, with which they wantonly charge one another; those horrid imprecations, in which they speak of the conduct of their parents in forming their union; those severe beatings which the violent and unprincipled husband inflicts upon his wife; those tears of sorrow and repentance which frequently bathe her eyes; those breaches of fidelity which they were bound to observe towards each other, and those mutual separations which not unfrequently take place between them. This, reader, is no fanciful picture! It is attested by fact and experience. As an effect of this difference of tastes and disposition between the parties, occasioned by their early marriage, divorces take place, and second and third marriages are necessarily resorted to. The consequence of this we will treat under a separate

head; and therefore we proceed as follows:-

Early marriage, having produced, as has been shown, mutual discontent between the parties, leads at last, to their mutual separation. Vexed and discontented with the present wife, the husband divorces her, and turns his thoughts and affections to another object.* He performs his second marriage with the greatest pomp and splendour. deprives his former wife of all her ornaments, which were given to her once by himself, or, which is the same thing, by his parents, and which he has the right of taking back from her when he pleases. He exposes her in every way he chooses; and tries every argument in his power to convince the people of his innocence, who may be inclined to put an unfavourable construction on his conduct. Thus, having vindicated himself in the sight of the people, and married another girl as he wished, he feels somewhat contented at the time, resting assured that his future days now would pass better and more happily. With an apparently warm, but really assumed fondness, does he embrace and kiss his second wife on the one hand, while on the other, with bitter jealousy and hatred, he spurns away from his presence the poor creature to whom he was first wedded. Those relations of the first wife, who used first to caress him with all marks of fond attention and regard, now look upon him with the eye of an enemy, frown at the very recollection of his name, and contemplate his conduct like that of a wild brute. Party feelings are excited, disputes set on foot, each other's evil is sought after, hatred and animosity reign in the families. The poor relations of the despised and neglected girl, feeling themselves powerless, weep and bewail the fate of the unhappy poor and nearly divorced girl, and at last spend their wrath upon her, and give vent to all their excited feelings in severe expressions against her alone. Married then, as he now is, it is difficult to say, whether or not, under present circumstances, the husband would be subjected to the same troubles and vexations to which he was exposed in the society of his first wife, unless the second should prudently forbear crossing him in his views and inclinations,

^{*} There are not few instances in which the Bramins and Purvoes have, from the cause above alluded to, been obliged to leave their first wives and marry again.

and unless from the fear of bringing down the same disgrace and mischance which befell her fellow. She should take care to agree with him in all his views, and patiently submit to every species of tyranny which her lord may choose to exercise on her. When the proper season arrives, the new wife goes to her husband's house. There, perhaps, still she sees her rival, and burns with jealousy towards her. But every thing there is her's. She usurps the place of the former wife of her husband, quarrels with her, and finds out every subject to tease and vex her. She now wears all the ornaments of which the former wife was stripped off naked. She dresses herself in all those rich clothes which had first covered the body of her rival. She gains an important station in her husband's family, an uppermost place in her husband's affections. Interesting scenes open to her view, and important duties press upon her notice, and all this, to the disadvantage Now the poor degraded first wife is compelled to seek of her rival. refuge from the violence of her husband, and jealousy of her rival, under the roof of her parents. If they be living, she is received into their And what is her state there? They outstretch their protection towards her, as they do towards every other member of their family. They watch over her with peculiar tenderness and care, as a being rejected by her husband, and removed far off from all the sources of conjugal felicity. But all the rest of the people regard their conduct with suspicion and hatred. She there spends her days most miserably, in a dark solitary chamber, having no fixed object in view, no particular avocation to be engaged in—in fact, having nothing else to do but to eat and sleep. All her relations, except a few of the most dear, and her parents, despise her as unworthy of being seen and talked to. If disease attacks her, and lays her prostrate on the bed of sickness, she is doomed to suffer all its horrors, without any kind of comfort or relief. Even her nearest relations refuse to administer to her any necessary medical aid, thereby seeking to get rid of one on whose account they are exposed to public odium. The silence of her sick chamber is broken only by the rude voice of a few strangers, to whom she was probably a friend, or with whom she was merely acquainted. She is nearly reduced to a state next that of a real widow. If she were now to die, difficulty is felt in finding people to attend on her It is a custom, in reference to all Hindú women, that on their death the relations of their husbands are entitled to attend to his funeral obsequies, and to perform all the other ceremonies connected with But the relations of her husband are utterly prejudiced against her, they refuse to wait on her remains, much more so her husband who had divorced her. Such is the condition of the unhappy wretch who, after her separation from her husband, lives under her paternal roof.

If her parents be not alive, or if they be unwilling to receive her into their protection from the fear of drawing down public odium over their heads, she is then lost to the world without pity—without redress. All her prospects of conjugal felicity vanish away "like the baseless fabric of a vision." The religion of her country and parents forbids her second marriage entirely. She is left to the solitary enjoyment of her own resources, if she has any. Suspecting the jealousy of her rival and the

harsh treatment of her husband, if she should remain in his house; having none to assist her in her distress, and to provide her with food and clothing; trembling with the fear of receiving the most unwelcome treatment from her relatives, she has no other alternative left but one. She therefore agrees with herself, as it were, in deep despair and in the agony of mental anxiety, to consign herself as a prostitute to the mercy of the world, regardless of the honour of her father's family, and the incalculable injury she may thereby do to the credit and reputation of her husband. Hence, while passing through the streets of this large city, we meet with immense numbers of prostitutes, a great part of whom consist of Brahmins and subordinate castes of the Hindus, who probably, in consequence of some disputes with their lawful husbands, were obliged to leave them, and consent to lead such dishonourable lives. Such are the wretched consequences of early marriage. custom, then, of not marrying early prevailed generally, these disastrous effects would entirely be prevented. There should be a familiar intercourse between the sexes allowed, and it should be regarded by no man in the light of an intrigue. Much opportunity might then be given to the parties intending to marry of finding out kindred dispositions, and of forming those strong and lasting attachments without which the married state is often more productive of misery than of happiness. Marriages formed on this plan would be productive of much good. Such separations and such instances of matrimonial infidelity would less frequently occur, and such open divorces less frequently be observed. The husband and wife would live in mutual esteem and love, and the ardour of attachment between them, accompanied by a purity of conduct, would so much heighten the enjoyment of their mutual comforts and happiness, as to make the married state really capable of affording the blessings which it is certainly calculated to produce.

Early marriage of children is calculated to subject their parents to many unnecessary cares, expenses, and perplexities, which might other-

wise be avoided.

First, with reference to the parents of boys. They are particularly careful to observe and watch over the character and conduct of their son's wife. As she is in future to form a part of their family, they become extremely anxious as regards her behaviour to those by whom she is surrounded. Once having married their son with her according to their own choice and will, they begin afterwards to display some anxiety, as he grows up, with regard to the probability or improbability of his liking her. Apprehensive of many disagreeable circumstances being likely to be produced in the event of his not being pleased with his wife, and of a mutual difference of views prevailing between them both hereafter, the parents of the boy occasionally invite their daughterin-law, even when she is yet young, to their own house; set her some particular work to be busy with, or tell her to attend to some duties of the house, the performance of which would require some exertion of skill and talent; thereby seeking to affordtheir son the opportunity of making himself acquainted with her real merits. But true love between the sexes is not founded upon such forced external exhibitions of character. It resides in the mind, in the feelings, in the affections. It yearns towards that which is kindred, that which is congenial to its-

It does not yield its sympathies, its emotions, to what is bodily and external. It cries aloud for congeniality of nature, of aim, of disposition. And this congeniality, if it really exists, is founded only on close and intimate intercourse. But this is not allowed to take place between the husband and wife before a certain time. However solicitous, therefore, the parents may be to make their son pleased with a girl of their own choosing, their anxiety is unanswered by the result. Few pairs could be found to love each other sincerely whose union is not founded upon love itself, but upon the present and wayward humour of some elders or superiors. The parents of the son are moreover put to several enormous expenses, in addition to those which they had made for his marriage. The expenses grow as the wife and the son grow in years. Though the parents are poor, and unable to stand all the necessary occasions of expense, yet the tyranny of fashion must prevail. Their son is yet young, and drudges at school. The whole weight of expenses must fall on the shoulders of the poor parents. When his wife arrives at the age of puberty, a great ceremony follows, as elsewhere noticed, on which not less than a quarter of a thousand of rupees is imperceptibly lost. Innumerable other ceremonies of a similar kind frequently occur, and they must also be duly attended to. The parents of the boy have to make ornaments, to buy clothes, and to do many other things for his wife which he is yet incapable of doing. They must gratify all her wishes, supply all her wants, satisfy all her tastes, and lastly, exercise all their control over her. Their son is, indeed, a husband, but he is yet incapable of discharging all the duties of a husband.

In lapse of time the husband is converted into a father; he brings new beings into existence whose wants and necessities his own parents are obliged to supply. This is no hasty conclusion.* The several expenses attending the feeding, the clothing, the education of his children, his old parents still must submit to. He is yet young, and scarcely competent enough to discharge himself his duties to his children whom he has brought into existence. He involves his parents in expenses more and more intricate, without the ability of helping them by his means. They become quite exhausted by the successive pressures of expenses rising upon them, and look towards their son for his help and assistance in lightening their burden, and making their way smooth and easy through those difficulties in which he was the cause of They wait in anxious expectation of seeing him involving them. employed. Days after days, weeks after weeks, months after months, years after years, roll away; but the youth, the inexperience, and the meagre education which the boy received, unfit him for any respectable or important employment. Their parents' anxiety daily increases, their cares multiply, and their patience is exhausted. They become so extremely anxious as to their son's being somehow or other furnished with the means of supporting his wife and children, and their being consequently relieved from the duty of providing for them in his stead, that they cannot sometimes contain themselves. They occasionally feel

^{*} Many Hindu boys, upwards of 16, reading a spelling-book in the Native Education Society, are fathers of more than two children.

the necessity of breaking out into such disagreeable expressions as almost to wound the feelings of the boy, and in fact to draw a tear of repentance from his eye. The parents daily continue to threaten and scold the boy till he gets himself somewhere well situated, and attains the ability of providing for the necessary wants of his own wife and children.

Secondly, with reference to the parents of the girl. The expenses to which her parents are subjected on account of her go only so far as will, and not necessity, is concerned. Excepting those which attended her marriage, few occasions of expense occur to them, compared with those to which the parents of the boy are called upon to submit. circumstance arises only from the state of absolute dependence in which the girl is placed upon her husband and the family to which he belongs; for the girl, as was observed before, when she is betrothed, is no longer the property of her parents. But though she is separated from her parents in form and fashion, yet is she not separated from the fibres of their hearts. Their solicitude for her welfare leads them eagerly to wish the good of her husband, upon whom the dearest interests of their daughter depend. They become extremely serious as to the manner in which the husband of their daughter may be brought up, the kind of education he may receive, the line of profession he may follow, the accidents that may befal him, the temptations to which he may be exposed, the excess into which he may be led, and several other circumstances that might tend to affect his own interests, and with them those of their own daughter, who is his wife.

The good reports which they may hear of him overwhelm them with His dispraise, however, sends a thrill of sorrow and indignation through their hearts. They are then vexed and disturbed by the agony of a restless anxiety. When they hear of their son-in-law as being engaged in the pursuits of dissipation, or as being confirmed in the habits of sensuality, or as being in the habit of sauntering about in the streets, or as growing indifferent to the cultivation of his mind, they are seized with just anxiety about the future welfare of their own daughter. Their irritated feelings are well depicted in the features of their countenance, in their reddened cheeks, and in the sneer which plays over their brows. They send servants after servants to the house of their son-in-law, to have a conference, in their name, with his parents regarding the conduct of their boy, to make them acquainted with the reports which they had heard to his disadvantage, and to warn them to keep a strict and careful watch over him in future. Every subject in which the interests of their daughter may be involved rouses their anxiety. As in reference to the case of the parents of the boy, their cares and solicitude grow with the growth of their daughter. She may, in a short time, become the mother of a child, as is too often the case; but, if her husband be young and incapable of providing for her, what is she to do? Who is to provide for her child and supply all her wants? The father True; but how long is he to do so it is difficult to of her husband. Not more certain is it, however, that he would live long. inquiries occur to the minds of her parents as their daughter becomes a full-grown being. Such cares and anxieties always agitate the breasts of the parents of the girl from the moment that she is betrothed to the moment that she is firmly established in life. Such, then, are the effects which the early marriage of their children is calculated to produce in

reference to the case of their parents.

The miseries entailed upon women by early marriage next merit The injury done to the female sex by this pernicious system is indeed incalculable. We have already remarked that woman is married at the early age of five or six, at an age when she is incapable of judging for herself, and when no attempt can be made to distinguish her peculiar tastes, and to find out kindred dispositions in her future husband to whom she is intended to be betrothed. She is not at all at her disposal in her marriage. After her betrothment she lives, as was observed before, in the house of her parents for a considerable time. If during this period her husband die, though she may never once have seen him except on the day of their marriage, she is considered as a widow. Religion entirely forbids her second marriage, and the penalty imposed upon those who would disobey this solemn injunction of the shastras, is the forfeiture of cast, house, and relatives. She is con-All her brighter demned to the miseries of perpetual widowhood. prospects in life are covered by an eternal cloud of despair, which not a single ray of hope is left to penetrate. She, in fact, ends her existence just as she began it. She was indeed married, but she knew as little of her husband as if she was not married to him at all. She was married with the prospect of enjoying the pleasures of conjugal bliss; but her prospects and hopes are buried for ever with her husband in the grave. She was married that she may have the pleasure of a happy intercourse with her husband, and be the means of leaving a few children behind her and her husband, as representatives to commemorate their existence and perpetuate their names; but she had never, perhaps, once seen her husband's face any more than on the day of marriage, far less could she have spoken a word to him. She may have attended on a few ceremonies, in which females feel the extremest delight; but all ceremonies are now for ever lost to her, except those of shaving her head and stripping herself of all her ornaments. Her husband is suddenly cut off with the stroke of death, when yet the married couple had scarcely passed the portals of youth, and were yet lingering amid the scenes of childhood, when they were neither able to understand the important nature of their connection, nor to appreciate the important duties which arose from their union; when they could neither speak with one another, nor could sympathise with each other in their thoughts and feelings; when they had no idea of the relationship in which they stood to one another, and the obligations they owed in reference to those by whom they were surrounded, When both the husband and wife were so young, and the world, as it really is, was just beginning to dawn upon them, the former is cut off from all its ties. The husband dies! and, alas! the shock is stunningly great. Who is now to care for the girl when she is thus deserted? Who is to guide her through the numberless cares and perplexities of the world, when she is thus left alone without him upon whom had depended all her hopes and prospects? But still the miseries of her bereavement are aggravated in a ten-fold degree by her age, and the circumstances in which she was placed, when such a bereavement befel her. She was

too young, as we have already remarked. She might be just indulging in all her plays and gambols within the doors of her father's house, when the dismal news of her husband's death arrives. The news reaches her ears, but it passes by as unheeded and neglected as the idle wind that goes along. She is too young to appreciate her loss. Oh! poor little innocent! Her parents fall crying out, beating their breasts, and bewailing the melancholy fate of their daughter, and crying out often that she is gone-lost for ever. Yet the bereaved wife is unconscious of the loss she has sustained, and not a tear is seen starting up into her eyes but what may be drawn by the sympathy of passion. Thus unconsciously does she sustain the blow; but miserably is she obliged to drag out the tedious existence of a widow almost from her Parents and kindred may still all be around her, but he who was the bridegroom affianced of her future career, upon whom depended all her hopes and prospects, has withered away from her path, like a flower cut down in the dewy light of the morning. Alas! the cloud of grief which hangs over her is indeed a heavy one. Hers is a wretched, dreary existence of a widow, and hers is an incomparably severe and heavy loss. She is solemnly prohibited from choosing another husband, with whom to begin again her earthly career; she is condemned from her very childhood to all the miseries and privations which widowhood can entail upon her; she is deprived of all the rights, and privileges, and duties of a married woman; she is rendered perfectly useless both to herself and to those around her; she can partake in none of the ceremonies performed at home; she can take share in none of the feasts which might take place either in the family of her parents or in that of her deceased husband; she is considered as a being wholly unfit for any of the duties of her life. The seeing of her face alone is considered as an unpropitious omen.

In addition to the heavy loss which she has sustained by the death of her husband, an unspeakable injury is done to her by those who are living. Her hair is shaved off, her ornaments are taken off, the red powder which painted her forehead in a point is rubbed off. The fine apparel which had adorned her person, is changed into a coarse dirty cloth, which she is obliged to wear till she is no more. She is obliged to keep herself confined for a considerable time in a dark room, without being seen by any body, lying on bare ground, covered sometimes with a few ragged clothes, eating sparingly, and rejecting all wholesome food. For everything sweet she now contracts an aversion, and of everything bitter and sour she is willing to taste a little portion. in fact submits herself to all privations and sufferings. Instead of attending to the performance of certain ceremonies, and the celebration of certain festivals, which so frequently engage the attention and occupy the time of the life of a living husband, she must now turn all her thoughts to pilgrimages to some holy shrines, and devote her life exclusively to religious and melancholy contemplation. She is secluded from all intercourse with society, and allowed no place in conversation or discussion of any kind, either with men or with those of her own Oh! mournful thought! that a girl who has not yet passed the portals of green youth, and upon whom the world is but just beginning to dawn-such a girl to be so deprived of all the enjoyments which she

might be capable of enjoying; to be condemned to pass her valuable life in such dreary solitude of the world; and to be consigned, so to speak, to a living tomb, and all for the death of her husband alone. Observe, then, reader, the dangerous effects of the system of early marriage, which leads so suddenly to blight, as if by a withering blast, all the fairest prospects of a being so gentle and young, and buries all her hopes. with her dead husband, in the silent grave for ever and ever! Think of the miseries of her life; of the dreary solitude in which she is condemned to spend the whole term of her existence; of her perpetual exclusion from all participation in the charities of the domestic circle; and of her unhappy doom to suffer, without pity and without any alleviation, all the privations and sufferings which the wretched system of Hinduism enjoins on widowhood. Think of a being who was certainly brought into existence for accomplishing the higher purposes of life, who possesses so extensive control over human society, and upon whom depends the formation of its character, to be so cruelly exposed to the harsh and wicked treatment at the hands of her relatives; to be so grievously neglected, and condemned to lead a life of uselessness and of unnecessary privations and sufferings; to be so entirely devoted to perpetual solitude, and to be deprived of the en'oyment of all those rights and privileges which she has a right to claim in common with all her fellows of her own sex.

A minute account of almost all the particulars connected with the condition of widows, is to be found in an Essay on Female Education, written by an intelligent native,* and recently published in one of the last numbers of the Christian Spectator. We shall therefore refrain from making more than a few remarks on the subject. Deplorable indeed is the condition of Hindoo women on the death of their husbands. It is alike deplorable under whatever circumstances of life they may be placed. When the husband dies, the wife becomes a perfectly changed beingchanged not of course for the better, but for the worse. Her head is shaved, and all her rights and privileges as a woman are lost. She eats little, sleeps little, rises very early in the morning, and gives herself up to melancholy thoughts the whole day. She is exposed to the severest privations incident upon her state. She is generally excluded from all the enjoyment of her husband's property, and the male portion of her retives claim the possession of the far greater part of it. In the higher classes of the native community, widows of rich husbands seem to command some degree of respect and attention; but this we can only say in reference to such few of them, whose husbands on their death may have committed to them the management of the family, or left to their inheritance some valuable portion of their property, in testimony to some extraordinary affection which may have existed between them both. With respect to many, however, we have the most melancholy truths to declare. They are placed under the control of their sons if they have any, or of some male relatives who may have the power of supporting them so situated; the perplexities in which they are involved, the sufferings to which they are exposed, and the cruel treatment they receive at the hands of their relatives, can only be conceived.

Subjected to the tyranny of their parents when young, treated by their husbands in a manner worse than slaves, and exposed to the harsh treatment of their sons and those around them after their husbands' death, they present themselves forth as the most pitiful objects to the eye of benevolence. But indeed their state of widowhood is the consummation of all their miseries, and affords a full specimen of man's triumph over woman in this country. Neglected and despised during their lives, they also lie unnoticed and forgotten in their silent graves.

In connection with this branch of the subject, there is a remarkable circumstance which we cannot avoid noticing here briefly. most revolting custom of a besotted superstition to be found in the records of ages. I mean the "Suttee." When the husband dies, the faithful wife must burn herself upon the body of her dead husband. The hope of effecting an emancipation of her husband from the bondage of his sins which he may have committed in this world, and the prospect of securing for herself the enjoyment of immortal felicity in heaven, motives which are supplied by her own superstition, prompt her to the perpetration of this horrible deed. The indifference with which she now observes those objects which had once most engaged her attention is remarkable. She leaves her sons, her daughters, her dearest relatives, with a firmness of purpose which the prospect of something higher, something nobler, than mere earthly good, can be expected to inspire; and absorbed wholly in the contemplation of some higher duty upon which her mental eye is constantly fixed, the unhappy victim plunges herself into the burning pile of her husband. Myriads of such miserable victims were a few years ago doomed in our country to such premature deaths, and the most horrible death too. Myriads of such cruel piles were then seen continually blazing forth on the plains of India. But, blessed be God! throughout all the British territories of our country, this cruel practice has entirely been suppressed; these cruel piles have entirely been extinguished. In some of the Independent Native States, however, this abominable system is still reigning in all its unmitigated practical horrors. But were the voice of British majesty to be heard in those dark regions of superstition, to-morrow those cruel piles would then instantly be quenched, and the system would there too be entirely checked the next day. But excuse me, reader, to have detained you so long. Though the mercy of the British rule has rescued widows in this country from the fate of being burnt alive, yet no means is hitherto adopted to deliver them from the miseries of widowhood, to which by the wretched system of Hinduism they are grievously condemned.

We shall therefore just proceed to offer a few remarks on the remar-

riage of widows.

After the death of their husbands, Hindu women are solemnly prohibited from marrying again. They are subjected to all the horrors and miseries of perpetual widowhood, as described above. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more tyrannical and unreasonable than the system which enjoins such unnecessary privations on widows. Whatever may be the religious sentiments of others on this subject, we deprecate such a cruel system altogether. Man exercises such a despotic authority over woman in this country, that she is held to be his slave and not

his companion, and always treated as such. When the wife dies, the husband has the right of marrying another, and then another; and he may go on marrying till he is unable so to do. Man's sway over woman here is so unprecedented and despotic, and yet so undisputed, that he is at liberty to dispose of his living wife just as it suits his taste, and even to marry another if he should dislike her, or, as was said before, if no congeniality of sentiment and no sympathy of feeling should exist between them. But, alas! woman once married can marry no more. If her husband should die even when she may be very young, she is entirely prohibited from marrying another husband. does not however clearly appear, why woman should be condemned to perpetual widowhood, when man is permitted to marry again. The great, good, and eternal Father, when he had formed our earth and all things that live and move and have their being on it, last of all created man and woman, placed them in the choicest spot, and endued them with an equal degree, with the highest range of intellectual faculties and moral capacities. When he had so equally constituted them both, and placed them under circumstances exactly fitted to their mutual condition, there appears no reason why a line of distinction should now be drawn between them, and why woman alone should be excluded from the enjoyment of those rights and privileges which man possesses, and which are calculated to affect the deepest interests of both. An argument generally brought forward by the bigotted Hindus against the remarriage of woman is this,—that if she be permitted to marry again, she may be inclined to kill her own husband in case she should not like him, and thus make it easy for her to marry another when she would choose. But this argument, so far from proving against her remarriage, only proves against the custom of early marriage itself. For, she would scarcely have found reason to dislike her husband, if she had been married late and left at her own disposal in choosing out a hus-The same argument rather tends strongly to confirm our own views with regard to the effects of early marriage, in its causing between the parties, dissimilarity of tastes and views, which ultimately produce their mutual dislike and hatred. Mutual separations do sometimes, as we have seen, take place in consequence. The result of this is easily perceived. In that case the divorced wife as it were, who is prohibited from marrying another husband, is obliged to be a prostitute and to support herself. In consequence of the same prohibition, many women after the death of their husbands find themselves necessitated to proceed to the same disgraceful extreme. Wearied with the miserable life of widowhood, and goaded on by passion or by pressure of wants, from which they have none in their present state to relieve them, they submit themselves to the base necessity of forming unlawful intrigues, and that they may break off at once from all restraints, give themselves up wholly to the mercy of the world, to the great dishonour of their own families, and of the community to which they belong. Instances of this nature too frequently obtrude upon our notice to be The youngest classes of widows should in this here enumerated. respect be particularly guarded against. They are exposed to more powerful temptations than those of the other class. But however watchfully their conduct may be observed and scrutinized, the heart

cannot be laid open to human view, and the ways of passion are often hid under an ambush. Hence many immoralities are secretly practised which the state of widowhood seemed directly to check. The fickleness of youth soon, however, hurries them into dangerous and open extremes, and not unfrequently do they too become the public ministers of vice and sensuality to the gay world. Not a few of them are led through deep despair to the necessity of committing suicide, whose wild inclinations the more immediate restraints of their family might

oppose.

The prohibition of the re-marriage of widows tends to subject them to all those miseries which the want of connubial enjoyment is calculated to produce. Its too much indulgence, as well as its want, tend to commit incalculable injury on the health of body and mind. we have now to do with, is its want. And to all the miseries and diseases, therefore, which it produces, all the native widows whose remarriage is prohibited are more or less necessarily exposed. truth admitted by all medical men, whether European or native, that mortality prevails most in the two periods of human life, namely, young and old age. The young are apt soon to die as well as the old, the middle age is much less exposed to the attacks of mortality. according the present system of early marriage among the Hindus, young girls are married to husbands at least four or five years in advance of them. The girls at the time of their marriage are generally six or seven years old. And as the principle of mortality rages most in the two extremes of human life, a greater number of young husbands, who are so early married, and who are a few years more advanced in years than their wives, are apt sooner to die. Hence the young wives become widows from a very early age, and in consequence of the prohibition of their remarriage, become necessarily exposed to all the miseries which are incident upon the want of connubial enjoyment. Many young widows in this country are consequently suffering very much from this evil. How great a blessing therefore might be conferred upon the poor native women by permitting them to marry again!

The custom of prohibiting the remarriage of widows, is again highly contradictory to the intentions of Providence, and extremely injurious to the interests of society. God created woman to be man's help-meet for life, and to fructify unto him children who should be their representatives on earth, and when woman is allowed to remain unmarried after her first husband is dead without children, the benevolent design of providence is directly opposed. Society also would have been much benefited by the addition of new numbers which the births of children may have supplied. But the circumstance of women not being allowed to marry again, prevents the fulfilment of this end. How many children would have been born and have added to the number of our population, if those women who have been condemned to lead the life of perpetual widowhood, and to bemoan in vain the loss of their husbands in the silent loneliness of their chamber, were permitted to marry again,

and to partake of the enjoyments of society!

Perhaps, the remarriage of those widows who have no children, might appear to some not so odd and strange as the remarriage of those who have. But if they divest themselves of their prejudices, they might

They must remember that among the natives the Hindu fathers of living children, when their wives die, marry a second time. On the same principle may widowed mothers of children be married again. Disputes and jealousies, it is true, may take place between the new husband and her children, but they are no less frequent in the other case. This circumstance should not be allowed to operate over the minds of men so far as to affect the principle we intend to establish. Right education will have its due influence, and will produce its effects.

Polygamy was practised to a considerable extent among the Hindus some years ago. The Brahmans, Kshatris, Vaishyas, and even Sudras, were allowed to marry many more wives than one, two, or three. first of those were permitted to marry sometimes a hundred wives, and the latter classes looked upon it as a high distinction to be possessed of several. Jealousy and contentions were the inevitable consequences. But the system which prescribed this custom is not suppressed, and the spirit which excited it is not extinguished. Put a sufficient sum of money into the hands of the people, and permit one example to be first set, and you will see thousand others instantly following it. Nothing can be more indicative of the complete ignorance of the natives with reference to the most important duties and relations which marriage involves, than the prevalence of this odious custom among them. evils attendant on this institution are obvious. The family that rises out of such an abominable and promiscuous intercourse is always divided and subdivided into smaller branches, and can never form itself into one compact body of union, all whose parts harmonize with another, and

"Create the according music of a well mixed state."

The affections between the sexes are exhausted in the highest degree, and the passion of love, which when its gratifications are few, burns with a brighter flame, is entirely extinguished by the excessive sensuality which is prompted by numerous temptations peculiar to polygamy. The attachment between the sexes loses its ardour and fervour, which diffuse gladness over the domestic circle and render the simple married state happy. It would merely be waste of time to dwell on this subject long. Enough it is, that its effects are well understood by the general reader. To the honour of Hindú families, may it be said, that a practice so abominable, so debasing to human nature, and so mischievous in its effects, has now been repressed to some, if not a sufficient degree, and the day will soon come when it shall be entirely extinguished. It is difficult, however, to account for the origin of this institution any other way than by attributing it to the peculiar circumstance of the procreation of children having been laid down as one of the chief duties of man upon earth, and to the excessive desire, bordering almost on religious enthusiasm, which was evinced by the sexes to be possessed of children. Those who have the most numerous offspring are considered as having best answered the end of their existence. And we may safely come to the conclusion, that the institution of early marriage has originated in the prevalence of the same moral sentiments which are universally held on the subject by the people of this country.

Now we may here take the opportunity of observing, that the custom of early marriage has tended to lead to a result closely approximating to polygamy. Early marriage, I say, approximates to polygamy in rendering necessary, second, or third, or many more marriages, under circumstances already explained. It resembles polygamy in substance, though not in form. Polygamy was or is practised through freewill and choice, unchecked by law or religion. And the several divorces and remarriages which are the consequences of early marriage are founded upon pretext, and pass off under the plausible show of necessity, unchecked and unrestrained. Yea, under present circumstances, in which matters here stand, so numerous are the grounds on which a husband may dismiss his first wife and marry another, that if he would, he may never want a plausible pretext for so doing. The power of divorcing reserved to him is unlimited and intolerable. And we may come to the conclusion that these unhappy circumstances arise not only from the system of early marriage, but from those loose and incorrect notions entertained by the natives with regard to the marriage relation itself. We have therefore just as much reason, and perhaps more, to deprecate the practice of early marriage as that of polygamy, both of which are productive of no small amount of evil, though different in its

nature, and though modified by different circumstances.

Permit me now, reader, to request your particular attention to the following and concluding remarks on early marriages. If the custom of early marriage did not prevail; if it be entirely abolished by all the members of the community who practise it; if the marriages of children be not allowed to be dictated by the prejudices of custom, and the selfish views and interested feelings of the parents; if the marriages of children be delayed to that period of their lives when their judgment would be cleared and matured, and when they would obtain clearer views of their respective rights and duties; if the sexes be allowed to have free and friendly intercourse between one another, so that better opportunities may be given to them for discovering kindred tastes and dispositions, and for forming those lasting attachments, without which the married state is more productive of misery than of happiness; if the choice and will of the parties who are to enter upon the marriage state be consulted, rather than the opinion and judgment of others, the marriage state would prove an overflowing source of felicity on earth, and be the means of great blessing to society in general. Late marriages taking place in this manner would be far different from those early marriages, where unions between the sexes are now only prompted by the pleasure and whims of the parents; and they would, in the end, prove highly beneficial in their results. The earlier years of life would be spent in the quiet pursuits of knowledge, and the future in the calm enjoyment of conjugal felicity. Mutual hatred, mutual jealousy, mutual separations between the sexes, and all the train of evils attendant on early marriage, would be entirely prevented, or less frequently obtruded upon public notice; the affections would not be exhausted; the delay of gratification would add to the intensity of feeling; and the passion of love, so far from being utterly quenched, would only for a time be suppressed, that it might afterwards burn with brighter lustre. The sexes would be united by the strong feelings of genuine attachment, and from such a source of affection between them there shall flow down beautiful rills of enjoyment, which shall branch into a thousand rivulets, and at last swell into a mighty river of human felicity, enriching, fertilizing, and adorning the whole field of life. The happiness of the married state, which is now considered as the means of early indulgence or gratification, would then be looked upon with delight as the reward of real attachment, founded upon the mutual sym-

pathy of kindred views and dispositions.

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Much more indeed could be said on the subject of this essay, if time had permitted us; but we earnestly request the serious attention of our readers, especially of the natives, to those considerations which we are conscious we have so imperfectly meditated. Remember, my dear native brethren, remember that the present subject, over which we have just passed, is the most important one that can occupy your attention; remember that you need not be admonished that the subject must come home to your hearts with all the might of an awful responsibility; see that you strain every one of your nerves in pursuing the reformation of your own families, upon which depends the happiness or misery of your present, or future life; summon all your energies at this important crisis, in battering down the strong holds of prejudice and superstition which set a bar to all useful improvement. If you neglect to do this now, when it is high time for you, depend upon it that you are ruined -utterly ruined. But pause a little! Methinks there is a voice keenly reproaching me for being hitherto so unmindful of this awful responsibility, and neglecting to suggest or use the means by which the good of my countrymen may thus be accomplished; methinks it accuses all the most renowned lawyers and legislators of India, for their having allowed to grow to such a huge bulk, those institutions and systems which nowa-days we see occasioning such an unspeakable injury to many a family in this country; methinks it accuses you all, especially such of you as have the means and power of thinking aright; it accuses you all for your having displayed such an apathy towards the dearest interests of your brethren, in the circumstances of your neglecting to do that which, as involving your concerns of the highest moment, you ought never to overlook, being the moral, intelligent, and responsible creatures of God. And that voice is surely the small still voice of conscience. Indeed, in this awful predicament do all of you, my dear native brethren, from the least knowing to the most intelligent, really and fearfully stand. therefore you have any regard to your own interest, and to those of the fellow members of your own community, do away instantly with every one of those prejudices and customs which have hitherto so debased your character and degraded you in the scale of civilization; if you have any regard to the eternal welfare of your friends, relatives, and your wives and children, instantly do away with those ceremonies which occupy their attention and engage their affections in detriment to the immortal interests of their souls. I do not say that your united efforts in levelling to the ground all those huge systems which have hitherto been fondly cherished by yourselves and your ancestors, will be without failure in accomplishing that grand and glorious task. We ought to feel our dependence on the grace of God; we ought never to separate in our thoughts his grace from our exertion, and we ought to undertake

our plans imploring his aid and confiding in it; we ought sincerely to pray to God to help us and to guide us in the accomplishment of our design; we ought humbly to pray to him to direct us into a right path, and to lead us all into the way of salvation, "For what avails it that we have gained the whole world, and lost our own souls?" Think upon this, ponder upon this, my dear brethren; pray that your souls may be saved, or else your ruin is unspeakable—is eternal. I beseech you, again and again, to press these considerations home to your heart, and

do not repudiate them as the effects of a heated imagination.

Before I take leave of this interesting and important subject, permit me, my friends, to say a few words with regard to the education of our females. We have already contemplated the state of our countrywomen, and found it greatly wretched; if it still remains so, civilization in our land can certainly make no great advance. It is indeed difficult to conceive any, as to the cause of the state of intellectual, and, what is still worse, the moral destitution of women in India, but the want of education, which is grievously neglected, to the sacrifice of their interest in this world, and those in the world to come. The degradation of the women of this country, in the scale of intelligent agents, is to be accounted for, not because that woman is endowed, as some suppose, with an inferior order of natural talents—that she is naturally incapable of vigorous intellectual exercise, and of mental discipline-but because the cultivation of her mind is here systematically neglected; because she is allowed to place in conversation or discussion; and because she is not permitted no enjoy the society of enlightened persons. In woman, however, we see a higher range of intellectual faculties, and moral feelings-ay, an etherial spirit, which betokens a creature destined for immortality. There is within her a peculiar sense which all mortals possess, and which not only enables her to regulate her passions and direct them into a proper channel, but also to understand the duties which she owes to God and to her fellow-creatures; she is impressed with all the characteristics of a rational and immortal nature. Woman is possessed of the same affections, the same desires, the same motives, the same inclinations, the same passions, the same appetites as man, whose companion for life, by an all-wise and overruling providence, she was intended to be, and of whose best affections, as far as their chief mutual interests in this world and the next are concerned, she was designed to be, on earth, the great and the eternal object. She possesses a mind capable of the most refined cultivation, and is furnished with a variety of powers, which, when matured and unfolded by an enlightened education, will prove to her sources of the highest kinds of happiness that the world can supply. If then we admit that woman is endowed, not only with a higher range of intellectual faculties, which can confer on her a superiority in cultivated societies, but is also possessed of a soul endowed with powers and with feelings dissimilar in nature and higher in their degree than those of the brutes; if there is within her frail, ephemeral tenement of flesh, a soul of immortality, which death cannot touch, but which is destined to survive the dissolution of the corporeal framework, and to expatiate with improved powers over another and more glorious scene; if she is distinguished with all the characteristics of a moral, intelligent, and immortal being, and possesses within her a faculty invested

with powers more than merely human-I mean conscience; if she has all the affections, the desires, the motives, and the feelings suited to the dignity of an immortal creature-which dignity she holds, but never enjoys; if she must enter into eternity, where alone her powers of mind are destined to reach a full maturity; if there she must enter with a soul bearing the same stamp which it acquired in this world, and must carry the same ideas, and the same moral principles, which she had formed in this world; and if her happiness, not merely for her life's time, but for an endless duration, be dependent on the spiritual image which that stamp bears; -then surely it cannot be a matter of indifference whether the mind of an immortal being be left shrouded in ignorance or be trained in the knowledge of its high destination. It must doubtless be a matter of the highest importance that she be instructed in all the departments of knowledge which may tend to the enlargement of her mind, and to the discipline of her intellectual and moral powers, which may qualify her for forming more enlarged and comprehensive views of the purposes of God's moral government, for indulging in the most exalted and sublime investigation of the divine perfections and operations, as displayed in the economy of the universe, and for relishing the pleasures and enjoyments of the future state. Nothing can be of a higher value and importance to an immortal being than to be grounded in the solid truths of physical, but especially of moral science, and acquire a true knowledge of her Creator, of herself, of her duties, and of the several diversified relations in which she stands, to this world and to the next. From her state of mental bondage, how cheering and refreshing is it to see a woman of India trained to habits of reasoning and reflection, bursting asunder the fetters imposed upon her soul by superstition and priestcraft, acquiring a double relish for the noble delights of intellectual refinement, and making perpetual progress towards intellectual and moral perfection; to see her exerting all the energies of her thought on matters of high moment; indulging in the profoundest speculations of philosophy; pursuing, with eager desire, the refined enjoyments of intellectual taste; and engaging in pleasures more lasting, in enjoyments more exalted, than the mere gratification of sensual appetites or the enjoyments of bodily ease can afford. glorious, again, is it to see her rise to the knowledge, the belief, and the confession of truth; to see her forming enlightened ideas of the Divine perfections, as displayed in the works and providence of God; to find her anxiously and devoutedly engaged in the preparation for eternity, and in all those employments and pursuits which may qualify her for the higher scenes of the future world.

Let us, my native brethren, soon shake off our prevailing lethargy as regards the educating the female, and with perseverance and self-command set about the task of instructing our wives, sisters, and daughters, in the departments of solid learning; not that learning, I mean, which would only qualify her to talk or write—for that is a foppery of literature, and so far from rendering her wiser or better, would only tend to deteriorate both her intellectual and moral character, so far from strengthening her virtue, only tend to weaken it—but that learning which will teach her her duty to God and to her fellow-creatures; give her enlightened ideas of the future state for which her immortal soul is

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destined; foster in her an ambition for excelling in every good; and enable her to recognise the far more interesting relation in which she stands to the Supreme Ruler, and to an unseen but eternal world, and clearly to discern the mere semblance of truth and moral rectitude from Let us, my native friends, from a consideration of the narrow and limited conceptions of an untutored mind, contrasted with the ample and extensive range of view presented to an enlightened understanding; and from a consideration of the debasing influences and tendencies of ignorance, unopposed by the counteracting effects of solid knowledge; and from a consideration of the noble nature of the intellectual faculties; of the state and interests of the immortal souls with which our native females are endowed; and of their capacity of making a perpetual progress towards moral and intellectual perfections, betake ourselves to the highly interesting employment of training our wives, sisters, and daughters, in all the higher branches of education, which shall qualify them for habits of reflection; and by leading them to take clear and right views of all things, shall render them good and most valuable members of human society. It must be remarked, however, that the chief circumstance, which of all others is most to be lamented, with reference to the economy of the Hindús, and which has tended to the destruction of those pleasures and enjoyments which are peculiar to domestic life, and the production of vices and crimes fatal to the cause of virtue and the cultivation of social peace, is the education of the females being entirely neglected, and the apathy or indifference with which the improvement of their best interests is regarded by the gene-How then can it be expected, that while the rality of the other sex. education of the female is thus neglected-upon whom, indeed, much of the domestic happiness depends—the natives of this country will enjoy all those real comforts and enjoyments, of which home, above all other objects on earth, is decidedly the chiefest scene? When the mistress herself of the house is not endowed with a portion of useful knowledge, nor has acquired a relish for intellectual enjoyments, and is destitute of all qualifications for engaging in rational and intelligent conversation, it cannot be expected that our home would be capable of conferring on us those blessings which are peculiar to it. Those pure and high enjoyments, of which domestic life is the scene, cannot, under such circumstances, be enjoyed to their fullest extent; the stream of genuine love and pure affection, issuing from the head of family association, would then cease to flow and to adorn the field of life; our home would then indeed present a most pitiful spectacle to the view. Instead of its being an abode of comfort and peace, vice and intemperance would be its reigning inmates; instead of a sweet communication of sentiment and feeling, there would be a perpetual exchange of mutual enmity and hatred; instead of its bing a scene of mutual esteem, mutual friendship, and mutual love, it would present a spectacle of perpetual struggles, jarrings, and contentions; instead of rational delights enlivening the scene of domestic enjoyments, a loud laugh of intemperance, and a wild mirth of insensibility, would be the substitutes; in short, alas! our fond home, instead of proving a blessing, would prove a curse. If, on the other hand, all the female individuals of a domestic association be endowed with a certain portion of knowledge, how interesting then the scene of family converse! An enlightened education, by expanding and invigorating the energies of their minds, would tend to a refinement of their manners, the amelioration of their tempers and dispositions, and the effectual subjugation of all the malignant and destructive passions which spring from the corruption of our hearts, and destroy the peace and harmony of our social and domestic enjoyments. The belief can be sufficiently grounded, that when an enlightened education has subdued every moral principle, and reason resumed its sovereign authority, all the disagreeable effects would be prevented, and all positive enjoyments be introduced; those feuds, those collissions of jarring interests, those contentions, those separations, and those bitter persecutions which now swell most of the pages of the calendar of crimes, would be less frequently presented to public notice, when over the family circle rests the sacred halo of education, and its general beams radiate from the heart all around.

GUNPUT LUXUMONJEE.

THE PRESENT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! slight not the present—the past is arrayed In a dim and indefinite mantle of shade; Disturb not the calm of its mist cover'd plains, Where glide the pale ghosts of lost pleasures and pains.

The future! what mortal may pierce its thick cloud! The future is wrapp'd in uncertainty's shroud; Dark trials, keen cares, from that shroud may arise, Or its secrets may ne'er be disclosed to thine eyes.

The present! oh! wish not its moments away; A talisman dwells in the might of to-day; Past seasons are buried, the future unknown, But the bright sunny present, at least, is thine own.

I seek not, like vain thoughtless minstrels, to sing Of the blossoms and warmth of life's beautiful spring; I woo thee not lightly, to while the fleet hours In numbering sunbeams, and gathering flowers.

No! fain would I bid thee from knowledge implore Each day some new treasure to add to thy store; And gently some service or kindness impart, To glad the worn fortune, or soothe the sad heart.

Each day may thy home and its fondly-lov'd ties Acquire fresh attraction and worth in thine eyes; Yet with strengthen'd devotion on God may'st thou call, And feel that for Him thou could'st part from them all.

Thus live, and thou wilt not in weariness cast
Thy glance from the present to picture the past,
Nor marvel what earth's mystic future may be,
Since Heaven hath in store a bright future for thee.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

"You are a desperate flirt," was the repeated reproach to Count Hugo, one of the most amiable cavaliers in Vienna, by his friends. "But recently united to a lovely woman, father of an angel of a child, you cannot forsake your petites affaires d'amour and gallantries. At the opera you are continually thrusting your elbow into the ribs of your neighbour, old Count von to direct his attention to the pretty figurantes. It is rumoured about that you are still enamoured of Peche, the celebrated actress, although she is at Gräfenberg: as if it were something wonderful that you should be able to retain a passion when the object thereof is out of sight. When called upon, you are never to be found at home; you are either at the riding-school, or at a match at Baden, or you are at mass; whoever took the trouble of following you would find out that all your pretended engagements were falsities, excepting the last, and that less on account of your piety than because you deem a mixed worship one of the finest institutions of Christianity. Fie upon you and your gallantries, thus to neglect your wife and child!"

To all this Hugo would answer—with that peculiar goodhumour with which he immediately combated all reproaches—

"Good people, you only irritate my wife against me; she is happy—more than happy; she knows I first adored her, and that I now love her with a pure and chastened flame. I exert myself to the utmost to render her life agreeable. When she was so near her accouchement that she was not permitted to go out, I had Old Bull to perform in our saloon. What more can you expect of a young married man? She has given birth to an angel of a girl, and now she is engaged with the study of education. Grant her this pleasure, so delightful to a mother. I cannot and will not dally away my whole youth in the nursery; nor does she wish it. She allows me to go where I please, and it is only you who are anxious to sow the seed of dissension."

An elderly lady, to whom he had thus been complaining, replied to this—

"Although you are a good-for-nothing creature, yet one cannot help becoming reconciled to you, as you generally finish with a full confession of your faults. Abominable it is, however, to leave a young amiable wife at home poring over Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Caroline Rudolphi, and all other writers on education, whoever they may be, to learn whether her little Eugenie is or is not to be rocked; whilst you, in the mean time, join the most notorious petit maitres in all their revels. However, beware! I know somebody who used in former days to pay attention to your wife, and had a mind to call you out when you married her. I shall tell him that the coast is now clear, and the opportunity favourable."

Hugo laughed with an air of triumph, as much as to say from that quarter he feared nothing. Hugo was a passionate horseman, but he spared his carriage-horses; he would occasionally say to his wife—"I pity the poor creatures when they are obliged to stand in the rain uncovered, or freezing in the streets in the cold winter nights, whilst those who ought to attend to them are kicking their heels in the ball-room." His intimate friends, however, knew that he thought it much more convenient to wind his way through the narrow streets of the suburbs in a hired cab, than in his own carriage, decorated with the family arms. Pretty scandal it might give rise to, if it could be said that Count Hugo's carriage had been standing npwards of an hour under the window of the young soubrette whose performance at the theatre on the Wien he so enthusiastically applauds! The fiacre is a very political invention, and contributes much to the public bienseances.

Exactly a fortnight after the christening of his little Eugenie, Count Hugo again stepped into a cab in order the more speedily to reach a certain part of the town where he had—something to do. Swinging negligently backwards and forwards on the elastic seat of the vehicle, and laughing with inward satisfaction, he observed hidden between the cushions on which he sat a piece of paper. It was a letter, sealed, and bore merely initials as superscription. He opened it and thought he knew the handwriting; the contents, however, left no doubt that a lady invited some admirer to a rendezvous. Its tenour ran thus:—

"My husband might interrupt us; I think it would be more advisable to meet to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, at a friend's house in the Graben, No. . . ., au second, left door. If my brow be overcast with a few clouds of sorrow, you must not despair; they are part of the picture which you have lauded in so exaggerated a style. Provided it impart happiness, then am I happy, Love embellishes everything."

Hugo was excited, and felt anxious to engage in an adventure. "It is frequently a matter of the utmost difficulty," thought he, "to commence a trifling love affair with the most insignificant sempstress, whilst now an opportunity presents itself fortuitously in this cab. To judge by the style and diction, the writer must be some lady of rank and fashion; the expression, 'clouds of

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When Hugo alighted, he asked the driver who had sat in the cab before he entered it? The coachman, laughing, told him the last person he drove had been a lady's maid, who betrayed the unquiet state of her conscience by the manuer in which she paid

her fare.

"How so?"

"She was probably sent on an errand for her mistress, for which she might have had an hour's leave; wishing, however, to call upon some friend, she took a cab, and drove in all haste towards St. Stephen's church, where I put her down. The hurry with which she untied the corner of her pocket-handkerchief containing her money, and paid me without waiting for the change,

convinced me that all was not right."

"Excellent!" thought Hugo; "one of these fellows ought to write Physiology of Life in Vienna; it would certainly be more interesting than all the observations made by foreigners during a month's sojourn, which they then promulgate in three octavo volumes. The little confidente has lost the letter, and will take great care not to tell her mistress how and where. Capital!

glorious!"

Count Hugo was during the day in excellent spirits, even to transport; he repeatedly assured his wife that he loved her, called her his pearl, his jewel, and made use of similar expressions resorted to in moments of feverish excitement. He spoke of his birth-day which was approaching, and which he intended to celebrate in the most splendid and luxurious manner. "Or no," he corrected himself; "perhaps it would be better to keep it quietly in our own little arbour, so dear to us both."

His wife was happy in the idea that her presence could thus charm him; no sooner, however, had she turned her eyes away for a moment, than he drew the mysterious letter from his pocket, and pressed it to his breast, but hid it again when her

eyes were upon him.

"And where is our Eugenie? where is that darling child?

send for the little angel."

How happy the young mother felt! The child was brought in; it screamed lustily; but Hugo declared it was music to his soul.

"Dear Augusta! her little bed is not too warm, I hope; you accustom it to the fresh air, I suppose, and bathe it in cold water? And have you taken care to place pleasing and agreeable objects

round its little bed? Come, let us read a chapter out of Rousseau's Emil."

Augusta smiled with pleasure at his zeal, but, possessing too much tact, did not send for the book. Hugo remained the whole evening at home; his conduct was most exemplary; and, several persons being invited to tea, he played the part of the amiable host so conscientiously, and entertained his guests so well, that Augusta was forced tacitly to confess that she had never seen him so attentive and entertaining before.

"Good night, Augusta!"
"Good night, Hugo!"

These words, uttered in the passage leading to the sleeping apartments, had never sounded so sweetly. The following morning Hugo was up very early. Before he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, he had already visited the stables, he had skimmed through the papers, and finished several letters of business to the bailiffs of his estates in Bohemia and Moravia. At the breakfast-table he broke forth in such sallies of wit, his ideas were so droll, so amusing, Augusta could have kissed him, and so she did. Thus it continued till half-past nine o'clock, when Hugo suddenly broke off.

"My dear child," he tenderly exclaimed, "I have many things to attend to to-day; allow me, therefore to go about my business."

" Business!"

"Yes, indeed! Count Festities is going to sell a horse by auction, which I am convinced only requires better breaking to make it the best racer. At the chess club they are going to ballot, and I must canvass for votes in order to get some friends in. The young musician, who is recommended to us from Karlsrhue, is going to give a concert at the Kärnthner Thor; I must speak to the managers. The horticultural society has chosen me member; I must, of course, be present at one or two of their meetings. Munch-Bellinghausen has written a new piece, and wishes to read it to me, Baron ——, and Bauernfeld, as the most competent judges. You see, my love, I have not a moment to spare. Adieu! and this kiss for Eugenie."

Count Hugo was now alone. The letter lay on the dressing-table, in order that he might in the first place fall in love with the hand-writing, and his toilette appeared interminable. It was most necessary on this occasion to add as much as lay in his power to his personal attractions by art. He Adonized himself to perfection, and left his hotel at half-past eleven. He was already in the Graben, examining the house numbers indicated in the letter. Staring from house to house, he at last, to his surprise, stood in front of the mansion of one of the most noted bankers of Vienna, a near relative of his own. Could it be that a milliner

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had set up an establishment there, or was it a boarding-school for young ladies? or had some one kindly lent a room for an interview? Is it possible? Am I not dreaming? Is it possible that the amiable Fanny, the young spouse of the tedious merchant, should herself———? No, no! I know her handwriting, and, moreover, now I remember she has been in Baden for the last week. It is more probably her lady's maid who is the heroine of this little intrigue, and profits by her mistress' absence.

He passed the house in a brown study; it was just a quarter to twelve; his curiosity increased at every step, and at last totally absorbed his attention. Many a greeting at the Burgthor, or the Glacis, or near the Theseus, temple was entirely lost on him. One of his friends, who was passing by at the time, being struck by his thoughtful manner, asked him whether he was about to enter on a government employment? Another inquired whether he had taken too many shares in the railroads. Thus the time elapsed: only five minutes were wanting to the time of the ap-Hugo returned to the Graben; there stood the house; "second story, left door." The curtains were almost all drawn, and the closed lattices indicated the absence of the lady of the house. With palpitating heart he ascended the staircase, and took courage by clearing two or three steps at a stride. had reached the second story; his hand was on the latch; he pressed; excellent! the door was open; he entered a room which was perfectly dark. "This is the entrance to the saloon," thought he. He could barely see through the saloon and adjacent apartments, all of which stood open. Suddenly he heard the rustling of a silk dress at the end of the long suite of apartments. He stepped boldly forward, and exclaimed while yet at some distance-

"Madam, fortune delights in governing the world blindly; thus it has happened that your letter has fallen into the hands of "_____

Here he suddenly started back: the eye had so far become accustomed to the subdued light, that he could distinguish the objects round about him. He stood before his wife!

"Hugo!" she uttered, with a degree of embarrassment and surprise, not conscious of his guilt; "Hugo, what has brought

you here?"

Agonized by conscience, and the most tormenting jealousy, he

could only whisper-" Augusta!"

"Come into the other room," she said, drawing him at the same time with trembling hand into an apartment where there was more light.

Hugo stared at her; a thousand reproaches were on his tongue; he was forced to support himself by a chair; he could scarcely master his feelings. Augusta approached him with some em-

barrassment, and endeavoured to explain herself; but so ready is the wit of man, that no sooner did he fancy that he observed in her manner symptoms of an evil conscience, than he pretended her note had come accidentally into his hands; he repulsed her. and broke forth in a passion of feigned and partly real indignation:-

"To be thus deceived!" he exclaimed; "--! who could have thought it! A woman formed after the image of her maker; a woman," here he lighted upon some reminiscences from Schiller's "Kabale and Liebe," without being aware of the plagiarism, and spoke Löwes bravoura passages as if they had been his own words.

Augusta wept.

"Tears!" he exclaimed, "tears! thou false, dissembling crocodile! a few paltry tears, whilst I long for the ocean in which to "-

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Augusta, starting from her seat; "Hugo, what are you thinking of?"

"What I think? who can think, when he has lost his senses?"

"Hugo, I intended to surprise you."

" Me?"

"I was going to have my portrait taken."
"Ha! ha!" laughed Hugo, "going to have your portrait taken by Baron F-, who formerly paid his addresses to you; by my brother-in-law, who lately kissed your gloves in my presence; by that young fop, the general's son, who accompanies you on the piano when you sing. Your portrait, indeed!"

"I really cannot conceive, Hugo, what cause of suspicion"-

"Whom did you expect?"

"Kriehuber."

"Kriehuber!—angel!—devil!—tell that to your child."

"Hugo, I beseech you"-

"Why had the letter no address?"

"I was desirous that you should not see it in the hands of any of our servants, and from the address perhaps form an idea of the pleasure I intended you on your birth-day."

"On my birth-day! pleasure! surprise! Kriehuber! Oh, oh! here is the note; let us see what it says:—' If my brow be overcast with a few clouds of sorrow, you must not despair."

"The letter," explained the Countess, blushing, "was written

previously to your amiable conduct of yesterday." "'They are,' continued Hugo, 'part of the picture'-

picture?"

Here Hugo, who felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, partly annoyed, partly again pleased, dropped the hand which had hitherto convulsively clasped the letter, with the other he rubbed his forehead confusedly.

"Why is the signature wanting?" he asked, not yet quite

satisfied.

"Because I did not wish even Kriehuber, whom I engaged through the wife of the ——— ambassador, to know me; I wished to obviate every possibility of your hearing anything of the portrait; for this reason also the letter was not written by me, but by my lady's maid."

"Hm! hm!" growled Hugo; "that accounts for the familiar

handwriting."

"But how did you come by the letter?"

"Oh, oh! I"— stammered Hugo, rather embarrassed, "I—I found it in our hall."

" And opened it ?"

"It had no address, and was therefore every man's property."

"Then did you expect me here? How came you altogether

to apply the invitation to yourself?"

Augusta put these questions artfully, and with perfect temper, as if a bright idea had suddenly occurred to her. She was about to continue her cross-examination, when Hugo suddenly broke off, and, laying his hand upon her arm, exclaimed—

"Enough, enough! Finding the letter in my own house, I naturally concluded something wrong was going on, and therefore—but how came you into these apartments? Why, one would

suppose all the inmates were dead."

"I wrote to Fanny, at Baden, and communicated to her my intention concerning the portrait; she offered me her apartments, desiring me to use them as my own. Kriehuber"——

"That will do, that will do," cried Hugo; "he shall take both

our portraits."

"And," said Augusta, gently throwing her arm round his neck,

"Eugenie between us."

Hugo repeated with affected pathos—" And Eugenie between us."

Thus they crossed the Graben together like a newly-married couple, and returned to their home. Augusta, who formerly loved her husband, now adores him; but Hugo has since become more cautious in his private affairs.

A. H. S.

TALES OF A TOURIST.

SECOND SERIES.

No IV.

THE STUDENT OF TOULOUSE.

Baj.—Confusion! Dost thou brave me? But my wrath
Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,
And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.
That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy sight;
Thou shalt behold him when his pangs are terrible.
Then, when he stares, and gasps, and struggles strongly,
Ev'n in the bitterest agonies of dying,
Then shalt thou rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,
And curse thy pride, while I applaud my vengeance.

Tamerlane.

THE following is a faithful narrative of what took place in the ancient city of Toulouse on the 6th of April, in the year of grace 1381, being Easter-day.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Amery Bérenger went forth from his house, preceded by two trumpeters and a drummer. On passing the threshold of his door, he stopped for a moment, and, taking a handful of sols raymondieus from his purse, threw them amongst a crowd of mendicants assembled around him, at the same crying,—

"There is the largesse of the noble student Amery Bérenger, for the degree of licentiate, which he has just taken in the university of Toulouse."

Then, turning towards the trumpet and drum, which preceded him, he said to them, tapping their heads lightly with his slender walking-stick of holly—

"And you, my fine fellows, each of you strive to make as much noise as ten, the whole of you as thirty; sith the regulations of Master Bartholomew Flechier, our worthy rector, do not allow us to celebrate our degrees with a more magnificent turn-out."

This said, he gaily set forth. His spirited gait and handsome features set off the simplicity of his costume to advantage; for, in compliance with the late statute of Pope John XXII., published in 1339 by a bull of William of Laudun, Archbishop of Toulouse, he wore a sort of cape with sleeves, which covered the whole arm, instead of being slashed in the Spanish fashion, and hung down behind so as to allow the tight embroidered sleeves of his under doublet to be seen. He had, in accordance with the regulation, a short cloak of black cloth, haut de chasses, tight to the shape, of the same material, buskins instead of shoes, mittens in place of gloves, and the barret cap that covered his clustering brown locks was of the like dark stuff with his hood. The

value of his whole costume did not exceed twenty-five sols Tournois, for such was the ordinance. Yet there was a certain carriage, at once noble and graceful, beneath that coarse attire; and the university reckoned him with justice amongst the number of those who best and most valiantly maintained the inviolability of its privileges, whether in the rostrum of the schools by his lively and impressive oratory, or in the field, wielding sword or iron-tipped staff.

Thus, then, he walked, his head thrown proudly back, gnawing his curly brown moustache, his left hand on his poniard, carrying his walking-stick on his right shoulder, as though it had been a battle-axe.

bullying the burgesses, and gaily saluting the ladies.

His first visit was made to the six doctors of law, the professors of ancient languages, and four masters of arts and theology. He stopped before the house of each, taking off his barret cap and hood; and at each resting-place the drum and trumpe s redoubled their uproar, paying so much the more honour to the science of each learned professor as they made the greater noise. The several masters were in waiting at the doors of their respective residences, and there received the visit of their pupil, to whom those who were ecclesiastics gave their benediction; those who were knights, the fraternal accolade. In his traverse through the streets, Amery Bérenger was followed by a great concourse of people, especially young girls of light character and the "enfans du jet"—so named because they never left the bowmen of the capitals any peace from their slings, but were incessantly attacking them, although many of their most unruly members had ofttimes paid for this their favourite sport by a keen cloth-yard shaft being driven home through brain or body.

Loud acclamations followed and preceded our licentiate; all the windows and shops were thrown open and thronged by the curious at his approach. Every time he passed before the residence of some scholar of renown, or who was attached to him by the ties of amity or relationship, he stopped for a moment, and cried to him in a voice which rose high above the noise of the drum, "A la taverna de Dona Alböina;" intimating thereby his invitation for that night's banquet given by him

on occasion of his obtaining his licence.

Whenever—and that was often—he was compelled to pass before the house of some one of the capitols, he caused the uproar of his drum and trumpets to cease, in order to mark his contempt; and when he reached that of the Seigneur Paschal de Gaure, Capitol of the Daurade (one of the quarters of the city), he commanded his drum to beat a retreat by striking on its wooden case, and his trumpeters to sound a flourish by blowing through the wrong end of their instruments.

The house seemed to endure the insult in silence. No sergeant of the capitol's guard appeared at the door, nor archer at the windows—only a white and exquisitely shaped hand and arm, which had lifted up a curtain of blue serge, was violently withdrawn, as though it had been struck and punished for having been actuated by indiscreet curiosity; and, were it not for the tumult in the street, you might have fancied you had heard the harsh voice of an enraged man and the sharp cry of a woman in pain. But no one expressed, either by word or sign, that he had observed either, if we except the sudden and convulsive clutch with

which Bérenger seized his dagger's hilt, and the ghastly paleness that,

in an instant, covered his before smiling features.

At that moment, the bells of the church of the Daurade pealed forth, and Bérenger repaired thither to hear mass, where he was admitted to communion on equal rank with the officers of the bishop's court. After the holy sacrifice, which he heard with his hood on his head as a clerk licentiate, he left the church, and found the greater number of his invited guests awaiting him at the door. He was hailed by the unanimous acclamations, not only of the scholars, but also the common people, who were assembled in great numbers. Bérenger opened his purse thereupon, and again taking from it certain handfuls of déniers croisés, threw them amongst the noisy crowd. The scholars, imitating his example, also gave largesses in his honour, and for a moment there was, as it were, a shower of small silver pieces, occasioning a laughable, good-humoured contest amongst the idlers, which should catch the most in the air, or pick them up when fallen to the ground.

Suddenly the cries of "Make way, make way!" caused the crowd to give back. Two sergeants of the ———, corporation of Toulouse, were seen to advance, and after them walked solemnly a capitol with his long scarlet robe trimmed with fur on the sleeves and back—the mortier, or judicial cap, on head, and wearing a broadsword and long

poniard in his belt.

At sight of him all the people, beggars and burgesses, took off their cowls and hoods; the students alone insolently kept their caps on, but none ventured to address the least word to him, whatever was their hatred. He was the seigneur of Goure, and was repairing to the church of his quarter; behind him came two servants, carrying his missal and that of his wife, the lady Ermessuide, who walked slowly on his right. The veil, which fell from the two elevated points of her coif on her fair shoulders, was that day gathered close over her face, and her right hand, which she was wont to let hang negligently by her side and usually held a flower, that almost always fell to the ground on meeting with Amery—that hand, we say, was now hid from sight beneath her flowing wimple. When Bérenger's eye fell upon her thus, he made a movement as if to advance towards her, but he was held back by the Bastard of Peune, his sworn friend intimate. However, Ermessuide, as she passed before him, made a pretence to stumble, and by the sudden shock her veil being disturbed from its position, fell back, and allowed Amiery to see her hand muffled in a white bandage here and there streaked with blood, and her arm supported by a scarf fastened round her neck. A look of pain, a smile, sad, but without bitterness, told the whole truth to Amery; and a rose-leaf, which fell from the parted lips of Ermessuide, replaced the flower she could no longer carry.

On the instant even Bérenger darted to the place where she had just passed, and planting himself there motionless and silent, opposing his whole strength to the popular wave, that swept into church in the capitol's train, patiently awaited until he could stoop down without danger of being remarked or trampled under foot, to possess himself of

that frail pledge of a love so powerful.

Instantly after he accompanied his friends to the tavern of Dona

Alböina. They entered a vast hall, where stood a long table provided with plates of shining pewter, and covered by different sorts of meats. Amery Bérenger, who had yielded to a momentary melancholy, was soon awakened from his painful meditations by the merry humour of his friends, and, obliged to do the honours of his banquet, placed himself at the head of the table in the seat of honour. All the scholars, to the number of near one hundred, afterwards sat down according to seniority of admission into the school, and not of rank; the most renowned were Peter, surnamed the Bastard of Penne, who with the single hand, and unaided by a sling, hurled a flint stone to the height of the last story in the belfry of St. Sernia. Robert of Fcise, brother to the Count of that town, and a celebrated bear-hunter; Postaing, of Laudun, the Archbishop's nephew; the five brothers of Penne, amongst whom was particularly distinguished the handsome Raymond Cornelius, who was not yet fourteen, and had already fought in the lists with quarter staff and sword, because idle aspersions had been cast in his presence on the birth of his half-brother Peter, surnamed the Bastard.

Amidst these joyous guests the banquet was about to commence in right peaceful fashion, when Amery, breaking into a huge pie in order to help his friends, hacked the paste into a thousand pieces, and sud-

denly exclaimed to the servants-

"What means this, rascals? Stewed pigeons! Are there no partridges, nor quails, nor pheasants, that ye serve me up such trash? Ho there!—let the hostess come before us!"

Bérenger had scarce finished speaking when she appeared at the door,

and asked what were his commands.

"How now, Catherine," said Bérenger to her, "did I not bid thee prepare a splendid repast, such as would befit a noble scholar to give on becoming a licentiate, and not a scrubby feed as though for an election

of a provost of the merchants?"

"Doubtless, doubtless," answered the hostess, "but you very well know that your college regulations forbid you under pain of clerical degradation to spend a sum of more than fifteen livres at one feast, and me to serve you up a repast at a greater cost than that, unless I wish to see my house shut up, and property confiscated to the profit of the university purse. I cannot therefore serve you with more or better for the money, especially when nothing now is allowed to enter the city without paying a tax of the sixth of its value to defray the expenses of the war; and when my lords, the capitols, exact their dues of first one-eighth of the wine we cultivate, and then one-fourth of what we sell."

"There—there," cried Bérenger, "quite enough; we must go through the usual form, I see. Come, Peter, set the poor soul's conscience at ease, and let us have the supper served."

At these words the Bastard of Penne arose, slightly applied the end of his long switch to Dame Alböina's shoulders, and held the point of

his poniard to her throat.

"It suffices, my lords," said she, curtseying humbly, "you are all witness violence has been used, and I am no longer responsible for aught that may happen. Your orders shall be obeyed on the instant." And in a moment the dinner already served disappeared. The

pigeons, geese, rabbits, and stock-doves, which had been abundantly provided, gave place to thrushes, quails, pheasants, and peacocks. The cabbages dressed with smoked lard, the turnips boiled in sour wine, were replaced by truffles and soufflets. The wines of Gaillac, heavy and thick, yielded the gas to the luscious Frontignac, the sparkling Limoux and Rousillon, that had grown old in the cool sand of Dame Alboma's cellar.

Then universal joy was spread around, and words flowed fast as the

cups circulated.

"Pest take the ordinances of Pope and King!" cried one of the

"For my part, he dressed my pretty mistress, Doulee de Campans," said Gaillard of Durfort, "in robes and embroidered veils, pearls, and

furs, despite the fusty canons of the council of Montpellier."

"Hast heard," exclaimed Licord of Montant, "that it's wished to revive the decrees of Bernard de la Tour, and oblige us to wear long flowing capes like the students at Paris, instead of our present round short ones?"

"Death and damnation to those French barbarians! They've brought us their niggardliness and poverty into our lovely county of Languedoc!" cried Bertrand of Puy fiercely.

"Softly, Sir Provençal," retorted Arnaud of Curci, "I am a Frenchman, and will nail the tongue of him who speaks ill of the French to

"How now, my masters!" interrupted Peter of Peune, "disputes at table are only useful to heat the throat, and give a thirst for good wine, and not blood. Come, standing all, and a bumper, 'Prosperity to sweet Provence, the eldest sister of the Gallic family, and to fair France, her worthy junior."

Universal declamations received and followed the toast; and the repast continued thus until the moment when the second course was

served, consisting of fruits and sweetmeats.

"By my soul," exclaimed Bérenger, after the whole had been set on the table, "the old hag has cared for nothing. Here—here, good hostess; come hither, Dona Alboma."

And all the scholars, striking the board with their pewter goblets, roared out in chorus—

"Here-here, hostess!"

This time she kept them waiting, and at length appeared trembling and disconcerted, for the flasks of Spanish wine were by this time pretty well drained. More than one large bottle of Limoux and Rousillon had disappeared, and the glowing looks of the scholars announced

that they were in the right humour for mischief.

"By my bag! (and that was a terrible oath in the mouth of a scholar) by my bag!" cried Bérenger, "I'll have thee burnt for a heretic in return for the banquet thou hast served me up for my friends. What! here we are at the second course, and have not heard the least scrape of musical instrument. Not a player or buffoon to amuse and make us laugh. Must we clap a dagger to thy throat again to obtain them, or switch thee well, oh thou perversest of womankind?"

"Alas, my lords! were you to beat me until you draw blood, I Jan. 1845.—vol. XLII.—No. CLXV.

could not give you what you demand; I've searched through all Toulouse in vain. There's neither juggler nor buffoon that I've not visited, but all have refused me through fear of the excommunication with which they're menaced should they come to divert you at your

banquets."

"They're rank cowards then, whom we'll teach how to choose between the mass and our switches the next time we meet them," replied Aimery. "But, hag that thou art, thou mightest at least have procured us some dancing gipsies for our amusement; they're the devil's own children, and care as little for excommunication as a capitol's dog."

At these words the hostess crossed herself, and, pale as a corpse,

stammered out in a faint voice-

"Oh, my lords! silence on that head an' if you please, for I endeavoured to prevail on the gipsies to come, and they told me in confidence that Moama, the pretty dancing girl, you know, didn't go to Egypt after she'd footed it so merrily at the banquet of Sire Hugues of Cardillac, as they were enjoined to give it out, but that she was seized, poor thing! and is now immured in the Holy Inquisition."

The name of that dreadful tribunal was no sooner pronounced than it seemed as tho' some terrible apparition had frozen the whole assembly to their seats. A few of the scholars crossed themselves, and

the bravest kept silence.

"But in a word," cried Bérenger (the first to overcome the universal terror), in default of buffoons and Bohemians, at least thou mightest

have let us have a concert?"

"Impossible," resumed Dona Alboma: "the leader of the violin players has been forbidden by the Capitols to attend at your banquet, unless he and his fellows are desirous of being excluded from the fête of the floral games, which the burgesses of Toulouse instituted seven years ago, and for which the violinists are lodged and boarded at the city's expense, with such a goodly fee to boot."

The hostess had scarcely finished, when a roar at once of rage and satisfaction burst forth from every corner of the hall; and so furious was it, that you would have said each scholar felt individually aggrieved; so loud, that it seemed as though they were desirous of revenging on the Capitols the gloomy stupor into which the simple name of the In-

quisition had thrown them.

"Ah!" shouted one, "the Capitols also wish to play the master over us, do they? They must be whipped, like the a-b-c boys, to teach them our rights."

"No, no," cried another, "their blood's too feverish; we must let

some of it out."

"Their heads are too near their caps," yelled a third.

"Then," retorted his neighbour, "we'll divorce them; and that they mayn't come together again, we'll put the cap on an ass's head, and

the head on the handle of a whip."

Thus insult was heaped on insult throughout the remainder of the repast, increasing as it did in uproar, cries, and terrible threats. Rage calling thirst and wine to its aid, thirst and wine redoubling rage; some yelling like madmen with drawn daggers, others tottering and laughing—the senseless laugh of intoxication—all dead drunk.

Amery Bérenger himself yielded to the angry feelings that had seized on all. Perchance, he hoped, amidst the tumult of popular uproar, to snatch the enjoyment of a hurried interview—a word, a kiss, a look! Whatever was his motive, certain it is that many times he cried, "A fice for the Capitols!" (Fice als Capitols)—an untranslateable expression, which signifies the wound or opening made by the dagger's blade.

Peter of Penne, whose reason was least affected by the wine he had swallowed, was desirous of averting the consequences which were likely to ensue from the violent irritation of his brother students; but, perceiving that he could only do so by furnishing them with some new vent wherein to waste their superfluous fury, suddenly arose and loudly called for silence.

"Comrades," said he, "what have the Capitols done to us? Refused a concert. Well, we must be generous then, and give them one. Up! up! goblets and frying-pans! marrowbones and cleavers for the Capitols!"

"The jest is a logical one, and the retort a courteous," added the Spaniard, Blaise of Luna, dogmatically. "We must adopt it by all means. Marrowbones and cleavers for the Capitols!"

Amidst loud peals of noisy laughter, harsh clashing together of pewter plates and drinking-cups, rattling of leathern jacks, and jingling of knives and daggers, the proposition was put, and carried by unanimous assent. In a moment plates, saucers, pans, kettles, tongs, fire-irons—all they could lay hands on, were seized, and the riotous band rushed through the tavern door with a roar and a crash so hideous and discordant that the first burgesses they met fled away in affright, crying out,

"Make way! make way for the marrowbones and cleavers of the students!"

For some time they traversed the town to and fro, having the Bastard of Penne at their head as leader of the discordant band. From the first they seemed to be the masters of Toulouse, and succeeded in reaching, unopposed, the houses of the Capitols, calling them by name, and yelling out, enough to split your brain, all the scandalous stories that were told of each; relapsing, ever and anon, into silence, in order to listen to their spokesmen, and then applauding their coarse jokes and invectives with a fierce crash of porridge pots and kettles.

Amery Bérenger, by this time sobered, had hitherto contrived to turn the course of their impetuous stream from the neighbourhood of the Seigneur of Gaure's residence. He foresaw that, if the crowd of scholars were once to get thither, some evil would most likely happen, either because, of all the Capitols, he was most detested, or that he was not a man to suffer his office of magistrate to be insulted tamely, he would probably resist the attack, and bloodshed follow. Besides those two causes for apprehension, one more terrible yet fastened on Bérenger's heart. Even supposing that the doors and windows of the Capitol's house were to remain closed and silent, as in the morning, was there not behind those walls a victim on whom the brutality of the Seigneur of Gaure had already taken revenge for the insult inflicted by Bérenger?

Filled with this anxiety, Amery followed the discordant band of

Bacchanalians with sad forebodings, ridiculed by his reeling friends, teased by them to raise a laugh—every now and then uttering a shout which but ill affected the drunkenness it was intended to denote, and faintly striking the broad goblet cover which he held in his hand with

the iron hilt of his poniard.

In the meantime, the little or no obstruction which the marrowbones and cleavers had met with seemed to give a promise of their quietly subsiding away, as every passion and effort of strength is sure to do; when the momentarily forgotten name—the fatal, the detested one of the Seigneur of Gaure—was pronounced. Like the lightning flash, piercing through a dark cloud that seemed about to disperse in the horizon, announces the approaching storm, so did that hated name electrify the excited crowd, and effectually awaken it from its growing torpor. You would have said, at sound of that name, that all the bodies, all the souls of the scholars had been cemented together by some invisible tie; for they all thrilled in unison with the same fierce anger and the

same wild joy.

The first on whose mind the fatal recollection flashed, having stopped for a moment to communicate it to their friends, saw the revengeful project fly anon, with the swiftness of thought, to the furthest extremity of the crowd; then, after a moment's pause, it returned to them more terrible, yet increased in force and volume. At length, bursting with the concentrated fury of all, it impetuously hurled forward the whole excited mass, gave the rein to the passionate and revengeful feelings of all; and away hurried the roaring human torrent, like a stream of burning lava, towards the house of the Seigneur of Gaure. At that moment voices and instruments gave no longer forth that unequal and discordant crash, which here and there a sound, louder and higher pitched, would rise above: all the instruments were struck at once; all the voices howled forth together, and that incessantly and furiously; so that there thence resulted a roar so fearful, so lasting and uninterrupted, that it only ceased when the students had arrived before the frowning portals of the Seigneur of Gaure's residence, and then but to give place to another mode of attack.

Then burst forth from that troop of intoxicated youths a shower—a stream—an avalanche of insulting invectives, bitter sarcasms, and coarse allusions. It was who should invent a term of contempt or outrage that could inflict the keenest wound, or plunge the sharpest sting in the pride and affections of the Capitol. But the attack was a difficult one; for, as to treating him as a coward, it was not to be heard of; his good sword had given that the lie too often and too stoutly for him to bear such a reproach. To calling him miser! he had enriched Toulouse with his princely donations. To reproaching him with his insolence of demeanour! he termed it the pride of his high birth. To calling him a brutal and jealous husband! oh! that was true, and must, therefore, sting him to the quick. Invulnerable in all else, he was there

assailable.

Such, then, was the course they pursued. They cried aloud, they coarsely rallied him on the savage guard he exercised over the lovely Ermessuide. At sound of those wild shouts, you would have thought the very walls of the house flashed fire. None saw a movement or

disturbance there; but, as if by supernatural instinct, all felt they had struck home. At length, then, success attended them; they had, at length, touched the tiger. Good! it was very good! But he stirred

not yet in his den. They must needs go on.

Bérenger felt an icy chillness freeze the warm current of his blood, and he turned ghastly pale as he heard all those sharp biting voicesevery one a sting-plunging deep, remorselessly, into the sole vulnerable portion of the iron frame of the Sire of Gaure. They were blowing the volcano, in order to make it blaze up. They heaped upon him the most irritating railleries; but the fire slumbered yet; the tiger was still crouched, and it was again necessary that the crowd should have recourse to its ingenuity, sharpened by hate, for fresh weapons of Oh, unhappily, the course was but too plain. Accordingly, by an inevitable transition, they passed from vociferous sarcasms upon the Sire himself to the consequences of his harsh conduct; and the passionate youths, forgetting that, to reach the Capitol's heart, they must first inhumanly trample under foot the feelings of a sad and unhappy being; those youths, we say, promised Sire Paschal of Gaure, as the consequence of his cruel jealousy, deception, shame, and public insult, pointing at him with the finger of contumelious scorn.

At these words, as if at the summons of an enchanter, the heavy door creaked on its hinges, and the Sire of Gaure appeared. Bérenger fancied he saw his sword stained with blood. It was nothing, however—nothing but the reflection of the scarlet robe he had donned on. He was pale as death, but smiling, and boldly advanced amongst the most tumultuous. Five of his servants followed his steps. Only five! History has preserved the number, in order to prove, as the chronicle says, at what he rated himself—he, the sixth—when coming forth to

meet a band of a hundred students.

As soon as seen he was received with ironical salutations. But himself resolved to keep calm and unmoved, neither fearing a war of words or steel with his opponents, stopped in the centre of the circle which the students formed around him, and, leaning disdainfully on his sword, addressed them thus:—

"Par Dieu! Messieurs, he's a very ignorant fellow, your licentiate of to-day, if he's not informed that the ordinances of King Philip for-

bid uproars like these."

"Except in three cases," retorted the Bastard of Penne, insolently;

"first, the day of the Feast of Asses, Sire Paschal."

"Right, you mean that asses and students are synonymous. Well, that is a reason; but the Asses' Feast-day doesn't fall on this, if I remember; so that won't do. Now for the second case."

"When a man submits to a beating from his wife," replied Robert of

Foix.

"'Tis shrewdly said the Sire Capitol beats his," cried the Bastard of Penne, piqued at having been worsted in his first jest; "and therefore that case don't touch him; but there's a third, which suits him to a hair, where a man marries a widow."

"You would be right, were that my case; as it is not—"answered the

Sire of Gaure, contemptuously.

"Ho! ho!" cried Peter of Penne, with an impudent laugh; "why

everybody knows it is thy case every time thou returnest home from the sittings of the chapter, and hast left a chink open in thy house through which the barret cap of a certain scholar I wot of can squeeze

itself admittance."

These fatal words rendered the stony visage of the Capitol so livid and corpse-like as to make you believe he was about to die; and Amery Bérenger, who followed him with his eye, saw his frenzied gaze fall on the fatal window of the morning. Ermessuide was there—Ermessuide, her eyes fastened on him, Bérenger, who had not before perceived her presence. From thence the Capitol's eager and ferocious look, like a bloodhound on his victim's trail, followed his wife's passionate gaze, and fell full upon the agitated countenance of Bérenger; and in a moment, without losing sight of him, darting, as he spoke, on the Bastard of Penne, and seizing him roughly by the throat, the infuriated Capitol hoarsely cried,

"Dog! thou shalt tell me his name; for I warrant him too cow-

ardly to give it me himself."

At that moment, Amery thought not, like all the other scholars, of his arrested comrade, of his friend almost stifled by the Sire of Gaure's terrible grasp, and threatened with instant death by his gleaming and uplifted sword. He only saw Ermessuide suspected, lost, beaten to the earth by that ruthless hand, bleeding under that cruel sword: and saying to himself with prompt resolution, "He—he had better die," rushed forward, and, with a blow of his sharp dagger, struck the Capitol on the face and near the eye, as if to extinguish the traitorous sense that had just told him all; but the point of the weapon was turned by the high cheek bone, and, gliding downwards, cleft in two the upper lip, broke the teeth, plunged into the throat, and stretched the Capitol on the earth, without movement or sign of life.

After that terrible blow Bérenger dared not look up at the window. Ermessuide was still there, and sorrowfully gazing on Bérenger. Oh, unhappy woman, what a tempest must have been her thoughts!

In the mean time the students ceased their shouts, the servants had disappeared, and the body of the Capitol remained extended on the pavement. There was no longer any resistance to excite their rage; it was but a murder complete, bloody and undeserved! All fled away in alarm; Bérenger, amongst the rest, was hurried along by his friends; despite his threats and efforts to get free, Peter of Peune dragged him away by force, and all had soon disappeared. The body of the Capitol

alone remained, as it had fallen to the ground.

As soon as the students had fled, a few burgesses, like birds after a storm, ventured to put their heads out of their houses, and saw their magistrate stretched, apparently dead, his scarlet robe of office gleaming, bright and costly, on the flint-stone pavement. They descended, ran to him, and, despite his ghastly wound, having forced a little wine down his throat, the Sire of Gaure, in a while, came to himself again. With the first consciousness of existence that so slowly re-enters the heart of him who has been sunk in complete insensibility, recollection, with all its horrors, returned to torture the Capitol's bewildered mind, as with a fiery flash, his anger, his suspicions—worse than that, his convictions of his wife's betrayal of his honour—all were scared upon his

brain; and summoning up all his courage and endurance, he made a sign, for he was choked with blood and passion and could not speak, to be carried into his house. He was accordingly borne, still at his desire, into the vast nuptial chamber where he had left Ermessuide. She was still there, seated on a low stool; her hands clasped upon her bosom, her cheek pale and cold, her eye fixed and meaningless. Her state of stupor and moral annihilation astonished all who witnessed it; but none save he could tell the cause.

After his face had been washed and cleaned from the gore that had clotted round, the Sire of Gaure sent, in all haste, for his colleagues, first writing their names on tables of white horn, and then remained alone with Ermessuide. The Capitol was seated in a wide arm chair, his unhappy wife on a low foot stool,—he agitated, she motionless. Long and silent did he gaze upon her thus, and at length, by an incomprehensible but irresistible power of attraction, caused to centre on himself the wandering and haggard look of Ermessuide, and pitilessly chained Then there seemed a strange kind of contest between it to his own. the two silent beings, wherein eye spoke to eye; where the husband plunged, with all the force of his ruthless will, into the trembling, quivering, shrinking soul of his wife, who vainly struggled to resist the power and fascination of his gaze,—a gaze that penetrated even to the inmost recesses of her poor fainting heart. For one brief moment, utterly agitated, she endeavoured to turn away her aching eyes from that merciless observation, but she succeeded not, and then seemed sadly to resign herself to its infliction. Anon she became indifferent to the cold venom of its expression-nay, seemed, so to speak, to contemplate it with a feeling of complacency. Then she felt the full force of all the accusation which it breathed against her; all the pain it gave her the promise of enduring; all the vengeance she would have to undergo: and next, she called up courage to disdain; and next, to brave the worst—and yet not a word had been pronounced on either side; when she proudly arose, and, compressing into one brief sentence all that long and minute examination, said to the Seigneur of Gaure,-

"Yes, I do love him!"

The same intelligence that had dictated the abrupt speech of Ermessuide caused Sire Paschal to hear it without testifying any surprise; but a convulsion, horrible to behold, passed over his pallid features. As was usual with him, the expression of the rage that gnawed at his vitals would fain have effected a bitter smile, but this time, in the painful effort, the cloven lip shrunk up, livid, lacerated, bloody; and so hideous was the sight, that Ermessuide, who possessed courage enough to calculate and foresee all the perils of her sad position, who had thought on violence the most extreme, and even death, as most likely to befall her without emotion,—Ermessuide, we say, felt, herself, suddenly a dead sickness of heart, so powerful, so insurmountable, that she fell fainting and overwhelmed with horror at her husband's feet.

At the noise which the Seigneur of Gaure made, by striking on the floor with the pommel of his sword, two men servants entered the room and carried Ermessuide away. Soon after the eleven Capitols of the city of Toulouse successively arrived; all, young men and old,

alike irritated; all swearing vengeance to Paschal; all, casque on head, sword and dagger by their sides, mutually exciting each other to fury with the recital of the affront put upon the whole of the free burgesses

of Toulouse in the person of its chief magistrate.

At sight of the tumultuous exasperation which they showed, the Seigneur of Gaure seemed satisfied; but anon the assembly assumed a calmer character, and deliberation commenced, all the other Capitols standing, the Seigneur of Gaure alone seated. What is ever sure to happen in all discussions where the mind leaps to the extremest resolutions at once, took place on this occasion. They had come with words of vengeance, prompt and speedy in their mouths, and now talked of executing justice; they had conceived the project of taking up arms,

and now discovered the form of a complaint to the King.

As the anger of the Capitols died away, that of the Seigneur of Gaure burst forth more furiously than before. Thus, he suddenly rose, at the moment when the assembled magistrates were about to come to what, in comparison with their first loudly-uttered intentions, might be called a peaceful decision, and all eyes were instantly turned upon him. His was in truth a cruel situation; accustomed as he was to direct, by his simple word, the will of the whole assembly as he pleased; to see speech fail him thus, in a matter personal to himself; to be now, of all other times, powerless-utterly powerless, either to entreat, or curse, or command, or lead astray, by the false glitter of his fiery eloquencewas refined torture! However, the passion that boiled in Paschal's veins was so sublimely violent, that it found its own mute mode of expression so powerful at once, and so true, that it found an echo in the breasts of all. The Capitol, standing, with eye of fire, and frowning brow, shook his head slowly; then, stripping off his scarlet toge, he threw it on the ground, and afterwards spurned it with his foot disdainfully. The other Capitols gazed in stupified amazement on one another, and the Seigneur of Gaure then seizing his large sword brandished it fiercely before their eyes, his left hand resting on his breast the while, as if he looked for help and vengeance from himself alone.

"Speak!" cried a Capitol, the youngest of his brethren; "what re-

quirest thou at our hands, Sire Paschal?"

The Sire of Gaure would fain have uttered one word—but one—he could not, and the struggle caused the blood to flow more abundantly from the hideous wound; then wiping it off with his right hand, he stretched it out, all bloody, to his wondering brethren, with the gesture of a mendicant who sues for alms.

"Thou wouldst have blood?" said the Capitol.

The head of the injured one was bowed in signs of assent, and the youthful magistrate, translating the projects in the looks of the Sire of Gaure into language, hurriedly continued,—

"The guilty parties must be arrested, must they not?"

"Yes!" answered a sign, from Paschal.

"And instead of giving them up to the bishop's officers, or the Inquisition,—both of them tribunals in the University pay,—we should ourselves sit in judgment on our own injury?"

"Yes, yes!" said the animated gestures of the Sire of Gaure.

" And then-" added the young Capitol.

The Sire of Gaure stopping him at that word, as if desirous of keeping that resolution to himself; and the Capitol, turning to his colleagues, asked them if such was their opinion, who, catching fire from his energy, unanimously declared it was.

"Who will take on him the arrest?" asked one of the number.

"I!" replied Paschal's gesture, as he dismissed them with a wave of his hand.

As soon as they were gone, he sent for a famous Jewish physician, Dolan-Belag by name, in defiance of the numerous calls and commands of the bishops, who strictly forbade all the faithful to have recourse to the skill of such miscreants, on pain of excommunication. Dolan-Belan, according to the principles taught in the medical school of Harbonne, sewed up the Sire of Gaure's wound with a golden needle and linen thread, and, having carefully spread it with a cooling unguent,

withdrew, leaving the Capitol to his projects of vengeance.

That same evening, about nine o'clock at night, two hundred men, led by the Sire of Gaure and a few Capitols, who had mustered up sufficient courage to execute an act of such unparalleled daring, from the universal clamour of the city of Toulouse against the students, attacked the house of the five brothers of Penne, who had given shelter to Amery, and their half-brother, Peter the Bastard. Great as was the offence of Bérenger, the students of noble birth had such confidence in their hitherto undisputed privileges, and the inviolable safeguard of the University, that neither the brother of Penne, nor Amery ever for a moment dreamed of being troubled, except perchance by the officers of the bishop's court, whose well-known slow-footed (if not halting) justice always left the accused an excellent chance of flight. were therefore easily surprised and arrested, when in the darkness of night the doors of their abode were broken open, and they saw the sergeants of the Capitol's guards, battle-axe in hand, dart into the All that were found there, students or domestics, were immediately loaded with irons, to the number of thirty, and conducted under escort to the Hotel de Ville. Then the Seigneur of Gaure, being desirous that the populace, a great crowd of whom had followed the armed troop, should, in some measure, take part in and share the danger of that illegal expedition, abandoned the house to the multitude, and its pillage was permitted till sunrise.

The impetuous madness of the students, which had produced all these misfortunes, had only, as ever happens to young and fiery spirits, lasted a few hours; but that which took possession of the Capitols, after their act of daring authority, was far longer, and more terrible. Intoxicated with pride at their triumph over the humbled and detested University, secretly kept up as it was by the fierce vengeance of the Seigneur of Gaure, it lasted three entire days, during which atrocious acts of outrage were committed, unexampled judgments passed and ex-

ecuted.

Then, on the Monday that followed Easter-day, the officers of the bishop's court sent to the chapter of Toulouse, or council of Capitols, to require the body of the prisoner, Amery, who, being a clerk, ought, consequently, to be tried by the power ecclesiastical. The chapter was assembled in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and only answered the

appeal by showing the envoy Amery Bérenger with his head closely shaven, and thus preserving no trace of his clerical profession; then, without waiting for further information, an order was passed to apply the peine forte et dure, both to him and the Bastard of Penne. Certes, that act was solely directed by a brutal spirit of unnecessary cruelty and insatiable vengeance, for neither of the two ever thought of denying the part he had taken in the offence committed. Then, the Tuesday following, without rising from their seats, the chapter pronounced their judgment, which condemned Amery Bérenger to the most infamous mode of death, and the Bastard of Penne to perpetual confinement!

At the news of this savage decree all the city was in commotion, so enormous seemed the Capitol's audacity, and so excessive the punishment; but as the condemned Bérenger put in an appeal from the sentence of the chapter to the parliament and viguier, or bailiff of Toulouse, it was supposed the first would mitigate the harshness of the sentence, or the second claim the prisoner's body, as being of noble birth, and out of consular jurisdiction. However, the Capitols, supported by the unanimous appeals of the burgesses for the vigour they had shown in the business, took no heed of the appeal, and, trampling under foot at once all the privileges of clerk and noble, as well as the laws of the Hierarchy, and every sentiment of justice, commanded the execution of the decree they had just put in force for the next day,

Wednesday.

Accordingly, from an early hour in the morning all the avenues leading to the schools were guarded by numerous bands of crossbowmen and sergeants, with orders to seize upon every student they might see out in the streets. All the burgesses, well armed, went forth from their houses in order to support the execution of their magistrates' judgment, and humble the pride of that University which had so often bowed them to the dust. And so it came to pass, that Bérenger underwent his punishment without even an effort being attempted to deliver him; the men of noble birth appearing indifferent, and the scholars, boiling with impotent rage in their quarters, but kept back by their masters and regents, who plainly perceived that, in the people's excited state, the least attempt on the students' part would be the signal for the massacre of all; for it is a remarkable fact, that when the vengeance of an inferior can reach those above him, he strikes without either remorse or measure, like the child who is afraid of the animal it has conquered.

Thus then Bérenger, abandoned by all to his sad fate, went forth in the morning from the Hotel de Ville. It is useless to relate the details of his progress to the scaffold. Fastened to a horse's tail, he traversed the principal streets of Toulouse, and was thus ignominiously dragged towards the house of the Seigneur of Gaure. It was then that the young student first felt his courage about to fail him; for he foresaw that his punishment in that fatal place was no longer intended for himself alone, but that each act of torture there inflicted on his frame, would fall with tenfold force upon, and ruthlessly tear the heart-strings of, another wretched being. He could not doubt it. The Seigneur of Gaure had taken a fiendish care to double the weight of his sorrows by telling him they would be partaken by another. It was matter for very

painful reflection, for very terrible consulta ion, with Bérenger, in the silence of his loathsome dungeon, to know with what air he should support that last and bitterest trial. Should he appear sad and in despair at having drawn this misfortune on the unhappy Ermessuide? But then he would be deemed by all the spectators cowardly and weak. Should he carry himself proud and disdainful? But then she might believe that he was solely actuated by the selfish vanity of enduring his own death with spirit; and at that bitter moment he would fain have

laughed at his executioners and wept with his young mistress.

The procession reached the front of the Capitol's house. The doors were open, the window-that fatal window-was hung with red serge, embroidered with gold, as for a gala day, and seats were placed on the balcony in front of it. Directly opposite the house rose a scaffold, covered in like manner with serge. On its highest part was a huge block of wood, and beside the block a stout low-built man, with bare and muscular arms, clad in a red cloth doublet, his head covered by a hood of the same colour and material, and leaning over an axe, whose bright blade reflected the rays of the morning sun. Blue and fleecy was the atmosphere: it was a beauteous spring day. Oh! that man's heart should be so little in unison with the innocence of nature! To proceed: As soon as Bérenger had arrived, the Seigneur of Gaure and Ermessuide took their places in the balcony, as in our days people enter a box to see a play performed. Bérenger gazed with straining eyes on Ermessuide. To him she appeared calm, collected, and proudly cold; her countenance was serene, her complexion bright and animated. He felt himself grow proud and cold as he looked.

Instantly a Capitol, raising his voice, read the sentence that condemned Bérenger to make amends to the Sire of Gaure for the crime he had committed in wounding him. Immediately afterwards he was compelled to mount upon the scaffold, and commanded to fall upon his knees. He obeyed. All the time the reading of the sentence lasted, his gaze had not once quitted Ermessuide; and Ermessuide, on her part, never ceased to look on him. Not a movement appeared on the features of either. Paschal of Gaure, at first affecting to be full of disdain at such great courage, could not support its duration, and, violently

seizing his wife by the arm, said to her in a hoarse whisper-

"Ha! dost thou brave me, minion?"

"My lord and husband," retorted Ermessuide, in a voice which rung clear and unbroken through the silent crowd, "you brought me here to see. I do see."

"You are right; all is not finished yet," hissed the Capitol, in the

tones of concentrated passion.

In the meantime, Bérenger, still on his knees, was ordered to repeat the formula of contrition which was due to the injured magistrate. He refused, and the archers who held him in bonds struck him with the butt end of their bows at each refusal. It was a horrible contest, during which the Sire of Gaure looked and gloated on his wife's sufferings; for he saw each blow, as it were, echoed on his wife's face, by a slight tremulousness about the lip. But Bérenger, too distant to catch that almost imperceptible token of the horrible pain she suffered, and seeing her features continue, to all appearance, calm and unmoved, drew fresh

courage thence to endure his bitter lot; being desirous of appearing insensible to every pain, the sight of whose infliction Ermessuide was able to support. In the mean time, blows and refusals fell thick and Ermessuide would fain have lifted up her hand, as if to say, "Enough! enough!" but the Sire of Gaure prevented her by force. Then, neither being able to cry out nor weep, so fierce, so horrible, so utterly intolerable, was her agony, that by a sudden effort she tore herself from the Capitol's cruel grasp, snatched off her veil, and drawing it rapidly over her face, wiped off thus the deceptive paint with which her ruthless husband had smeared each cheek, and showed herself as she really was, wan and ghastly as a corpse, to the anxious gaze of Bérenger. At the sad sight a mortal coldness froze his blood; he felt the full force of his great sorrows when he saw another suffering beneath their weight, and taking pity on her, he humbled his pride, and made a sign that he was about to speak. But instead of reciting the prescribed formula, he extended his poor hand, torn, bruised, and bleeding from the brutal treatment he had received, and applying to his own case a verse of the Bible, cried out sorrowfully,

" Pardon me-pardon me, for I knew not what I did."

The Seigneur of Gaure perceived the double meaning of that excuse; but the Capitols were satisfied with it, and the second part of his sentence was proceeded with. Nothing can describe the anguish of Bérenger, who felt sadly sure that the tender bosom which cruelty had linked to his in order the more effectually to torture it, would never find the strength to endure unto the end. He raised his eyes to Ermessuide, and addressing by a look to her the words which he said to the executioner—

"Tell me, friend," he cried, in a voice that would fain be cheerful, "tell me, friend, it's not so very painful after all now, is it? Doesn't it hurt less to have one's hand cut off at the wrist by a good sharp axe,

than to have it broken by a brutal blow?"

Then, seeing Ermessuide's face contract, her teeth close pressed together, her eyes fixed, dilated, open, her hands convulsively clutched, he at once perceived that she was gathering up all her forces to endure, like a patient about to undergo an operation; and himself, carrying his hand to his lips as though to call a last fond kiss there, gracefully saluted Ermessuide, who in like manner bowed her head, but with a violent spasm as of agony, and as though she had said—

" I understand."

Then he stretched forth the hand which he had just before pressed to his lips, to the executioner's stroke, and in a moment it fell to the ground, where it was received in a silver charger. After the blow, Bérenger and Ermessuide remained motionless, eye fixed meaningly on eye, each drinking in the other's soul; and the latter unfortunate repeating from time to time the convulsive movement of her head, as though she had said to him—

"Yes-yes."

During this time one of the sergeants took the charger, on which lay the severed and bleeding hand, and entering the house of the Sire of Gaure, approached, in order to present him with this earnest of his vengeance. The Capitol gazed on it with silent joy, and with a horrible smile of gratified malice pointed it out to the notice of his wretched wife. The eyes of all present were fixed on the window, and the majority of the spectators deemed the caprice of the Capitol in forcing his wife to be present at the infliction of Bérenger's punishment an unworthy piece of brutality, attributing her ghastly paleness solely to her natural disgust; when to their great surprise they saw her suddenly examine the gory hand with eager curiosity, then seize it, all streaming as it was, half open the clammy fingers, as though to snatch something from their cold grasp, and afterwards carry to her lips, and kiss with frenzied eagerness, what she had torn from them. The gesture passed quick as lightning, but it was sufficient to convey the last message of Bérenger's love to her heart, for by that strange mode of communication had he sent her the poor rose-leaf which only three short days before he had received.

The strength of both was now utterly exhausted. Ermessuide fell senseless to the floor, after having murmured these words—

"A day will come !"-

She could not finish. Bérenger, fastened on a hurdle, was drawn, insensible, to the Chateau Narbonnais, where, according to the latter part of his sentence, he was beheaded, after which his four quarters were hung in terrorem on the four gibbets of the same chateau.

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The next four years were consumed in legal proceedings, both on the part of the University against the chapter before Pope John XXII, who ordered the Capitols to repair by penance the acts of atrocious cruelty they had committed; and of the relations and friends of the unhappy Bérenger against the city of Toulouse itself before the Parliament of Paris, who delivered a judgment which was executed in the month of August, 1385, as we are about to relate, by a commission consisting of Hugues Archioe, clerk, William of Flotte, knight, and Master Steven D'Albret, professor of laws; and its execution was directed to be enforced for three days, the period which the outrage of the Capitols had lasted—that is to say, a Monday, a Tuesday, and a Wednesday.

The first day the three commissioners repaired to the Hotel de Ville, where six Capitols awaited their arrival at the great door. By them they were introduced into the principal court, in whose centre was erected a lofty tribunal, on which the three commissioners took their seats, having the Capitols below them with heads uncovered. Immediately after they caused the letters patent of the King and Parliament to be read. Then they repaired together in solemn procession to the consecration of the chapel erected in memory of Amery Bérenger, which the Capitols were condemned to endow with an annual revenue of forty golden livres tournois. It was in that chapel also that they paid the fine of four thousand livres tournois, which the city of Toulouse was decreed to discharge to the University. Thus passed the first day.

On the Tuesday the public crier, dressed in deep mourning, traversed the city of Toulouse in every direction, stopping in every street and cross way, and crying to the people in sorrowful tones—

"Oh, all ye inhabitants, as well men as women, pray to God for the

salvation of Amery Berenger, whom, contrary to right and justice, ye

have tortured and beheaded by the executioner's hand!"

After him paced the herald of the commissioners, who made the town resound with the melancholy notes of his trumpet, and who enjoined all fathers of families and householders, in the king's name, to prepare to follow the funeral procession of the noble Amery Bérenger, under pain of confiscation of their goods. During these two days the Hotel de Ville was hung with signs of public mourning; in the great court arose an altar, whither came to pray the richest burgesses in humble weeds, and the pavement of every hall was entirely covered with black felt, so that no sound of footsteps might disturb the prescribed penance.

On Wednesday the funeral procession set forth from the Maison commune. The crosses belonging to each parish and convent were carried first, and one hundred poor men clad in deep mourning at the city's expense followed immediately after, each bearing a flag, on which were painted the arms of the noble Amery Bérenger; after them came an empty bier, over which was thrown a flowing pall of black velvet, whose corners four Capitols held, their heads shaved and covered with ashes. The Archbishop of Toulouse marched immediately after the coffin, with his priests and the canons of the cathedral. Last of all the remainder of the Capitols and all the burgesses of Toulouse followed

two and two.

In this order they repaired to the schools of ethics, of grammar, and theology, beneath the sacred doors of which stood the professors and scholars of the University, barret caps on head, and there the whole convoy, on their knees and uncovered, humbly besought, by the mouth of the archbishop, the masters and students of the University graciously to pardon the people of Toulouse for having basely violated their undoubted privileges, and traitorously assassinated a son of the University. After having obtained the forgiveness of the schools, the procession, to which the masters and students of the University were now joined, repaired in solemn order, and chaunting the office for the dead, to the four gibbets of the Chateau Narbonnais. As soon as they reached the castle, all persons of what quality soever fell on their knees to the ground, praying aloud with many and great lamentations. Then the Capitols advanced, and with their own hands unfastened Bérenger's head and body, and taking them down, reverently laid them in the empty coffin. Immediately after they returned to the city and made their way to the church of La Daurade, where the last resting place of the unfortunate Bérenger had been prepared.

Already had the head of the funeral convoy reached the great door of the sacred edifice, and the coffin had arrived before the house of the Sire of Gaure, when the terrible window was suddenly thrown open, and the Sire of Gaure appeared in person. He held in his arms the body of a woman, but so wan, so worn, so ghastly, that she might have been taken for a corpse. The people stopped, transfixed and terrified—there was a moment of fearful silence, and then the harsh voice of

the Sire of Gaure was heard to exclaim-

"Since the day is arrived, go thou, and carry them what they yet want!"

And the body of the wretched Ermessuide fell at the feet of the

Capitols that surrounded the coffin of Bérenger. She opened her sunken eyes yet once and again, pressed a hand to her heart, and expired. Underneath the unfortunate woman's robe was found a skeleton hand suspended by a ribbon from her neck—'twas that of Bérenger. The house was forced open, but the Sire of Gaure had fled, nor was he ever heard of more. The Bastard of Penne entreated that the body of Ermessuide might be laid in the same grave with that of Bérenger. His request was granted.

After the interment, and in the selfsame church of La Daurade, the city of Toulouse was degraded from its rank of "chef lieu" in the person of its Capitols. The hangman tore off their scarlet robes, which were burnt at the church door, and the ashes scattered to the winds. The commissioners afterwards, in the king's name, committed the keys of the town and the mace of justice to the viguier of Toulouse, thus conferring on him criminal jurisdiction over the burgesses, and the care

of the town's safeguard.

The event which restored Toulouse to her forfeited rights, is not less curious than that by which she lost them.

W. R.

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

How swiftly pass the years of Time,
How rapid is their flight!
Onward they move, from clime to clime,
Like meteors of the night.
They come like beams on ocean's waves
That sparkle o'er the sea;
They pass, like tears upon the graves
Of those who've ceas'd to be.

I wander'd forth, at day's decline,
To muse on bygone bliss—
Joys that can ne'er again be mine
In such a world as this;
When, lo! the Spirit of the Year
Rose bright before my eye,
And seem'd to whisper in my ear,
Mortal! I now must die.

My birth was told thee by the breeze
That bore the wint'ry wreath,
The blast that shook the leafless trees
Was my first, earliest breath.
I lay upon a couch of snow,
White as an angel's wing,
And bade the gentle snowdrop go
To usher in the Spring.

Then soon a milder zephyr flew, And verdure deck'd the plain; Enraptur'd Nature bloom'd anew, And smil'd in joy again. A thousand warblers fill'd the grove, No dreary cares had they, The burthen of their song was love, And gladness swell'd their lay.

'Twas here that youth and beauty came,
Wrapt in a heav'nly spell,
And left their eyes to speak the flame
Their lips could never tell—
They spoke not of affliction's dart,
They dream'd not of decay;
But wish'd to pass, thus, heart to heart,
An endless, nightless day.

Oh! why is beauty like the bow
That spans the cloudy sky?
Though fair it shines, with golden glow,
It sparkles but to die.
Must grief for ever haunt the tomb,
And weep above the grave,
Where rests within its weary womb
All I would wish to save?

The Autumn came—the reapers' store
Was white with fruitful age,
And fell beneath the hand that bore
The sickle's sharpen'd edge.
Oh! then, beneath the harvest moon,
How swiftly flew the hours!
While village swains were sad, so soon
To leave the shady bowers.

For there the time pass'd gaily by,
The dance was on the plain;
Joy beam'd from every gladden'd eye,
No heart was sick with pain.
Each rustic maid her lover's hand
With kind affection press'd,
And homeward went a happy band
To slumber and to rest.

But ah! 'tis o'er—my race is run,
I must no longer stay,
Yon sinking orb—the setting sun,
Warns me to soar away.
The spirits of departed years,
Around the throne of light,
Who trod the dreary vale of tears,
Will welcome me to-night!

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHINON. A ROYAL SERVICE.

The sweet-voiced lark was yet warbling her salutation to the day, and the bright sun began to look from out his eastern curtains of gold and crimson, on the woody hills and green valleys of Haute Bretaigne, when the Damosel Avis, in company of the Lord Guy and Sir John de Perelles, rode forth from the barriers of Rennes,

and took the road towards Maine and Anjou.

Albeit her companions were the same as yesterday, yet was her array wholly changed in all beside-for there had arrived at Rennes the overnight the remainder of Sir John's people, who had followed him more slowly from Harfleur, bringing with them the mails and horses of the Lord of Beaucaire, as also such of his squires as had escaped drowning—so that she was now no longer clad in the poor homely weeds of a peasant of Morbihan, or trotting along upon the sorry planchette of a low Breton hackney, but gaily apparelled as beseemed her youth and estate, and ambling easily on the saddle of a fair gennet, which Sir John had prayed her to accept in brotherly gift at his hand; and whether her griefs of the yesternight had all been wept away, or that she had drawn new hope and comfort from the joyous face of nature on a fair fresh morning—so it was, that seldom had she worn a rosier hue or lighter aspect than as she journeyed on through that rich and pleasant country, under the clear bright sky of France, some new sight meeting her eyes at every step they went; and with a worshipful array of squires and yeomen behind, and on either hand a young and handsome knight, striving which of them should show her the more honour and courtesy.

Alike courteous and friendly were they both in all matters that might be for the ease or pleasure of the Damosel by the way; yet in this was their carriage diverse—that whilst the Lord of Beaucaire essayed not at speech more than this, but rode on at all other times in the same gloomy humour wherein he had fallen from the hour of leaving Roche Kerouel, Sir John, not content with such service, profited by her cheerful mood to discourse with her the whole way, striving to divert her with histories of the places they passed, and such light matters; but forbearing any graver theme, perchance by reason of the Lord Guy's presence at

that tide.

Howbeit, this hinderance to their freer discourse was withdrawn ere long, that noble count taking his leave of them for a space at the first town they came to, on certain affairs that called him into the county of Blois, whence he purposed to join them speedily in

Touraine.

The English knight and the Damosel, thus left alone, travelled on their way as before-though, at the first, with some little uneasiness to the maiden, who feared lest he might question her more closely on many themes; and, in truth, as little desired she to speak of Malthorpe, and what had there befallen her, as of her adventures in Bretaigne-especially of Messire Piers Bradeston, on whose very name she could not think without shame and grief, not unmingled with fear, since her late better knowledge of him. For this same cause, also, would she gladly have waived all mention of his sister, the Lady de Hacquingay, whose history, like her remembrance, was so hard to be dissevered from his that she knew not how to essay the rehearsal. But that gentle young knight, who was evermore as wise and prudent as he was kindly-hearted, soon discovered this her bashfulness; and rightly deeming that such covness, if suffered, should, in the end, raise distance and strangeness betwixt them, who were to live henceforth as a brother and sister, he began at once to speak of her affairs, and of the hard usage she had sustained at the hand of Sir Lancilot and her cousin; framing his speech so discreetly and advisedly, that although he named not once that false squire, he let her see both that the whole matter was known to him, and that he held her never the less dear therefore.

"In very sooth," he said, "sweet Avis, hast thou made sore proof, both of the brittleness of fortune and the falseness of friends; and that in thy very spring and blossomy time of life, when such troubles and losses should be most heavily felt. Yet one comfort hast thou, as have we on thy behalf, that throughout all thy misadventures thou hast borne thee right virtuously and honestly, such small errors as thou hast mad espringing but out of thine unsuspected youth, which held all others for as innocent and guileless as thyself."

Well nigh could May Avis have cast herself on her knees at his courser's feet, to thank him for this gracious speech, which seemed as if designed to accord her his free forgiveness for all her sins and offences against him in former time; though with her thankfulness came also a sigh, as she called to mind how little

now might avail her better knowledge.

"Alas!" she answered, "say, rather, out of my ignorant folly and presumption, that made me all unmindful of my good hap in two such generous friends as should hardly again be found to vouchsafe their care and pity to one so worthless; and, soothly, little ought I to seek of the loss of land or good, that haply had

been wrongfully mine from the first, since I have thereby gained both the knowledge of mine own proper place, and of the high bounty and condescension of those who have yet deigned, despite

my unworthiness, to befriend me."

"So God help me, Avis," answered the knight, "as I think thy truest friends can scantly grieve over the loss of thy worldly good, since thy mishap seems but to have brought to light thy native worth and wisdom—not to speak of the advantage thou hast already drawn therefrom, in the love and reverence of every virtuous heart; for proof whereof I joy to tell thee, sweet sister (for such thou ever wast and will be to me, most truly), that thou hast even now gained to thyself one steadfast and assured friend, in that noble lord, thy fellow-voyager, whom we parted from ere-while."

"Assuredly," said May Avis, "the noble Count of Beaucaire, like other gracious natures, is pleased to count his favours for my desert, and to make his past goodness a reason for his after

countenance."

"Nay, Avis, not so! by my life he spake to me in plain terms, of such proof made by thee of honesty and courage, in time of your captivity (though he seemed not to desire that I should enquire out the matter further), as no words of his might suffice to praise. And soothly, Avis, a truer and nobler friend, or one with better might to aid thee, there, where I most desired it, couldst thou not have met with, as well do I hope thou shalt find, ere long."

May Avis, in her heart, thought that no truer or dearer friend might she find or desire than that ancient one at her side, whose patient care and love to her had been in very deed, as he said, most like the heedfulness of a brother; and such she resolved

within herself to think him for the time to come.

"Now, Avis," he said again, after short silence between them, "wilt thou marvel out of doubt, that I have not yet prayed thee to rehearse to me all that befel in thy late voyage of trouble and mischance? but methinks it were no gentle office needlessly to bring back to thy remembrance a season of so sore peril and annoy—over and above that so much as imports to me of your captivity and deliverance therefrom, know I already, as well from the old man I met with you, as from my Lord of Beaucaire."

The Damosel plainly perceived from this speech that he was fully informed on all matters concerning her, as also that she need fear no further questionings from him, as, without giving her the time to frame an answer, he began straightway to speak of a fair castle they were about to pass by, and of some gallant feat of arms which had there been performed some fifty years before, between the French and English; then passing to his own country of Auvergne, he related to her many wonderful tales and exploits

of the days of the free lances—all which he told so well and eloquently, that May Avis never listened before with such delight to the reading of history or chronicle; and though in no wise had he changed his deem on the wickedness of those conquerors and famous men, whose unquiet spirits had caused so great havoc and wretchedness, yet could she readily forgive this in one who had so well and so lately approved his own knightly prowess; not to speak of her own humour, that was now less martial than in former days; and truly she had found herself but too happy in listening and answering, were it not for the thought, that at whiles would strike through her heart as it were an arrow's point, of the Lady of Perelles.

After this manner went the two days, at the end whereof they came safely to Angers, and were fairly lodged in the house of an officer of the duchy, who was known to Sir John, and whose dame and her household made all manner of friendly cheer, for his sake, to the English Damosel. Here they tarried one day for refreshment—no less of their beasts than themselves, after so tedious travel—and the next set forward again towards Touraine; their way lying, for the most part, through rich corn lands and groves of goodly trees, along the pleasant banks of the Loire.

The time passed swiftly and joyously in such talk as before every hour but showing more fully to the Damosel the rare worth and wisdom of her companion—until, near evening of the third day, they came in sight of a handsome town, whose walls and buildings were overtopped by the towers and pinnacles of a

mighty castle.

"Yonder, as I trust, dear Avis," said the knight, "lieth the end of thy hasty and toilsome voyage, since there, at Chinon, have I good hope to find some who shall grant thee countenance and aid the rest of the way to Clermont. But see, who is this pacing on thus sturdily before us? Methinks he bears the likeness of one who should be of greater account with us both, in memory of our childhood, than for any virtuous conditions of his own."

Even as he spoke they overtook him they had noted, still in his Breton weed, and journeying on his way after a marvellous easy and vigorous fashion, between trot and amble, towards the town whither they were going. As they drew nigh he saluted the company, louting low, and steping aside to let them pass; but Sir John, drawing rein, beckoned forward a squire who led a spare palfrey, and in kindly voice bade the old man mount thereon, and continue his journey with them.

"Never let me thrive then, noble sir," quoth Gauchet, "if I had not liefer go a half-score leagues afoot than the half o' one in saddle by day or night! But truly, seeing we are all bound to court, little fear is there but we shall light on one another ere

long; until when, God keep your gracious lordship."

The knight urged his proffer afresh, but with as ill speed as before; wherefore, tarrying no longer parley, they rode forward, and in short space entering Chinon, alighted at an hostelry that stood upon the square before the castle, and had for its sign the

Golden Spur.

Now from the time they first passed the barriers, they had perceived the people all abroad in the streets, which were hung on all sides with tapestry and rich array, and bedecked with garlands of flowers and green boughs; but May Avis had taken little heed thereof, supposing it but the feast of some saint of the town, until they were arrived at their inn, where they found already so many guests, and more coming in every moment, that she was fain to excuse herself from supper in the hall in presence of so large a company, and betake her forthwith to her chamber with Gillian, tarrying not to inquire what all this stir might mean. But scantly had she gotten there, when the noise of a great clamour caused her to run to the lattice, which overhung the square, and thence she beheld the people flocking in heaps, and crying and shouting as in honour of some fair pageant nigh at hand.

And now in short space rode up and under the arch of the gateway, a band of harbingers, all bravely mounted, and apparelled alike in the livery of some great lord, after so costly a fashion, that verily the trappings of Sir Lance de Hacquingay and his rout, which were the goodliest May Avis had seen until now, were but as the tatters and tinsel of a crew of morris dancers by compare with these. And so soon as they had passed the drawbridge, the watch on the tower over the portal sounded his horn, to give warning that all within should hold them in readiness.

Whilst the sound yet lingered above their heads, came another band, of falconers and huntsmen, prickers and varlets, with hawk and heroner, hound and spaniel, so many and well-appointed, that they seemed like a little army. And next after these followed a throng of household folk, squires and yeomen, sewers and ushers, jesters and minstrels, in number and gaiety no way behind the others; of whom one bore on the crupper of his steed a creature in fantastic habit and high-pointed head-gear of a strange device, set round with bells, which it shook continually as in delight, the whilst, with a slender rod, it would ever and anon covertly prick the horses nigh, causing them to start and strike with their heels at all the folk about them; whereat the riders would chafe and swear, and the creature would clap its palms, and mowe and gibber after so uncouth a fashion, that May Avis deemed it some wondrous kind of ape, until she heard some of those in the square beneath calling one to another to note Pepinet, the Duke's fool.

"By my sooth then, Gille," she said, "if all other fools be like

this one, in their carriage and conditions, methinks they should be little better themselves that can make their pastime out of the

wretched antics of such poor witless creatures."

"Truly, dear lady, it is less their liking, as I deem than their need, that constrains them to while away the time in such sorry disport for lack of other. But see! what new show comes forward? By my life, these should be the lords and gentles for

whom all this brave train is arrayed?"

May Avis gazed earnestly down the street that led into the square: but nought could she for a while perceive clearly, so wholly were her eyes bedazzled by the bright pageant that seemed altogether made up of gold and jewels, silks and velvets, gorgeous trappings and rich harness, prancing steeds and waving plumes, all glancing and flitting from place to place, as squires and dames, lords and ladies, came pacing onward as thick as motes in the sunbeams; with such array of pages and outriders, cars and carriages following, that the country maiden verily thought the whole court of France was there in presence. Howbeit, when she at last began to discern things more plainly, she perceived a space that was left open in the very middle of the company, as for some person of highest degree; and in the midst thereof, riding on a milk-white palfrey, whose very furniture was of gold and precious stones, a young and lovely lady. yet more grandly apparelled than all the rest, and bearing her with so graceful a composure, and mild, serene majesty of mien and aspect, that May Avis nothing doubted that she looked on one of royal estate.

On the left hand of this great lady, but somewhat behind, rode a grave, ancient gentleman, whose looks and behaviour bespoke him well worthy of so honourable a place; and on the other hand, in earnest talk with her, came a gallant young knight, whom the English Damosel straightway knew, despite his change of array—for he was now attired at point device in all the gaiety and gal-

lantry of the French court-for the Lord of Beaucaire.

Ere she had time to marvel at this his favour and familiar guise in so high a place, they were passing below the casement, when the Lord Guy, casting upwards his eyes, espied her where she stood thereat; and ere she could start back, that noble lady, at a word from him, also looked that way, discovering a countenance so benign, so sweet, and womanly, as was a delight to behold amidst all her bashfulness at being thus perceived of her.

"How deemest thou of this gay show, dear Avis?" said a voice close beside her, and turning quickly round, she saw standing

there the Knight of Perelles.

"How likest thou this princely pageant?" he said; "and, above all, the sweet young beauty that rode past but now?"

"Oh, who is there," she cried, "that could look, without lov-

ing, on that fair and royal lady; for well I deem that nothing meaner is she than a queen, or princess at the least?"

"In truth, Avis, thou hast guessed aright; the lady thou hast seen being, after the queen and the Lady Valentine, the highest in France. It is Madame de Berry."

"My certes, if she be, in very deed, but such as in semblance,

she should be liker an angel than any mortal creature."

"Yea, out of doubt is she, Avis, a most excellent and noble lady, and hath borne her, even from her childhood (for many years hath she been wedded, though her age, at this present time, is scantly more than thine own), after so virtuous and faultless a manner, as hath won for her the praise and reverence of all. Verily, she hath not her peer for wisdom or womanly behaviour within this realm of France."

"And that noble prince, her lord," said the Damosel; "well do I hope that he setteth such store as behoveth him by so sweet

and good a lady."

"Questionless, my Lord of Berry holds his fair young duchess in sovereign account; yea, and loves and honours her right heartily, though, haply, after his own fashion; which means, Avis, that he will freely give or grant whatsoever she may desire for her own pleasure, though rarely, it is thought, is he to be moved, by her prayers, to a worthy or princely action in greater matters. And soothly can it not be denied that he hath the authority of age on his behalf; for he hath lived in this world some sixty years and more."

"Out, alas!" said May Avis, "and this fair young creature, of a surety, hath not yet seen twenty;" and then it came at unawares into her head to inquire if the noble Lord of Beaucaire was not of the household of this lady, by whose side he had ridden in

so familiar a fashion.

"Nay, that were a disparagement to one of his high and princely lineage, though he oft maketh abode with her lord. Also is he her near kinsman—a cousin-german by the mother's side—and was fostered up with her by the same guardian, Count Gaston, of Foix, deceased. God assoile his soul! he was a hard and cruel lord in other matters. Howbeit, a noble and careful breeding bestowed he on those two children, who were near of blood unto him, and both alike despoiled of their inheritance—the young count by the Duke of Anjou, and the young lady by the Armagnacs; for which cause he was fain to marry the last, without other respects, to a great prince like the Duke of Berry, who should have power to recover her heritage. And when the Lady Jane of Boulogne came from Bearn for these espousals, there came with her this young kinsman, whom the duke hath ever since kept near him; for he loves him much, though so diverse are they in temper, and hath made him seneschal of the fair township of Pontallier, in Auvergne; yet seldom tarrieth he there, but mostly at La Nonnette, or Mehun, or here, or at the Hotel de Nesle, in

Paris, wheresoever the duke and duchess may be."

"Now, in sooth," said May Avis, when she had heard this history, "much marvel I that the noble duke and duchess have not striven, in so long time, to amend this gentle young lord's

fortunes by some rich and worthy marriage."

"By mine honour, Avis," said the knight, smilingly, "thou hast conned some deal of worldly lore in thy voyagings. Of a certainty, many and noble matches have been proffered to him by the space of two years and more; but he hath renounced them all at the first word. Some say he hath design to enter himself amongst the Knights Hospitallers; others, that he will never wed so long as my Lord of Berry lives; but of one thing am I assured, as it were Gospel truth, that, however it may be, thought nor intent hath he never had that should misbecome an honourable gentleman or a true knight."

By this the hindmost of that gay and princely train was gone past, and all were lost to sight in the deep shadow of the portal arch beyond the drawbridge; the townsfolk had ceased their thronging and shouting, and were departed to their own homes, and Sir John des Perelles shortly bade good even, and withdrew; the Damosel desiring to sup with Gillian where they were, and thus escape the eyes of the guests in the hall

below.

But if the confronting some half-score of knights and monks, or travelling merchants at the mealboard, had been all too much for her country bashfulness, what was her terror when, in some two hours' time, word was brought her that the Count of Beaucaire was below with Sir John, and with orders for her to go up to the castle at prime of the morrow, for audience of Madame de Berry.

"Montjoye! but the gentle little maiden's fortune is safe and sure," said that noble lord, so soon as his message was sped; "for, by my life, the duchess hath taken so great liking, at that first sight, to her fair smiling face and sprightly mien, that these alone, without aid of mine, shall have made affiance for her."

"It is ever the wont of my Lord of Beaucaire to speak over lightly of his own favours," answered the knight; "the more largely are we beholden to his graciousness therefore. Out of doubt, my lord, you advised Madame de Berry, even as I prayed you, that my poor Avis, not being of noble ancestry, might not pretend to——"

"Yea, by Saint Paul, did I, in so many plain words (though, God wot, never came truth with so sorry grace from my lips); and little shall such small defect weigh against so many goodly gifts in the eyes of our noble-hearted Jane, who bade me straight-

way tell you to take no further heed to the maiden's fortunes;

for that she would henceforth charge herself therewith."

"Now the high heavens give her guerdon of her benignity," said the knight; "and send that the little maiden (who truly is to me in affection a sister) may ever prove herself as worthy thereof as, by my fay, I do believe her at this present. And since nought is now left for me but to pay my hearty thanks to this princely lady, will I, without delay, for Auvergne, whence I can ill tarry even thus long."

"Tarry but until noon of the morrow, good Sir John, and we will ride in company. My charge in those parts needs my presence, and there purpose I to remain until my lord duke comes hither at the least, or haply, on to La Nonnette. You have heard, since we came, of the tidings that have stayed him behind

my lady duchess in Paris?"

"No, in faith, save some idle rumour of news from England, the meaning whereof was not known to those I spoke with. No

heavy mishap, as I well trust?"

"For France, of little moment enow; but over heavy, as I deem, in time to come, for England. King Richard hath banished his cousin-german, the Earl of Derby."

"God shield the realm! matters are falling from bad to worse-

and on what pretext?"

"Some charge of treason, it is said, wherewith he hath been falsely accused of the Earl Marshal, though, truly, it is believed of none. There was ill blood betwixt those lords when I was late at Eltham Palace, all was it not openly spoken of. But banished he is, and looked for, day by day, in Paris, where the king and all the dukes are met to give him fitting welcome; and my Lord of Berry, above all, is so busy in the matter that he is like enow not to travel further than this from Paris in the present year. And now must I give you a hasty good night; for the castle bells are ringing nine. What, ho! without there, torches!"

"A fair good night, my noble lord. This is news in sooth, scantly less heavy than the death of my Lord of Gloucester, and bodes troubled times to England," answered the knight, as he waited on the French lord to the court, where his varlets tarried with horse and torches, in readiness to light him back to his

lodging.

It was yet something short of the hour of prime on the morrow, when May Avis, as heedfully arrayed and adorned as the time and her means would suffer, yet inly trembling no less with bashfulness than she had erst done with dread in the robber ship, mounted her ambling palfrey, and rode across the square and in at the castle gate under the guidance of the Lord of Beaucaire, who himself vouchsafed to be her usher to the presence of this royal lady.

At any other season, it had been to her no less a delight than a marvel to gaze on all the gorgeous sights about her as they passed on through court after court, amongst squires and knights. pages and yeomen-so many that the place might be most aptly likened to a hive of bees; though, certes, such sort of folk may too often prove to the lord no better than a swarm of drones. And when, at last, they came to the innermost ward, they were met. in alighting, by the ushers and others of the household, who marshalled them to the state chamber through right royal halls and galleries that seemed without end or number; all so sumptuously furnished and arrayed with so costly hangings and moveables, carving and gilding that she thought, in her simplicity, the whole riches of the world must be in this goodly castle, to the adornment of which, as of all the duke's palaces, there had gone, in very deed, but too much of the money pillaged from the poor people of Auvergne and the Languedoc, by his treasurers and officers, in those many years wherein he had ruled that part of France: for, truly, this Duke of Berry was ever in want of money; since what he seized with one hand he flung away with the other on his buildings and grand living, his flatterers and servants, insomuch that the whole country groaned with his continual oppressions.

But never a whit on such matters dreamed May Avis as she passed forward through all this magnificence, until, finally, they came to a fair chamber, built as for summer use, the floors being of black and white marbles, curiously inwrought in all manner of figures, after the Italian fashion, and the walls incrusted with the same, of yet more rare and precious kinds, such as had never, until then, been seen in France. On one side was there a high canopy of azure velvet, thickly overwrought with the fleur de lys in broidery of silver, above a royal chair of estate; and at another part a curtain of the like fashion, which being held aside by a little page in gay attire, there stepped forth from behind it the

young lady May Avis had seen ride past the day before.

If the young duchess, seen as she had been but for one moment, and through the folds of her flowing veil, had appeared to her so lovely of aspect, by how much more did she now, when the Damosel beheld face to face her smiling azure eyes and soft round cheek, her fair shape and taper waist, arrayed in satin of the hue of the wild rose, that well beseemed the delicate tincture of her skin, and her pale chesnut hair that fell down about her white neck, and then was turned upward and bound round her head with a circlet of pearl and emerald; and, above all, the sweet, benign look that so graciously attempered her high, sted-fast air of majesty, as to raise in the gazers not less affection than reverence. But all this May Avis discerned but by degrees, since assuredly her earliest thought in such a presence was first to bend her eyes to the ground, and next her knee, and thus await the pleasure of this noble lady.

"Rise, maiden!" said the fair duchess, as she held out her hand, which the English Damosel kissed with hearty will. "Thou art welcome, no less for thine own desert, than for the sake of those two noble gentlemen by whose means I have heard of thee. Thou art also well skilled, as it appears, in reading and penmanship, and other like matters, whereof the knowledge is rarely accorded to young damosels; and these thy gifts shall much avail me, being such, in truth, as I have vainly sought long time. Art thou willing to abide here with me in my household?"

"So please it God and your goodness, madam," answered the Damosel, as soon as she could find words, for verily such proffer had struck her dumb for a space with joyful amazement. "I would desire no other life; if, in sooth, such an one as I could

be deemed fit to serve so high a lady."

"For that will I be thy surety," said the young duchess, in a voice soft and lively as the breathing of a flute. "Thou art well born, maiden; albeit, as my Lord of Beaucaire hath warned me, not noble."

May Avis was sore dismayed at this speech, for she nothing doubted that on the discovery of her real condition by this royal lady, her grace was gone, and therewith the hopes of her friends, who plainly desired thus to see her bestowed; a loss not more grievous to them than to herself, who had taken strong liking to such service. Nevertheless, since even to hold her peace here had been to deceive, she called to mind her noble lord's last counsel, and constrained herself to speak, though it was with a changed cheek and a downcast eye.

"Alas! madam," she said, "to suffer such misdeem were to sin alike against God and your goodness. In honest truth, I am of gentle blood in no degree, but a poor orphan, of mean and obscure parentage, who have been raised by the favor and pity of a noble prelate, my lawful lord, to the fellowship of those who

have condescended thus largely to befriend me."

May Avis, as she ended, adventured to look up, as gathering courage from the thought that there was now no worse to betide her; when, to her great marvel, she perceived the eyes both of Madame de Berry and the Lord Guy fixed on her after a fashion

that betokened little enow of disdain or displeasure.

"So help me our blessed Lady," said the duchess, "as thou dost well, maiden, thus freely to renounce such gentry as cometh but of others, when thou hast within thee that higher nobleness which none can give, save Heaven and nature. Certes, one change in thy disfavour hath thy virtuous courage wrought, that since none who make not proof of their ancestry may hold place in the royal court of France, thou must be even content to forego the feasts, and dancings, and masquings at the Hotel Saint Pol or Louvre, so long as thou keepest thy damosel estate. But in a mends thereof, shalt thou be the friend, rather than the servant

of Jane of Berry, and hold such place in her household as should befit the sister in blood of that good knight who, as I am advised, hath ever been to thee as a brother, in love and kindness. Liketh thee this my proffer, maiden?"

"Yea, grandmercy, madam. God give you thanks thereof, and grant me understanding to serve you but as well and faithfully as

I desire."

"Enough," said the duchess. "Nothing doubt I to be well content with thy service in all things; and right fain beside of the rare clerkly gifts, wherewith, as I well know, thou art so plenteously endowed; the which had I so long bootlessly sought in this realm. Cousin of Beaucaire, right heartily am I bound to you in this matter. And now, pray you, when set you forward towards Auvergne?"

"No later than noon of to-day, madam, please God," answered

the knight, louting low as he spoke.

"Good! my lord will advise you of his coming hither, by the messengers that go to La Nonnette thereupon. By my fay, fair cousin, my favour on your sleeve hath somewhat abated of its freshness in these late emprizes; in guerdon whereof, since I have gained thereby in the service of this gentle maiden, will I vouchsafe you a new token on your return; until when, fair

kinsman, God give you good speed."

Certes May Avis was not sparing of her thanks to that noble count, so soon as they had left the presence of Madame de Berry, for this new and notable proof of his kindness; nor yet the knight himself of gracious speeches in answer; praying her, amongst other courtesies, since she must be at whiles dissevered from her more ancient friend and guardian, the Knight of Perelles, that she would ever hold him in the stead of that noble gentleman, when it might advantage her, whether for aid or counsel. this their talk was broken ere long by the entrance of a grave, stately dame of the household, who came to lead the Damosel to her new lodging in the castle, where right joyful was she to find her faithful Gillian already awaiting her, as also the chief squire of Sir John des Perelles—a sober man, and well taught in all things, who had been appointed to her service by his lord, as a more seemly and trusty follower for a maiden of gentle degree than Sir Gauchet.

"Truly," said Gillian, in answer to her young lady's questions touching this last, "our gentle Sir John, in his goodness, had stablished to carry him into his own country, and there keep him in rest and ease to the end of his days; but the foolish varlet hath taken such sudden longing after a court life, that nothing will appease him but to tarry in service of some of the folk here, with whom it seemeth he hath gotten him favour, after his wont, by glozing and fair speech."

With noon came the time when Avis Forde must bid farewell

to that dear and constant friend, who, since they had last met, had borne him toward her, in sooth, as brother and father in one, and who was now, both in her own eyes and in the general judgment, as amiable and knightly in outward semblance, as he was endowed with all inward excellence and goodness. Howbeit, in that short time they had spent together, she had felt so strange a pain at her heart whenever she thought of his spouse, and so great a distaste for her fellowship, (though in no wise doubting her to be a most worthy lady), that she was well-nigh as joyful to scape her acquaintance, as to abide with the fair young duchess; and she also hoped, by distance and absence, to learn to think seldomer on him, who, she had some suspect, was the true cause of her annoy. But maugre all these her prudent reasonings, when at the last he came to bid her God speed, after leave-taking of the duchess her mistress, scantly could she speak or thank him

for weeping.

"In faith, dear Damosel," he said, "somewhat unfriendly yea, even ungentle, must I seem in thus casting thee, as it were, leve or loth, out of my own wardship into the service of this lady and the company of strangers. But, dear Avis, soothly my home is but a sorry dwelling for a young and sprightly maiden, unless such case were that better might not be found. Madame des Perelles is, in very deed, a most excellent and pious lady, and beareth such affliction as it hath pleased God to send her with sovereign patience and meekness; but, as thou mayest have heard, Avis, she hath long been a prey to sore and cureless sickness, that leaveth her no hope save to spend, it may be, many long years helpless and bedrid; which forlorn estate of hers was, in effect, the first cause of my own fortune, through the need therefrom arising for some one to guide and keep her lands of more authority than a servant. Wherefore, since the fellowship of a lady who makes her sole pastime of her prayers and alms, and of a grave, book-poring wight like myself, are all unfit for one of thine age and gentilesse, I had already devised to obtain thee a place in the household of the Lady Dauphiness of Auvergne, a high and virtuous lady, and the spouse of my own sovereign. But since thine own goodness and the generous friendship of this noble count have shapen for thee a yet fairer estate, I had done thee wrong, Avis, if I had not freely and joyfully bade thee take the good before thee in the service of this most gracious princess, where thou shalt find nothing that is not as virtuous and honest as thyself. And if there should hap to thee ought wherein thou needest present help or counsel, address thee at once, without fear, to my Lord of Beaucaire, who hath passed his word freely to stand in my stead toward thee. Also, bear well in mind that, in any case wherein thou wouldst further have mine own aid, thou shalt see me as quickly as may be, by the sending to Clermont

Gauvain my squire, whom I leave here to thy service. Now, dear maiden, fare thee well. God save and keep thee alike from all harm and offence, and send thee joy and prosperity until we meet

again."

Therewith he touched with his lips both the cheek and hand of the Damosel, and hasted away to horse for his own country of Auvergne; leaving her sadly to muse on all that had fallen betwixt them both in present and former time, when she had suffered herself to be trained by her cunning aunt and Madame Eglantine into outrage and insolence towards him who, it was now plain, was as wholly above them all in lineage as in worth; for it was no longer to be doubted by all, that both she and Gillian had both seen and heard that Sir John was held in those parts for a gentleman of a worshipful ancestry, albeit his real kindred was unknown there.

Truly, if great had been the fault of the poor maiden, heavy

and bitter had been also her penance.

BEATRICE.

WITH drooping eyes and drooping curls, And drooping feather, large and white,! Proudest yet gentlest of sweet girls, She stands beneath the evening light.

And o'er her lovely face the while,
The lingering hues of dreamy thought
Have stol'n away the playful smile,
Which day and lively hours had brought.

For she hath left the jesting throng
Of friends, to feed her pensive mood,
Where leaves and streams are at their song,
In a green summer solitude.

And quiet as the scene around,

The maiden stands with placid face,

Her dark eyes bending on the ground;

Ah! would she lift then up a space.

But no—she moveth slowly on;
She will not smlle—she will not look;
For she into herself hath gone
Too deep our company to brook.

Go, lovely, Beatrice, and seem
Unto thy friends like thy sweet face
To us: a thoughtful poet's dream
Of woman's dignity and grace.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE DR. ARNOLD.1

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the publication of Arnold's pamphlet on Church Reform, began a movement of a most opposite character in the cloisters of Oxford; the beginnings of which, then, were quiet, almost unobserved, "arising as a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," but now, making the very heaven black with the confusion, the strife, and the heart-burning, which it has engendered. This movementworld-famous as Oxford Tractarianism intended-according to the Coryphæus of it, Mr. Newman, as a movement towards "something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century," also, in some measure, owed its origin to the cry of "Church in danger," alarm at the character of Lord Stanley's memorable Irish Church "spoliation measure" of 1833, and at certain threatened alterations, on parliamentary authority, in the Liturgy. Hating their own age as one characterized by a spirit of reckless innovation, and revolutionary craving for change; instead of seeking to purify the Church from palpable corruptions and proved abuses, the leaders of this movement, in their search for "something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century," fall back to feed on the husks of tradition—become enamoured of a phantom church of their own imagining-and seek to terrify the consciences of men by the arrogant dogmas of a priesthood, apostolical succession, and the exclusive authority of a right dispensation of sacraments; the partaking of which, according to such dispensation, being "the only way of salvation." Apart from the more proximate influences of a political nature, it appears to us a question of no mean import, how far the striking tendency of our time to Romanism and tradition, as developed in the writings of the Oxford tractarians, may be traced to a horror and shrinking from the injurious extent to which the principle of Protestantism, and the right of private judgment, have been carried in Germany, as exhibited in the peculiar development of Protestantism in that country, generally known by the term Rationalism. It is, at all events, a fact not unworthy of observation, that two of the most noted originators of the tractarian movement, Professor Pusey, and the late Mr. Rose, first signalized themselves in the field of literature by works upon the Protestantism of Germany. It may readily be conceived how a generous nature, of fine intellect, and fervid imagination, but of infirm judgment and irresolute character, would stand aghast at a state of things which, when pushed to excess, makes each man a law to himself; and would fly for refuge, and seek relief, in a communion which professes to give solace and rest from such a state of troubled and perplexing doubt. It has had this effect in Germany itself. The poets Werner and Stolberg, frightened at the havoc made in serious belief by deified human reason, forsook the Protestant communion, and threw themselves into the embrace of Romanism. Even the profound intellect of Novalis, in his

¹ Concluded from page 441, vol. XLI.

"Christianity," exhibits symptoms of a Romanist tendency, and a "noble Frederick Schlegel, stupified in that fearful loneliness, as of a silenced battle field, flies back to Catholicism, as a child might to its

slain mother's bosom, and clings there." *

Be that, however, as it may, every new feature of the Oxford movement was regarded by Arnold with deep interest, and its progress lamented as fraught with the worst evils to the Church and Christianity, The deep hold it took of his mind is abundantly evidenced by the prominent place which the subject occupies in his correspondence, from 1836, to the close of his life; but he published nothing on the controversy, with the exception of the introduction to the fourth volume of his Sermons, brought out in the spring of 1841, and which contains, in moderate compass, the most masterly refutation of the more prominent and pernicious errors of the system that we have any where met with. How strongly he felt upon the subject of Tractarianism, and how manfully and nobly he battled with it, may be seen from the following passages. Writing to his biographer, Mr. Stanley, in 1836, he says—
"It is clear to me that Newman and his party are idelaters: they

"It is clear to me that Newman and his party are idolaters; they put Christ's Church, and Christ's Sacraments, and Christ's Ministers, in the place of Christ himself; and these being only imperfect ideas, the unreserved worship of them unavoidably tends to the neglect of other ideas no less important; and thence some passion or other loses its proper and intended check, and the moral evil follows." On another occasion, he says—"I believe the system to be so destructive of Christ's church, that I earnestly pray, and would labour to the utmost of my endeavours for its utter overthrow." In 1838, when writing to a former pupil at Oxford, and in danger of being seduced to its dogmas by the local influences of the place, we have this most graphic account of the origin and real character of Tractarianism—terribly severe from its

very truth:-

"What is there, a priori, to tempt me to think that this idol should be a god? This, merely, that in a time of much excitement, when popular opinions, in their most vulgar form, were very noisy, and seemed to some very alarming, there should have arisen a strong sensation, in which the common elements of Toryism and High Church feeling, at all times rife in Oxford, should have been moulded into a novel form by the peculiar spirit of the place, -that sort of religious aristocratical chivalry so catching to young men, to students, and to members of the aristocracy,—and still more by the revival of the spirit of the Non-jurors, in two or three zealous and able men, who have given a systematic character to the whole. The very same causes produced the same result after the Reformation, in the growth and spread of Jesuitism. No man can doubt the piety of Loyola and many of his followers; yet what Christian, in England at least, can doubt that, as Jesuitism, it was not of God, that it was grounded on falsehood, and strove to propagate falsehood? Whenever you see the present party acting as a party, they are just like the Non-jurors,-busy, turbulent, and narrow-minded; with no great or good objects, but something that is, at best, fantastic, and generally mischievous. That many of these men, as of the Non-jurors and of the Jesuits, are far better than their cause and principles, I readily allow; but their cause is ever one and the same,—a violent striving for forms and positive institutions, which, ever since Christ's Gospel has been preached, has been always wrong-wrong,

[·] Carlyle's "Essay on Characteristics."

as the predominant mark of a party; because there has always been a greater good, which needed to be upheld, and a greater evil which needed to be combated, even when what they upheld was good, and what they combated was bad."

And in the introduction to the fourth volume of his sermons, we have the following beautiful description of what the true church is, and what place in the Christian system she ought to occupy:—

"What does the true and perfect church want, that she should borrow from the broken cisterns of idolatry? Holding all these truths, in which the clear voice of God's word is joined by the accordant confession of God's people in all ages; holding all the means of grace of which she was designed to be the steward-her common prayers, her pure preaching, her uncorrupted sacraments, her free and living society, her wise and searching discipline, her commemoration and memorials of Gods mercy and grace-whether shown in her Lord himself or in his and her members. . . . What has she not that Christ's bride should have? What has she not that Mr. Newman's system can give her? But because she loves her Lord, and stands fast in his faith, and has been enlightened by his truth, she will endure no other mediator than Christ, she will repose her trust only on his word, she will worship in the light, and will abhor the words, no less than the works, of darkness. Her sisters, the elder churches, she loves and respects as she would be herself loved and respected; but she will not, and may not, worship them, nor even for their sakes believe error to be truth, or foolishness to be wisdom. She dare not hope that she can be in all things a perfect guide and example to the churches that shall come after her; as neither have the churches before her been in all things a perfect guide and example to herself. She would not impose her yoke upon future generations, nor will she submit her own neck to the yoke of antiquity. She honours all men, but makes none her idol; and she would have her own individual members regard her with honour, but neither would she be an idol to them. She dreads especially that sin of which her Lord has so emphatically warned her—the sin against the Holy Ghost. She will neither lie against him, by declaring that he is where his fruits are not manifested; nor blaspheme him, by saying that he is not where his fruits are. Rites and ordinances may be vain, prophets may be false, miracles may be miracles of Satan; but the signs of the Holy Spirit-truth and holiness-can never be ineffectual, can never deceive, can never be evil; where they are, and only where they are, there is God.'

His thorough dislike and scorn at the narrow-mindedness and sectarianism which closed the universities against the admission of Dissenters, induced him to accept a fellowship in the senate of the New London University, offered to him by Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, soon after the granting of a charter. He joined it in the hope of being able to introduce a religious element into what might become a great national educational institution, and thereby be the means of giving something like a Christian tone to the instruction imparted therein, a tone which it had not hitherto possessed. To effect so worthy a purpose, he endeavoured to get the Scriptures introduced as a part of the classical examinations for every degree, but after a tedious and protracted struggle with the members of council his hopes were entirely frustrated; and after painfully battling the subject at intervals during a period of three years, he found himself obliged to resign his fellowship and withdraw all connection with the university in November, 1838, because he "could not be reconciled to such a total absence of all confession of the Lord Jesus, and such a total neglect of

the command to do all things in his name, as seemed to him to be

hopelessly involved in the constitution of the university."

The result of all these controversies, which had more or less engaged his attention for the last five years, impressed Arnold with a strong sense of the differences between him and all parties in the State and the Church—how few there were with whom he could entirely sympathise, and prominently showed the isolated position in which he stood to all; and while it deepened in him all the more the desire to have "intercourse with those who take life in earnest," it also gave increased intensity to his longings and aspirations to be "strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them."

The Chartist outbreak in the winter of 1839 revived all his sympathies for the suffering condition of the working classes, and his fears of the wide-spread spirit of discontent breaking forth ultimately in a convulsion that would overthrow the institutions of the country; seeing how few there were of any party in the state really alive to the magnitude of the evil. Truly it is a noble spectacle, though also in some respects a sad one, to see the large heart of this great and good man, from the calm and happy seclusion of domestic privacy—from the sanctity of his home-a very "temple," as Carlyle finely described it, "of industrious peace," surrounded by a large family circle in which were centred his dearest and best affections; going out in yearnings deep and intense, almost beyond the power of utterance, for a vast population struggling for existence while oppressed with social wrongs, ignorance, and want. "It fills me with astonishment," he exclaims, "to see anti-slavery and missionary societies so busy with the ends of the earth, and yet all the worst evils of slavery and of heathenism are existing amongst ourselves. But no man seems so gifted, or to speak more properly, so endowed by God with the spirit of wisdom, as to read this fearful riddle trulywhich, most sphinx-like, if not read truly, will most surely be the destruction of us all." And with his mind full of this painful subject, seeking the assistance of those whom he believed to understand and to feel the "magnitude of the evil," to "secure the co-operation of good men of all parties," that they might awaken the attention of the country to its vast importance, he thus expresses himself in one of his letters:--

"I shall be curious to know whether you have any definite notions as to the means of relieving the fearful evils of our social condition, or whether you, like myself, are overwhelmed by the magnitude of the mischief. I have no sort of desire to push my proposal about a society, and would gladly be guided by wiser men as to what is best to be done. But I cannot, I am sure, be mistaken as to this, that the state of society in England at this moment was never yet paralleled in history; and though I have no stake in the country as far as property is concerned, yet I have a wife and a large family of children; and I do not wish to lose, either for them or myself, all those thousand ties, so noble, and so sacred, and so dear, which bind us to our country, as she was and as she is, with all her imperfections and difficulties."

The state of isolation in which Arnold stood to each party in the state, suggests to his biographer the similarity of position in which his "favourite Falkland" stood in the terrible conflict of the eventful age in which he lived, and the sympathy of feeling with which Arnold has

dwelt on his fate in his Lectures on History; and, in truth, making due allowance for the difference of time and circumstance in which each was placed, there is really so much harmony of aim and spirit between the pure and spotless patriotism of the Noble Falkland, which kept him aloof from any entire sympathy with either Royalist or Puritan, that when the struggle at last came, it found him fighting in the ranks of the party whose success he must have deplored; and Arnold with his rooted abhorrence of the intolerant bigotry, and wedded desire to uphold corrupt abuse, so characteristic of one party—and the lawless destructive aim of a large section of the other—as to give something like a personal interest to the following touching sketch, otherwise remarkable for beauty of expression and truth of feeling:—

"A man who leaves the popular cause when it is triumphant, and joins the party opposed to it, without really changing his principles, and becoming a renegade, is one of the noblest characters in history. He may not have the clearest judgment, or the firmest wisdom; he may have been mistaken, but, as far as he is concerned personally, we cannot but admire him. But such a man changes his party not to conquer, but to die. He does not allow the caresses of his new friends to make him forget that he is a sojourner with them, not a citizen; his old friends may have used him ill, they may be dealing unjustly and cruelly: still their faults, though they may have driven him into exile, cannot banish from his mind the consciousness that with them is his true home; that their cause is habitually just and habitually the weaker, although now bewildered and led astray by an unwonted gleam of success. He protests so strongly against their evil that he chooses to die rather by their hands than in their company; but die he must, for there is no place left on earth where his sympathies can breathe freely; he is obliged to leave the country of his affections, and life elsewhere is intolerable. This man is no renegade, no apostate, but the purest of martyrs; for what testimony to truth can be so pure as that which is given uncheered by any sympathy—given not against enemies amidst applauding friends; but against friends amidst unpitying or half-rejoicing enemies. And such a martyr was Falkland!"

While pursuing his literary avocations, and busied with his Roman History, during the brief interval of the summer vacation of 1841, from his school labours, in quiet seclusion at his beloved Fox How, a new sphere of usefulness was unexpectedly opened up to him, by the death of Dr. Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History, at Oxford, to the

A more acceptable appointment could hardly have been offered him; for besides the duties being connected with one of his most cherished studies, it was also the means of giving him a position of authority in a place "to which he still had the strongest local affection of any in the world," next to Fox How. At Oxford he formed many of those friendships, which ever afterwards were by him valued as part of the truest enjoyments of his life—that "Ancient and magnificent University," as he fondly termed it, was hallowed in his memory by the most ennobling and endearing associations, as the place of his early studies, where he first imbibed lessons of wisdom from his favourite authors Aristotle and Thucydides; and where his mind was enriched with stores of knowledge, varied and profound, gleaned from the abundant means which its splendid libraries afforded. And at a later period, when pained to the very heart, at beholding the place which occupied so

large a share of his affections, become the strong hold of dangerous error, and that error disseminated from its pulpits and professorial chairs, openly and without disguise; he panted with intense desire to be in the heart of the conflict, to take up arms in the cause of injured Truth.

When the "Hampden Controversy" was at its height, we find him thus writing to Whately:—

"I never yet in my life made any application for preferment, nor have I desired it. But I confess, if Hampden is to be made a Bishop, I wish that they would put me in his place at Oxford. . . . I think, under present circumstances, I could do good at Oxford. I could not supply your place, but I could supply it better than it is supplied now. I should have a large body of very promising young men disposed to listen to me for old affection' sake, and my fondness for young men's society would soon bring others about me whom I might influence. They could not get up the same clamour against me, for the bugbear of Apostolical Succession would not do, and it would puzzle even to get up a charge of Socinianism against me, out of my sermons. Furthermore, my spirit of pugnaciousness would rejoice in fighting out the battle with the Judaizers, as it were in a saw-pit."

The change wrought in public opinion at Oxford, and in the public mind generally, regarding Arnold, in the interval of eight years that had elapsed between the publication of his pamphlet on Church Reform, and his appointment to the chair of Modern History, was remarkable. Slander, Calumny, Bigotry, and the evil spirit of vile faction, had for years put forth their united strength in attempts to blacken the character and tarnish the fair fame of one of the worthiest of men, meanwhile time rolled on, finding him at the post of duty, unheeding all the while; and now in 1841 indications of the coming

Glory without end

and we behold the man appearing in the streets of that city, as an object of profoundest respect and admiration, in whose pulpits he had previously been denounced.

Arnold came up from Rugby to deliver his inaugural lecture, on the 2nd of December; but the description of the scene, and the interest which it excited, we must give in the glowing language of Mr. Stanley.

"The day had been looked forward to with eager expectation, and the usual Lecture Rooms in the Clarendon Building, being unable to contain the crowds that, to the number of four or five hundred, flocked to hear him, the 'Theatre' was used for the occasion; and there, its whole area and lower galleries entirely filled, the Professor rose from his place, amidst the highest University authorities in their official seats, and in that clear manly voice, which so long retained its hold on the memory of those who heard it, began, amidst deep silence, the opening words of his Inaugural Lecture.

"Even to an indifferent spectator, it must have been striking, amidst the general decay of the professorial system in Oxford, and at the time when the number of hearers rarely exceeded thirty or forty students, to see a chair—in itself one of the most important in the place,—filled at last by a man whose very look and manner bespoke a genius and energy, capable of discharging its duties as they had never been discharged before; and at that moment commanding an audience unprecedented in the range of Academical memory; the oppressive atmosphere of controversy, hanging at that particular period so

heavily on the University, was felt at least for the time to be suddenly broken; and the whole place to have received an element of freshness and vigour, such as in the course of the lecture itself, he described in his sketch of the renovation of the worn-out generations of the Roman empire, by the new life and energy of the Teutonic races. But to many of his audience there was the yet deeper interest of again listening to that well-known voice, and gazing on that well-known face, in the relation of pupils to their teachers; of seeing him at last, after years of misapprehension and obloquy, stand in his proper place, in his professional robes, and receive a tribute of respect, so marked and so general in his own beloved Oxford; of hearing him unfold, with characteristic delight, the treasures of his favourite study of History, and with an emotion the more touching for its transparent sincerity and simplicity, declare 'how deeply he valued the privilege of addressing his audience as one of the Professors of Oxford'—how 'there was no privilege which he more valued, no public reward or honour which could be to him more welcome.'"

But alas! his career as Professor at Oxford, thus hopefully and auspicously begun, was destined to be of short continuance; and not Oxford only, but his country, was soon to be deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. His course of introductory lectures was delivered during Lent term, 1842; and his terminal lecture, on Gregory the Great, had been notified for delivery on the 2nd of June, when an attack of feverish illness towards the end of May compelled him to defer going up to Oxford that term. He had been for some time contemplating a final retirement from Rugby, and of settling down permanently at his residence at Fox How, to devote himself entirely to his literary pursuits—the completion of his various arduous undertakings, either in progress or about to be begun—and the duties of his Professorship at Oxford.

The seriousness, so striking a peculiarity in his character at all times, appears to have deepened to a solemnity awful and subduing during the few last weeks of his life, of which several impressive traits are

recorded by his biographer.

"There was something," he says, "in the added gentleness and kindness of his whole manner and conversation—watching himself, and recalling his words, if he thought they would be understood unkindly—which, even in his more general intercourse, would make almost every one who saw him at that time connect their last recollections of him with some traits of thoughtfulness for others, and forgetfulness of himself. About three weeks before his end, while confined to his room for a few days by feverish illness, he called his wife to his bed-side, and expressed to her how, within the last few days, he seemed to have 'felt quite a rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ;' and how he hoped that 'all this might make him more gentle and tender;' and that he might not soon lose the impression thus made upon him, adding, that as a help to keeping it alive, he intended to write something in the evenings, before he retired to rest."

From this brief illness he recovered, and was pursuing his usual avocations and duties; the last week, the last day previous to the summer vacation of the school had arrived; he went the usual round of the school, distributing the prizes to the boys previous to their final dispersion—in the afternoon of the same day he took his ordinary "walk and bathe"—at dinner he was in high spirits, talking to several guests on "subjects of social and historical interest"—in the evening he "walked onthe lawn in the further garden" with a friend and former pupil, con-

versing seriously on some points in the school of Oxford theology, in regard to which he thought him in error—"at nine o'clock was a supper, which on the last eve of the summer half-year he gave to the sixth form boys of his own house." Ere he retired to rest, one actalmost his last on earth—was to record the following passage in his diary, characterized by a solemn feeling of duty, and will for its performance, combined with so genuine a spirit of Christian resignation and humility, which under the very peculiar circumstances in which it was penned, give to it an interest of awful solemnity and meaning:—

"Saturday Evening, June 11.—The day after to-morrow is my birth-day, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birth-day since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense how nearly can I now say 'Vixi;' and I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do, before the night cometh; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing; labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

We have not space to give Mr. Stanley's most pathetic and affecting account of the closing scene, and we must not spoil it by attempting an abridgment of it. He was suddenly seized on the Sunday morning about six o'clock with spasm of the heart, which carried him off after a brief illness of two hours' duration, attended with acute suffering. And so within a few hours of the completion of his forty-seventh year, the great spirit of Arnold passed away-life's candle thus suddenly and mysteriously put out, while he was yet in the full vigour of manhood, filled with ennobling visions of future usefulness, and absorbed in the accomplishment of glorious undertakings; his sun going down, not as a ripe setting in the evening of life, but while it was yet day, eclipsed in its brightness. He had lived down calumny, he had come forth unscathed from the fierce ordeal of persecution and slanderous misrepresentation -he had entered upon a new and important sphere of duty, in a place of highest national influence, the atmosphere of which had been deeply tainted with injurious error, undue reliance on human authority, want of reverence for the highest truth, hostility to independent inquiry, and slavish submission to traditional teaching. The active nature, earnest spirit, and fearless independence of Arnold, were the species of influence precisely needed to stem the tide of such error; and just as the influence of his name and character and teaching was about to be put forth against it, in the mysterious dispensations of Providence he was removed from the vexing "ills that flesh is heir to," and his country left to mourn his loss as a national calamity.

Notwithstanding Arnold's active career, and eager industrious prosecution of his favourite studies, it is yet deeply to be regretted that almost all his literary and theological undertakings have been left as fragments. His work on "Church and State," "Views of Prophetical

Interpretation," "Commentary on the New Testament," "Theory of Inspiration," and "Roman History,"—all are left fragmentary and incomplete; and when we contemplate the portions of what we have, we cannot help lamenting that he did not live to accomplish their completion—especially the "Roman History," on which work his literary fame

will doubtless ultimately rest.

"A strange fatality," says Julius Hare, "seems to hang over the history of Rome. No people ever wrote their history like the Romans. and they wrote it out. Other great nations have employed a large portion of their intellectual energies in other fields. Of the three ancient nations who have exercised a lasting influence on the destinies of mankind, the Hebrews were appointed to write their religion on the heart of the world, and the Greeks wrote their poetry and philosophy; but the Romans from first to last were employed in writing the history of Rome, and wrote that history on the face of the whole earth in enduring characters, by their wars, their conquests, their laws, and their language, the traces of which are to be seen at this day in the chief part of Europe." How Arnold, one of the two great modern historians who have essayed to write this great history, would have told the story of Roman conquest and dominion, and estimated its influence for good or for evil on the condition of modern society and civilization, we shall never know, for his history unfortunately does not come down to a period sufficiently late to enable us to judge. But the excellence of what he has accomplished, and the magnificent idea which he realized to himself of the work he engaged to do, leave no doubt that had he been spared to complete it, the sequel would have been at least equal to that already published, and the fragment as it stands is not likely to be outrivalled by any future competition. "It may be," says the eminent man whom we have just quoted, than whom there is no more competent living authority, "that a complete history of Rome will in time be written; but it will not be Niebuhr's nor Arnold's, a great mind comes once, and does not return."

The modes of writing history are varied enough, and the theories and opinions as to how it should be written somewhat conflicting, while some have difficulty in defining what history really is. To enter into any discussion of these themes would be foreign to our present purpose, however interesting, as we do not pretend, in our brief and hurried sketch, to discuss generally the nature of Arnold's claim to the character of a great historian; or yet more particularly to inquire into the merits or demerits of his Roman history, or to do more than educe some portion of his historical writings as illustrative of his literary and personal character. Without going into the question, therefore, of what History is, if it have any value for us at all, we ought to find in its pages lessons of wisdom and experience, warning and guidance, to assist us in the solution of the problems, difficulties, and exigencies that surround us in our national, social, and political life. "Surely," says a deep and earnest thinker of our time, "Roman history and Greek history, and Middle Age history, are meant to assist us in understanding corn laws and poor laws. Surely it is not well to read about the Servile war, or the Peasants' war, without remembering that the people in Italy and in Germany, nineteen centuries ago and three centuries ago

were of the same flesh and blood with those who crowd our factories or

set fire to our stacks."*

That such is the true worth of history no one held more earnestly or decidedly than did Arnold, and few indeed were capable of more wisely reading and applying its lessons to the condition of our country and our time; while in writing history, he himself possessed and exercised in a striking degree the talent of illustrating the events recorded in ancient history, by bringing to bear upon them parallel events from This practice is unquestionably a means of giving an increased interest to history, whether it be always a safe one we do not now stop to inquire-we wish merely to present to our readers the following splendid passage in which Arnold so wisely characterizes and describes the gigantic contest between the power of Rome and Hannibal, "the grandest struggle ever maintained by a single man, at least with the exception of that which Luther above seventeen centuries after, waged also with the power of Rome,"-and of whose (Hannibal's) wonderful genius he has been the first "to give anything like an adequate representation."

"Twice in history has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome: for sixteen years Napoleon Buonaparte strove against England: the efforts of the first ended in Zama, those of the second in Waterloo.

"True it is, as Polybius has said, that Hannibal was supported by the zealous exertions of Carthage; and the strength of the opposition to his policy has been very possibly exaggerated by the Roman writers. But the zeal of his country in the contest, as Polybius himself remarks in another place, was itself the work of his family. Never did great men more show themselves the living spirit of a nation, than Hamilcar, and Hasdrubal, and Hannibal, during a period of nearly fifty years, approved themselves to be to Carthage. It is not then merely through our ignorance of the internal state of Carthage, that Hannibal stands so prominent in all our conceptions of the Second Punic War; he was really its moving and directing power; and the energy of his country was but a light reflected from his own. History, therefore, gathers itself into his single person; in that vast tempest, which from north and south, from the

west and the east, broke upon Italy, we see nothing but Hannibal.

"But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The Senate which voted its thanks to its political enemy Varro 'because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth,' and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to think that the victory was

[•] Rev. F. D. Maurice, Introduction to "Law's Remarks on the Fable of the Bees." Cambridge, 1844.

awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for awhile by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life: when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama, should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.

The question of the connection between Church and State, is one of such magnitude and importance, that any adequate discussion of its nature and bearings would be altogether incompatible with the brief space which we can now afford to it. But the subject occupied so prominent a place in Arnold's thoughts, and influenced so powerfully every act of his life, that we should fail in bringing out the most striking peculiarity of his mind and character, were we to pass it over entirely without some attempt to elucidate his opinions upon it. A development of his views on the Church-State question, and an ever-present desire to give them practical shape and form, was emphatically the "great work" to which all the energies of his mind were consecrated—to which every act of life was made subservient.

"The ocean to the river of his thoughts, Which terminated all."

But it was not a theory of mere alliance between Church and State that Arnold held-such a theory he stigmatised as being low utilitarian, and derogatory to the true character of both; not an alliance, but a blending of the two in harmonious union, constituted, in his opinion, a Christian State, and the first step to realize on earth the kingdom of "Now," he says, "the true and grand idea of a Church, that is, a society for the purpose of making men like Christ-earth like heaven—the kingdoms of the world, the kingdom of Christ—is all lost; and men look upon it as an 'institution for religious instruction and religious worship,' thus robbing it of its life and universality, making it an affair of clergy, not of people-of preaching and ceremonies, not of living-of Sundays and Synagogues, instead of one of all days, and all places, houses, streets, towns, and countries." On the interpretation put upon our Lord's words, "that his kingdom was not of this world," as being a declaration that the Church may not hold the temporal sword; he exclaims, "I want to know what principles and objects a Christian State can have, if it be really Christian, more or less than those of the Church. In whatever degree it differs from the Church, it becomes, I think, in that exact proportion unchristian. In short, it

seems to me that the State must be the 'world,' if it be not 'the Church;' but for a society of Christians to be the world seems monstrous. In such a case 'I think that St. Paul's command to the Christians of Corinth would apply to us, and that we ought never to carry a cause into any other than ecclesiastical courts; for, if the civil courts are not really Church Courts, they are the courts of the world; and the world cannot, and ought not, to judge between Christian and Christian."

We confess, that amidst much that is really excellent in these views of Arnold, we think there is also great and fundamental error: in his horror of a priesthood by divine right, he has gone to the opposite extreme, and a practical carrying out of his opinions would involve inextricable evil and confusion. The consequence, we fear, would be, that the secular element would ultimately predominate over the spiritual, an order of ordained teachers being, by implication, condemned; it would follow, as matter of course, that the Sacraments might be dispensed by the authority of the State, and the affairs of Christ's house administered by a secretary of state, a judge, or a taxgatherer. This would be Erastianism in the widest sense of the term, and in its most glaring form.

Still it would be unfair to characterize thus sweepingly Arnold's views of what he considered the right constitution of Church and State, as being so flagrantly Erastian, when we consider that dear as the subject was to him, and much as it occupied his thoughts, he did not live to deliver his mature and deliberate opinions upon it; and truly there are some phases of his theory, as put forth in his Sermon preached at the time of the Coronation,—the most complete exposition of his views with which we are acquainted,—so pure, so lofty, so ennobling—as for example, in the following passage—that what Christian man can con-

template them, and his heart not yearn to see them realized!

"If our laws and Government are, and should be, Christian; if this nation is indeed pledged to Christ's service; then, in whatever degree we, any of us, are ever called upon to perform any public duty, that also should be performed as in the sight of God, and for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. We should look well then to the spirit and principles with which we either sign, or ask others to sign, any political petition; with which we either vote, or ask others to vote, at any election. If this kingdom be—as it is in name, at any rate—a kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, every political act becomes essentially sacred; its great object should be to make us a kingdom of God more and more perfectly. But every Christian knows farther, that God's kingdom consists in the increase of all goodness and holiness; that he, therefore, who thinks to advance it by evil means, is, in fact, destroying it. Ends as lofty as that heaven where Christ sits at the right hand of God; means as pure as that Holy Spirit whose temple is within us; -such are the principles, and such the conduct, of a true Christian. What becomes, then, of all those evil passions which are ordinarily let loose at every election-oppression, bribery, brute ignorance, trickery of every sort and kind, or open violence? Worthy means, indeed, for Christian men to use to advance Christ's kingdom! or shall we not rather say, worthy means for those to use, who, forgetting the pledges of their own baptism, are seeking to advance, not Christ's kingdom, but the cause of their own interest or their own passions!"

The political opinions of Arnold, though in no respect a party man, for, as he himself said on one occasion, "If I had two necks, I should

think I had a very good chance of being hanged by both sides,"—were essentially liberal in the largest and most catholic sense of the term. The laxity and low utilitarianism of mere secular liberalism he detested, as savouring of Jacobinism, while no language is too strong to express his abhorrence of Conservatism, which, by selfish neglect and perpetuation of proved abuse, put in danger all established institutions of the country. Advance was his constant watchword wherever, or in whatever form it appeared—"sometimes it might be despotism, sometimes aristocracy, but always keeping its essential character of advance, taking off bonds, removing prejudices, altering what is existing," but in its perfect form, Christianity.

At a period when he was abused and calumniated by both parties in the state, we find him thus expressing his political opinions to Chevalier

Bunsen.

"As I feel that, of the two besetting sins of human nature, selfish neglect and selfish agitation, the former is the more common, and has, in the long run, done far more harm than the latter, although the outbreaks of the latter, while they last, are of a far more atrocious character; so I have in a manner vowed to myself, and prayed that, with God's blessing, no excesses of popular wickedness, though I should be myself, as I expect, the victim of them; no temporary evils produced by revolutions, shall ever make me forget the wickedness of Toryism—of that spirit, which has, throughout the long experience of all history, continually thwarted the cause of God and goodness—and has gone on abusing its opportunities, and heaping up wrath, by a long series of selfish neglect, against the day of wrath and judgment."

And again, a few years later, in a letter to Mr. Stanley, we have these words, so full of warning and wisdom, and most applicable to our present political condition:—

"Of one thing I am clear, that if ever this constitution be destroyed, it will only be when it ought to be destroyed; when evils long neglected, and good long omitted, will have brought things to such a state, that the constitution must fall to save the commonwealth, and the Church of England perish for the sake of the Church of Christ. Search and look whether you can find that any constitution was ever destroyed from within by factions or discontent, without its destruction having been either just penally, or necessary, because it could not any longer answer its proper purposes. And this ripeness for destruction is the sure consequence of Toryism and Conservatism, or of that base system which joins the heart of a Reformer to the hand of a Tory—reforms not upon principle, but upon clamour; and therefore both changes amiss, and preserves amiss, alike blind and low-principled in what it gives and what it withholds."

An intense earnestness of purpose—an unquenchable love of truth—profound reverence for the Spirit of wisdom and goodness, united with humility and simplicity of heart—were the grand and distinguishing features of the mind and character of Arnold. To the saddening spectacle so often exhibited, of seeing

Waste their impassion'd might on dreams of earth,"

Arnold was a glorious exception, for he lived in the constant exercise of every faculty, and the consecration of every energy to the service of God; from his exalted purpose he never halted, he never swerved—undismayed by clamour—in defiance of calumny and misrepresentation,

he preserved his love for the truth, and pursued it at every hazard; his prayer to God was "to have freedom from all idolatry, whether of flesh or of spirit; that fearing Him, and loving Him, I may fear and bow down before no idol, and never worshipping what ought not to be worshipped, may so escape the other evil of not worshipping what ought to be worshipped." He realized so vivid a sense of how earnest a thing life is, that he permitted enjoyment but as "a refreshment for duty to come," and may in truth be said to have rested in his work. And so he panted, and toiled, often without sympathy, in sorrow and isolation of heart, amid the reproaches of cold friendship, and the active malice of enemies. Yet was he not unrewarded, even here, yea, even happy, for he enjoyed the purest of delights, and the greatest of encouragements-that of seeing his work prosper; while in the peace and purity that reigned in the sanctity of his home, he enjoyed a very heaven upon earth; and while thus working, thus enjoying, yet filled with visions of future usefulness, and buckling as it were his armour to accomplish "that great work," he suddenly "was not, for God took him."

"I turn," says one of kindred, and like-minded spirit, "from the ordinary theological or religious writers of the day, to one of his Volumes; and there is a feeling, as it were, of breathing the fresh mountain air, after having been shut up in the morbid atmosphere of a sick room, or in the fumigated vapours of an Italian church. He did indeed yearn after truth and righteousness, with yearnings that could hardly be uttered; and to hear of falsehood, to hear of injustice, pained him like a blow. Therefore was his death felt almost like a personal, as well as a national loss, from one end of England to the other. His yearnings now, we may trust, through the Saviour whom he delighted to glorify, are stilled with the contemplation of perfect truth, and perfect righteousness. Oh that his example and his teaching may arouse others to a like zeal in the same most holy cause!"*

THE FAIR STUDENT.

THE hair, the brow, the soft, yet earnest eyes—
Yes! although lip and cheek be fuller—rounder—
My own lov'd Blanche—how doth her image rise,
As o'er her book I often thus have found her!

I'll call thee Blanch, sweet maiden, all unheeding,
And deem the volume which now rests before thee
Love's holy missal, where an angel reading
Might turn the pages as he hover'd o'er thee.

"Holier than love!" Ah! is there aught more holy
Than the pure thought which maiden heart may wear,
When Prayer but utters Love in melancholy,
And Love in gladness takes the voice of Prayer?

^{*} Julius C. Hare, Preface to Arnold's History of Rome, Vol. III. (Posthumous). London, 1843.

MARRIAGE: A FRAGMENT.

"MARRIAGE," said my friend Pat, with a sneer upon his lip, which would have done honour to his Satanic majesty. "Marriage! It is the trap for fools, and I'll none of it. Marry, indeed! I would as soon leap off a precipice, and mark it for ever as a place despicable to the sight of the ladies! I'm for single independence, and hold that man as little more than a simpleton who has not the sense to despise the snares of false—false woman."

"Why, Pat," exclaimed I, "are you resolved never to marry?"

"Yes, that I am; I don't mean to have my stairs strewed with old stockings and cast-off nightcaps. I won't be tormented with parrots, cats, and boxes, nor allow myself to be disturbed by bad servants and squalling children—not I. Let the women flirt about to entrap young men; let them squeeze their curls, work their lace, parade their feathers, and flounce their frocks; they waste their sweetness on the desert air.' It may do for common men, but not for me."

"Well, good bye, Pat," said I. He muttered "good," and we

parted.

It was not long afterwards that I met my friend Pat, stepping over every impediment with a caution that astonished me, for he was always a slovenly kind of fellow, who wore an old hat merely because it was old: but Pat was now an altered man; he was arrayed in a costly suit, which silently spoke the tailor's praise; his white cravat, exactly folded about his neck, was curiously twisted into a knot of mathematical precision; and a brilliant red breast-pin, in the shape of a human heart, shone sparkling upon plaited ruffles exquisitely clean. Silk stockings and morocco pumps gave grace to his handsome feet. I was amazed, and hailed him with looks and gestures expressive of astonishment.

"Why, Pat! in the name of all that's wonderful, where are you

going, and what are you about to do?"

"With a blush he replied, "Oh! only walking for air and ex-

ercise, that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it! I wonder you don't choose a busier scene for your rambles; you certainly need not be ashamed of your dress."

Pat blushed rosy red, and stammered forth a joke.

"Yes, I have turned dandy, just to humour the world, and-"

"And what?" inquired I.

He hesitated a moment, and bit his lip; but suddenly assuming his natural frankness of demeanour, addressed me as follows:

"Why, my dear fellow, I believe there is no use in concealing it any longer from you, so I may as well confess it at once."

"Confess what?"

"Why, that I am g-g-going-."

"Why, what is the matter; going where?"

"To be "-with increased confusion.

"To be what?"

"M-m-m-married!"

Alas, poor Pat! he cast his eyes bashfully upon the ground, the glow yet lingered upon his cheek, and he looked so tender and sentimental, so full of sensibility and love, that I laughed till he was compelled to join in chorus, and we had a hearty laugh together.

"What!" exclaimed I, "you have actually been ensnared by

false—false woman!"

"Yes, but-"

"And what will you do with the cats and band-boxes."

"Oh! be still."

"With the old stockings and cast-off caps."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Bad servants and squalling children."

"As you are brave, be merciful," said he, and with a goodnatured laugh at the fickleness of human nature, I left him to

steer in peace towards the polar star of his existence.

I saw him a few days afterwards, with a sweet girl hanging affectionately on his arm, and evidently making friend Pat a very enviable person. I actually experienced towards him a feeling of uncommon respect, and touched my hat with more reverence than I had ever done before; thus it is with bewitching woman. We revile her, we scorn her power, we rail at her charms; yet she has the private key to the inmost recesses of our heart; and when she once chooses to enter, Archy Boswell, with his most winning and animated addresses, might attempt to turn her out in vain. There is about her an enchantment which defies all calculation, which makes resistance absurd, defeat delightful, and victory impossible; which captivates the strongest understanding, and charms away the stoicism of the hardest heart. When we take such a being to share with us the wild varieties of life, we enjoy one of the greatest blessings Heaven has bestowed; Nature and Nature's God smile upon the union that is sweetened by love, and sanctified by law; the sphere of our affections is enlarged, and our pleasures take a wider range; we become more important and respected amongst men, and existence itself is doubly enjoyed with this our softer self. Misfortune loses half its anguish beneath the soothing influence of her smiles, and triumphant when

shared with her. Without her, what is man? A roving and restless being, driven at pleasure by romantic speculations, and cheated into misery by futile hopes; the mad victim of untamed passions, and the disappointed pursuer of fruitless joys; but with her he awakens to a new life, he follows a path wider and nobler than the narrow road to self-aggrandisement, that is scattered with more fragrant flowers, and illumined by a clearer light.

THE YOUNG WIDOWER.

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

THAT gentle form, that dust in dust!
All undistinguish'd now is laid,
I would not to frail memory trust—
What is there here that will not fade?

And I would fain a record leave
Of matchless worth, and matchless woe,
That may, when I have ceas'd to grieve,
A more enduring hour bestow.

Her look is graven on my heart,
Her voice is thrilling still mine ear,
As if they never thence could part—
But change, change, rifles all things here!

The springing flowers, the flowing stream,
The birds that mount on joyous wing,
All that have life and motion, seem
Passing away and vanishing!

E'en grief hath wings—away, away
Flit joys and hopes—I would not lose
This loveliest image of decay
If my sear'd heart had power to choose.

And did I never know before

Decay and change, the scythe and urn?
They've found me now—Oh blind no more!
I see them wheresoe'er I turn—

They've laid her in the common earth—
The moon is watching her to-night;
She, who was Beauty's fairest birth,
Lies lonely, hid from human sight.

Oh! should I lose her memory too!

The wilding rose, the violet,
All, delicate of scent and hue,
And music's tones, in her were met.

Her soul was like that summer bird,
The wanderer from some brighter clime,
Far soaring from the idler herd,
Here nesting only for a time.

And pure as is the summer air
That wanderer wings to feed its young,
Was her thoughts range—how blest they were
Who shar'd the manna of her tongue!

'Twas melody, love, wisdom, all In sweetest unison still blent— Sooner yon glittering stars may fall, Than I forget its ravishment!

Oh! come ye forth, ye stars, to chide, And look ye bright to mock my woe? Or are ye words from my young bride, Forbidding fruitless tears to flow?

How cold, and clear, and calm ye gaze
On the rent heart and fever'd brain!
Oh! tell me where her spirit strays,
And if we e'er shall meet again?

Ye have look'd down on many a grave, On many a grief since time began; What founts of pity ye should have, Who all woes myriads, nightly scan.

Where are they all—that vanish'd throng,
The earth's departed!—where is she,
The unit of my heart! among
That wide and wild'ring company!

The clock ticks on—I hate its sound!

It measures time for her no more—
Silence and darkness fold her round,
The beatings of her heart are o'er.

That ardent, guileless, constant heart, So glad of life! that lov'd but one! And have I liv'd from her to part— Is my life's light for ever gone?

Alas! alas! but thoughts of her Are vital throes—my doubts were true! Memory's frail vessel could not bear Her dying hour, nor perish too.

I feel that one must quickly cease,
The trouble of the heart or brain—
Short farewell, dearest! or release
From conscious thought and memory's pain!

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Reformers before the Reformation. By EMILE DE BONNECHOSE, Author of "Histoire Française," &c., &c. Translated from the French by Campbell Mackenzie, B.A., Trin. Coll., Dublin.

This work appears very opportunely. The great principles in which the Reformation had its origin are attracting more attention, because exposed to greater peril, than they have done since the days of Luther, John Knox, and the other distinguished opponents of the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century. We have arrived at a great ecclesi-The distinctive principles of Protestantism and those of astical crisis. Roman Catholicism are now coming into more marked collision than they have done for nearly two hundred years. A work, therefore, which brings us back to the period when these two classes of principles first assumed an antagonistic attitude must be acceptable. M. de Bonnechose has therefore done good service to the cause of truth; (for truth must always benefit by collision) in laying before the religious public a faithful account of the circumstances under which the Reformers before the Reformation endeavoured to correct the errors which they discovered in the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Here we have a more comprehensive narrative than we remember to have seen of the controversies which took place between the Reformers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and the Papal priesthood. The work embraces a period of seventy years; beginning with the great schism of 1378, and ending with the war of the Hussites towards the middle of the ensuing century.

Such a work coming from France cannot fail to attract unusual attention. The author, we learn from a private source, is librarian to Louis Philippe at St. Cloud. The book is written in a most liberal spirit. While M. de Bonnechose is rigidly impartial in his statements of facts, no reader of his work can fail to be struck with the admiration with which he regards the memories of John Huss and Jerome of

Prague.

The work is no compilation; it is the result of extensive research. Much of its valuable matter has been obtained from manuscripts which

were never before examined by any ecclesiastical historian.

"The Reformers before the Reformation" is ushered into public notice by an able preface and by a very elaborate and masterly introduction. The purpose of the author is avowed in the former. Accompanying that avowal, there are some very just observations on the spirit and genius of the Christian system. We quote a portion of this part of the preface:—

"The object of this work is not to convert believers—to engage in proselytism at the expense of any Church—to draw away the living members of one

communion to the bosom of another. No creed will be presented here, as the only true one—no particular formula will be advanced, as the sole real expression of the truth, out of which there is nothing but error and falsehood; for we believe, that it is, before all things, important to serve the Universal Church; and there is one religion, in our eyes, higher than all particular forms of worship—above Roman Catholicism as above Protestantism,—and that religion is

Christianity.

Christians have too often acted as if they were persuaded of the contrary: they have clung to details rather than to the whole-to particular parts more than to the general bearing; and they have, unfortunately, assigned less importance to what is positive and clear in the Sacred Text, than to what is figurative and obscure. They appear, in this to have run counter to the wishes of God himself—the Divine Wisdom having, undoubted, intended that what was a matter of absolute necessity for each to comprehend, should also be most clearly evident. But the commands, the most general, the most frequently repeated, are above all, addressed to the heart, whilst the others offer an exercise to the intellect. It will always be easier to employ the latter than to change the former; and there will constantly be found in man a disastrous inclination to make up, in the sight of God, for the absence of strength of will, by an effort of the mental powers. For our parts-judging of the tree by its fruit, as is recommended in Scriptures, - wherever we shall behold an active faith manifested by its good fruits, we shall recognise Christian convictions we shall pay respect to the true spirit of Christianity. Faithful to our duty as an historian, if we have to signalise the errors of a Church—the particular voice of any fraction whatever of the Christian family,—we shall not hesitate to do so; but contemporary testimonies shall speak by our pen, much more than we ourselves. Struck by the spectacle presented in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the Catholic world, and anxious to establish, by the strongest proofs, the necessity of the double reform attempted at that period in France, and some other countries of Europe, we had proposed to ourselves to place before the reader, in support of the description of those deplorable times, some authentic documents, and, amongst others, the celebrated treatise of Clemangis on the Corruption of the Church; but we recoiled from the too vivid colouring and the unmeasured virulence of expression, which we found employed. We were apprehensive that our intentions might be misunderstood, and that we might be supposed anxious to apply to the present time what could only be true in an age not yet emerged from barbarism. They who extol the middle ages, merely prove that they are not well acquainted with them. We believe the clergy of our day to be far superior to those of the times which they so much regret-we respect them in spite of their errors, for these are not sufficient to efface their virtues."

From the body of the book we could wish to make copious quotations. Our limited space, however, admonishes us that we must not, in this respect, gratify our wishes. We must content ourselves with one extract, namely, the account of the

SENTENCE AND DEATH OF JOHN HUSS.

"Huss's refusal to abjure having been publicly repeated before the council, two sentences were pronounced; one of which condemned all his writings to be publicly burned, and the other devoted him to degradation from his sacred office, as a true and manifest heretic, proved guilty of having publicly taught errors which had been long condemned by the Church of God—of having advanced several things that were scandalous, rash, and offensive to pious ears, to the great opprobium of the Divine majesty, and to the detriment of the Catholic faith;—in fine, of having stubbornly persisted in scandalising Christians by

his appeal to Jesus Christ as to a sovereign Judge, in contempt of the aposto-

lic see, and of the censures and the keys of the Church.

During the reading of the sentence, Huss, who was listening very attentively, exclaimed against it several times, and, in particular, repelled the accusation of stubbornness. 'I have always desired,' said he, 'and am still most anxious to be better instructed by the scriptures. I declare that my zeal for the truth is such, that if, by a single word, I could overturn all the errors of heretics, there is no peril that I would not encounter for such a result.' He then fell on his knees, and said, 'Lord Jesus, pardon my enemies! Thou knowest that they have falsely accused me, and that they have had recourse to false testimony and vile calumnies against me;—pardon them for thy infinite mercy!'

This prayer produced feelings of indignation in some of the members of the council, and called forth mockery in others, particularly amongst the heads of

the assembly.

Then commenced the afflicting ceremony of degredation. The bishops clothed John Huss in sacerdotal habits, and placed the chalice in his hand, as if he was about to celebrate mass. He said, in taking the alb; 'Our Lord Jesus Christ was covered with a white robe, by way of insult, when Herod had him conducted before Pilate.' Being thus clad, the prelates again exhorted him to retract, for his salvation and his honour; but he declared aloud, turning towards the people, that he should take good care not to scandalise and lead astray believers by a hypocritical abjuration. 'How could I,' said he, 'after having done so, raise my face to heaven? With what eye could I support the looks of that crowd of men whom I have instructed, should it come to pass, through my fault, that those same things which are now regarded by them as certainties, should become matters of doubt—if, by my example, I caused confusion and trouble in so many souls, so many consciences, which I have filled with pure doctrine of Christ's gospel, and which I have strengthened against the snares of the devil? No! no! It shall never be said that I preferred the safety of this miserable body, now destined to death, to their eternal salvation!'

The bishops then made him descend from his seat, and took the chalice out of his hand, saying: 'O accursed Judas! who, having abandoned the counsels of peace, and taken part in that of the Jews, we take from you this cup filled

with the blood of Jesus Christ!'
'I hope, by the mercy of God,' replied John Huss, 'that this very day I shall drink of his cup in his own kingdom; and in one hundred years you

shall answer before God and before me!'

His habits were then taken off one after the other, and on each of them the bishop pronounced some maledictions. When, last of all, it was necessary to efface the marks of the tonsure, a dispute arose amongst them whether a razor or scissors ought to be employed. 'See,' said John Huss, turning towards the emperor, 'though they are all equally cruel, yet can they not agree on the manner of exercising their cruelty.'

They placed on his head a sort or crown of pyramidal mitre, on which were painted frightful figures of demons, with this inscription, 'The Arch-Heretic,' and when he was thus arrayed the prelates devoted his soul to the devils. John Huss, however, recommended his spirit to God, and said aloud: 'I wear with joy this crown of approbium, for the love of Him who bore a crown of

thorne !

The Church then gave up all claims to him,—declared him a layman—and, as such, delivered him over to the place of punishment. John Huss, by the order of Sigismund, was given up by the Elector Palatine, vicar of the empire, to the chief magistrates of Constance, who, in his turn, abandoned him to the officers of justice. He walked between four town-serjeants to the place of execution. The princes followed with an escort of eight hundred men, strongly armed, and the concourse of the people was so prodigious, that a bridge was

very near breaking down under the multitude. In passing by the episcopal palace, Huss beheld a great fire consuming his books, and he smiled at the

sight.

The place of punishment was a meadow adjoining the gardens of the city, outside the gate of Gotleben. On arriving there, Huss kneeled down and recited some of the penitential psalms. Several of the people hearing him pray with fervour, said aloud: 'We are ignorant of this man's crime; but he offers

up to God most excellent prayers.'

When he was in front of the pile of wood, which was to consume his body, he was recommended to confess his sins. Huss consented, and a priest was brought to him, a man of great learning and high reputation. The priest refused to hear him, unless he avowed his errors, and retracted. 'A heretic,' he observed, 'could neither give nor receive the sacraments.' Huss replied: 'I do not feel myself to be guilty of any mortal sin, and now that I am on the point of appearing before God, I will not purchase absolution by a perjury.'

When he wished to address the crowd in German, the Elector Palatine opposed it, and ordered him to be forthwith burned. 'Lord Jesus!' cried John Huss, 'I shall endeavour to endure, with humility, this frightful death, which I am awarded for thy Holy Gospel,—pardon all my enemies." Whilst he was praying thus, with his eyes raised up to heaven, the paper crown fell off: he smiled, but the soldiers replaced it on his head, in order, as they declared, that

he might be burned with the devils whom he had obeyed.

Having obtained permission to speak to his keepers, he thanked them for the good treatment he had received at their hands. 'My brethren,' said he, 'learn that I firmly believe in my Saviour: it is in his name that I suffer, and

this very day shall I go and reign with him:'

His body was then bound with thongs, with which he was firmly tied to a stake, driven deep into the ground. When he was so affixed, some persons objected to his face being turned to the east, saying that this ought not to be, since he was a heretic. He was then untied and bound again to the stake, with his face to the west. His head was held close to the wood by a chain smeared with soot, and the view of which inspired him with pious reflections

on the ignominy of our Saviour's sufferings.

Fagots were then arranged about and under his feet, and around him was piled up a quantity of wood and straw. When all these preparations were completed, the Elector Palatine, accompanied by Count d'Oppenheim, marshal of the empire, came up to him, and for the last time recommended him to retract. But he, looking up to the heavens, said with a loud voice: 'I call God to witness, that I have never either taught or written what those false witnesses have laid to my charge,—my sermons, my books, my writings, have all been done with the sole view of rescuing souls from the tyranny of sin; and therefore most joyfully will I confirm with my blood that truth which I have taught, written and preached;—and which is confirmed by the Divine Law and the holy fathers.'

The elector and the marshal then withdrew, and the fire was set to the pile! 'Jesus, son of the living God,' cried John Huss, 'have pity on me!' He prayed and sung a hymn in the midst of his torments, but soon after, the wind having risen, his voice was drowned by the roaring of the flames. He was perceived for some time longer moving his head and lips, and as if still praying,—and then he gave up the spirit. His habits were burned with him, and the executioner tore in pieces the remains of his body and threw them back into the funeral pile, until the fire had absolutely consumed everything; the ashes were then collected together and thrown into the Rhine.

Thus perished, at the age of five-and-forty, one of the men whose character throws most honour on the Christian Church; and it is not easy to discern, at the first glance, the real cause of his death. The following words are found in

an old manuscript copy of his works :-

'As long as John Huss merely declaimed against the voice of the seculars, every one said that he was inspired with the spirit of God; but as soon as he proceeded against ecclesiastics, he became an object of odium, for he then really laid his finger on the sore.'"

It is too common an occurrence even among those who ought to guard against the error, to suppose that Luther was the first to protest against the errors of the Church of Rome. On the contrary, Wycliffe, Huss, Jerome of Prague, and others were long before him—all of them nearly a century, and some of them even longer. It is due to them also to state, that some of their number went even further than he did in the beginning of his career as a Reformer, in their opposition to the corruptions of the Romish Church. But this is a point to which we

have only room to make a passing allusion.

The work not only appears at a most seasonable period, but is, from its intrinsic merit, one of the most valuable contributions to ecclesiastical history which has been made for a considerable period. To Mr. Mackenzie, the translator, the English community owe a deep debt of gratitude for presenting it to them in their own language. He has executed his task in a masterly manner; and if the author possess a critical knowledge of the English language, he must feel that Mr. Mackenzie has placed him under no ordinary obligations for the elegance and perspicuity of the translation. Reading it as an English composition, it challenges our admiration; and we hope to meet with Mr. Mackenzie on frequent future occasions in the capacity of translator of important French works. Let us add, that it would give us great pleasure to see the pen that has so admirably executed this translation, employed on an original work. "The Reformers before the Reformation" is a book which cannot fail to meet with an extensive circulation when its merits become known.

Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles.

It would have been no bad title had this work been called "The Nursery Annual." It will make many a little one jump for joy as it makes its appearance in the nursery. There is not a rhyme or jingle with which we were familiar in our juvenile days that is not to be found in this collection. It is most beautifully got up, delightfully and amply illustrated, and cannot fail by its large sale to reward the taste and spirit of Mr. Burns, the enterprising publisher. A more appropriate New Year's Gift for the inmates of the nursery has not issued from the press for some years.

Life of a Licensed Victualler's Daughter. Written by Herself.

THE author mentions that the idea of writing this little work was suggested by the publication of "Susan Hopley, or the Life of a Maid Servant." It has little of striking interest in it. The "Licensed Vic-

tualler's Daughter" seems to have undergone no great vicissitudes beyond having numerous offers of a husband when single, and getting twice married in the end. Her marriage with her first husband was brought about under amusing circumstances. He was an old pensioner and cobbler, and his first wife having died, he sent a message to our heroine who was then in service, that he wanted to see her. She went, thinking he wanted her to wash some linen for him. She found him cooking his dinner, with a saucepan in one hand and a pepper box in the other. Without a word of preface he proposed marriage to her; she consented, and the affair was consequently finished at once—they were married. Among the offers she refused was that of a Quaker, who was love struck on seeing her in a coach coming from Brighton. The narrative is pleasing, though there is nothing of a romantic character in in it. "The Licensed Victualler's Daughter" is again a widow, and in the fifty-seventh year of her age.

Ecclesiastica; or, the Church, her Clergy, and her Schools. By——Roose, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Second edition, corrected and enlarged by the Rev. Henry Davis, M.A.

THERE is a great deal of valuable information in this book. The author has evidently expended much pains in its compilation; his research must have been great. Of the accuracy of the facts in the present edition there can be no doubt, inasmuch as the whole has been carefully revised by Mr. Davis. There is necessarily a certain degree of heaviness in some of the details, owing to their minuteness; but as a work of reference, "Ecclesiastica" will always be held in high estimation. The volume contains a portrait of the archbishop of Canterbury.

Peter Parley's Tales about Ireland and the Irish. With upwards of Seventy Illustrative Wood Engravings, and an accurate Map. This is a well-timed little book. Appearing at a time when everything connected with Ireland is fraught with so much interest, it cannot but be an acceptable addition to the libraries of our young friends. Peter Parley has treated the various subjects in his usual masterly manner; and we are sure the readers will be loth to put down the book until they have completed the perusal of it. The typographical department is well executed, and the illustrations very superior. We conceive that this is one of the most instructive and entertaining books that have lately issued from the press; and we therefore invite attention to it.

On Diet, with its Influence on Man; being an Address to Parents; or, how to obtain Health, Strength, Sweetness, Beauty, Development of Intellect, and Long Life. By THOMAS PARRY.

This is an imposing title; it is also very attractive. If Mr. Parry can achieve what he has here undertaken, he will be entitled to a place in the list of benefactors of his species. Health, strength, sweetness, beauty, developement of intellect, and long life; these are precisely the things after which the whole human race are in eager pursuit. The dietary precepts he gives, and the rules generally which he lays down, may be perfectly sound; but we much doubt whether, after the most rigid and uniform observance of them, there will not be found many persons on whom they have had little or no benefit. It is the great error of most of those authors who write on such subjects, that they promise too much. But let Mr. Parry speak for himself. He thus adverts to his system in the preface:—

"Health, strength, sweetness, and beauty, development of intellect, and long life, are all dependant upon this science. To errors in diet may be attributed 9-10ths of the aberrations from health. Take away from your nosology fevers from miasmata and contagion, and exempt from surgical practice accidents and specific diseases, and may not nearly all the rest be traced to dietetic errors? Scrofula, that spoiler and devastator of beauty, limb, and life, and dyspepsia, the bane of the stomach, the tormentor of the mind, the irritant of life, and the destruction of all bodily and mental comfort, afford an immense portion of the prevailing and devastating disease of the present generation; and to dietetic error only can these terrific scourges be attributed. How numerous the sequelæ or supervening symptoms of these two dieases are, is known only to the experienced and reflective practitioner. Diseases of liver, lungs, kidneys, bladder, head, and limb, are but secondary effects of dietetic errorid est, scrofula and dyspeptic diathesis form their base. Of the sum of human misery, how large a portion is dependant upon deficient strength; weakness, with her train of bodily and mental plagues, mocks and derides the efforts and designs of all she dwells with; she who unarms vigorous manhood, prostrates the efforts of maternal solicitude, who checks the career of ardent youth, who changes courage into fear, who blasts the buoyancy of hope into the heavy oppression of despondency, and withers the ennobling virtue of resolution into the feeble vacillation of indecision, can only be successfully opposed by dietetical truth. There is no source of strength but in food; medicine may aid, but food is the stuff that strength is made of. How valuable is sweetness of body, and how disgusting is its reverse! See the foulness of scurvy in its various forms, fetid breath, passive bleedings, ulcers opening, all the secretions polluting, and this combined with utter lack of strength and spirit, and environed by sudden death; all, all from dietetic error. Beauty, the assemblage of perfected operations in human growth and development, how rarely is it cultivated to maturity! how seldom is its blaze fanned into its full and glorious refulgence! Infancy, childhood, youth, adolescence, have all their concomitant errors dietetic, prostrating the desired end; and when luckily it has been attained, how easily, by aberrations from dietetic principles, may the whole be blasted. Development of the intellect, that jewel of existence, how rarely is it accomplished to its attainable point! I do not put forth the preposterous assertion that man may be dieted into wisdom, but I do maintain that diet has influence in the attainment of it; clearness of the senses, tone of mind, power of retention, facility of recollecting, remembering, and ability to continue the operations of abstraction and composition, are much dependant

upon the tone, temper, and strength given to, and maintained in, the body by judicious dieting. (Upon the method of exercising the faculties, I may at some future period enlarge.) Long life, how seldom is it attained! how few live years enough to see, examine, prove, and admire that portion of God's gifts for which man is created!"

As the period of nursing children is an important one in the history of human life, we give Mr. Parry's observations on it:

"Nursing Diet .- This should be copious, fluid, and mild. A plentiful supply of corn food, with proper proportioned quantity of butter, some meat, and wine (or malt wine, beer) sufficiently diluted, or if drunk pure, so small in quantity as to produce no heat or feverish excitement, make the appropriate The question of garden stuff here recurs, and claims food for this period. consideration. Roots, stalks, and leaves, subject the child to much flatulence. pain, griping, and disorder of bowels, and the mortality of children has greatly They possess no advantages, but often increased since their introduction. lead the mother to drink freely of spirituous liquors for relief of self and off-It will be urged by some persons that our dairy animals afford profusion of milk upon this diet. This I admit; but I claim to have granted that a cow will eat ninety or a hundred pounds of grass a day; that she has four stomachs; that she regurgitates and rechews it; and consequently, there is very little analogy between a cow and a woman; and that these things are not good enough for the human race. A plentiful dilution by fluid is constantly required during the whole period of milk-making, of which natural thirst will generally prove the guide; but, if this thirst should not exist, reason must take the dictatorship and rule.

"Women who have borne children will find the comfort of their lives aided by making their diet rather full, and somewhat more stimulating than is natural and advisable for other persons. The reason of this is, that a laxity of bodily fibre is otherwise likely to exist, which lays the basis for many little trou-

blesome disorders.

"At that period of life at which women naturally cease to bear children, it is well to lessen for a few months the quantity of meat, oil, and wine; also, to take very regular exercise with much air, and if any sense of fulness come on about the head, bosom, or in the body, or any great dryness of skin, or eruption, or itching prevail, gentle aperients should be used regularly for some time. It was the opinion of Dr. Baillie and Dr. Gooch, and is also the opinion of many practical men, that, if one medicine has a superiority over another at this period, that medicine is sulphur, which, although nearly obsolete, has superior powers over all the secretions. This is the end of the principles of dieting for sex."

I Promessi Sposi. By Alessandro. A New Translation. In 2 vols.

This is another of Mr. Burns' beautifully got up publications. The work has long been popular on the continent, and though before translated into English, has never appeared under auspices so favourable to the author or the book, as it now does. The story is one of deep interest, and can scarcely fail to be read to its close by all who commence it. Sound Protestants will object to many of the religious references, but that is to be expected in all works written by Roman Catholics where religion is touched on at all.

THE GLEE-SINGERS:

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

A TALE OF FLORENCE IN THE 13TH CENTURY.

CHAPTER III.

The most approv'd young soldier of seven kingdoms— Made Captain at nineteen: which was deserv'd The year before.

Bid farewell to the integrity of arms; And let that honourable name of soldier Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel, By thunder struck from a desertless forehead.

Good Captain, do not wilfully cast away At one hour all the fame your life has won.

A Fair Quarrel-MIDDLETON & ROWLEY.

CAPTAIN FLORESTAN BASTIANI, who had been the theme of conversation in the preceding chapters, was the orphan descendant of a noble Ghibelline house at Arezzo.

His father had attained a considerable rank in the service of the Imperial house of Hohenstauffen, and had died in Sicily, in the household troops of Henry VI., father of the reigning Emperor, Frederic II., who was two or three years younger than Florestan.

The latter had been brought up in Sicily, by Constance, the young Emperor's mother, as a companion for Frederic; and a warm and firm attachment always existed between the Imperial Ghibelline and his devoted adherent.

Florestan's figure was much above the middle height, well formed, and graceful. His face was strikingly handsome. His complexion was of the clearest and richest Italian brown. His black hair, that shone in the light with that golden gleam peculiar to Italy, waved with a slight curl over a high but not proud forehead; and his features, though prominent and beautifully formed, were more of a mild and attractive, than of a commanding cast. His large black eye had not the fire of the southern character, but was distinguished by its soft and reflective expression.

Having studied with Frederic II., Florestan was skilled in all

the accomplishments of that age. He had embraced the military profession, both from inclination and from the desire of serving his imperial friend to the utmost of his power; he had profited by every opportunity to signalize himself, and at a very early age was promoted to the rank of Captain; which, in the days of which we write, signified a more extensive command, a higher grade, and a greater responsibility, than the title does at present.

In fact "Captain" then might be considered synonymous

with "Colonel" now.

Florestan had become excessively endeared to the soldiery, not only from his personal courage, but also from the humanity with which he always treated them; and from his readiness to bear a part in all the sterner duties of the profession of arms. All circumstances tended to exalt him in the favour of the Emperor Frederic, the ardour of whose attachment was natural to his extreme youth; Frederic being, at the date of our story, only 21 years of age, but immeasurably beyond, not only his years, but also the times in which he lived, in character, accomplishments, and intellect.

As the distinguished favourite of the Emperor, Florestan Bastiani would have had many enemies (at least many to envy him; and envy rarely exists without a hostile feeling towards the envied), were it not for his gentle unobtrusive manners. His retiring, placid, and reflective disposition, appeared to the generality of observers, as indicative of a sound head and heart; though some of the gay young denizens of the Court and Camp said that he sedulously studied appearances, from interested motives: and when their extravagances seemed rebuked by the steadiness of Bastiani, they smiled aside, winked on each other, and whispered some familiar adage, tending to throw discredit on his sobriety.

About a year before the opening of our tale, Florestan had obtained leave of absence to go to Arezzo, to visit some of his relatives. It happened at the same time that Amidea degli Amidei was also in Arezzo, on a visit to a sister of her deceased mother.

Amidea was then about nineteen, and of a disposition and tastes apparently similar to those of Florestan. Two young persons of the same rank, of the same party, and of the same tastes, naturally soon became acquainted, and cultivated each other's society. Florestan was master of the German and Sicilian languages: the former, because he had studied it with his Emperor; the latter, because it was the dialect in which the Imperial poet poured forth the effusions of his muse.

Florestan was a lover of poetry and of music, and skilled in both. Amidea, educated a zealous admirer of the Ghibelline Emperor, expressed a desire to understand these his favourite languages; and Florestan delightedly undertook to assist her studies, or rather to become her teacher; and thus an unusual degree of intimacy sprung up between them, which was not restrained by

the presence of the venerable and benevolent Padre Severino, who had accompanied Amidea and her Governante to Arezzo. The Padre was an old ecclesiastic, attached to the house of the Amidei as their spiritual director, and as having been the preceptor of its young men, and of Amidea, whom he loved as a child.

Florestan had won upon the esteem and affection of the good old man, who thought him not unworthy of even Amidea; and while the presence of Padre Severino sanctioned their intercourse, it was no restraint upon them. Sometimes they spent an hour of pleasant study over the young essays of the Sicilian muse, the Sonnetti of Frederic II., and the poems of Carlo D'Alcamo, who were the first that attempted poetry in that dialect.

Sometimes they turned together to the bolder and firmer lays of the German Minnesingers; and Florestan, to whom German was a second mother tongue, laughed, but not discouragingly, at the embarrassments presented by its broad and guttural pronunciation to Amidea, accustomed only to the soft and sliding Italian; and playfully chided what he called her idleness in trying to

evade the words she found most difficult.

Sometimes, in the cool evening hour, they walked with the Padre, who was a lover of antiquities, to seek in the modern Arezzo, the traces of the ancient Arretium, that once wealthy and Sometimes they sat to rest amid the ruins great Etruscan city. of its Roman amphitheatre; and loiteringly plucked the ivy, and played with the moss, and talked of the fates of Arretium and its Etruscan inhabitants, and its Roman masters; and the Padre would express his opinion to Florestan, that Arezzo was the actual Arretium Vetus from whence the Etrusians had been driven by the Romans, and a colony planted in their stead. would talk together of the neighbouring sites of Arretium Fidens and Arretium Juliane, while Amidea listened, and made garlands of the wild flowers that grew among the ruins. Sometimes they ascended to the top of one of the hills to look down upon the fine plain of Arezzo, with its vineyards, corn-fields, and olive-gardens; and contrasted the noble Arno with the sluggish waters of the then nearly stagnant Chiana, creeping silently away to the south (as it then did) to join the Tiber; and watched the sun set behind the fine amphitheatre of mountains before them, that divide the Arno from the Tiber.

Amid such scenes and such occupations, Florestan and Amidea were fast becoming lovers. Flowers began to be endowed with a language and a meaning; eyes spoke at parting and at meeting. Some lines of the German or Sicilian muse were read and repeated with emphasis by Florestan, and blushingly listened to by Amidea. Long but not awkward or painful silences took place, when they were gazing together on the beautiful face of nature.

^{*} Arretium Fidens lay about eight miles to the south; Arretium Juliane the same distance north.

One bright calm evening they sat upon a grey stone in that ancient amphitheatre, and watched the starting breaks of yellow sun-light pouring in through its ruined walls, and brightening the moss and lichens, and contrasting with the dark shadows in the The wild flowers were breathing sweetly, as if offerother parts. ing their incense to the departing sun; the birds, reviving after the heat of the day, were chaunting forth their vesper songs. Padre Severino sat apart on a fragment of one of the stone seats. reading his breviary. Amidea's lap was full of moss and wild flowers, and she sat twisting sprays of ivy into wreaths; Florestan held a manuscript of the poetry of Frauenlob,* from which he read to Amidea at times in a low voice, yet with an emphasis as if he made his own of Frauenlob's passionate verses, and applied them to her. The reading ceased; the voice grew lower, as in some earnest but unconnected words he murmured to her a secret she had long guessed, and to which she was not indifferent. Did Amidea speak? it could hardly be said she did; and her eyes were averted from her lover; but a carnation tinge spread over the clear olive of her cheek, and he knew he was not rejected. Though, with a feminine delicacy, she rose, and remarked to the Padre that it was late, and time to return home, Florestan felt that he was dismissed with hope, at least, and it would be his own fault if hope did not become certainty.

The young lovers had no cause for concealment. The good Padre was soon their mutual confidant—soon enlisted in the interest of his darling child, as he called Amidea, and his pleasant young companion; and he wrote in their behalf to the family

Amidei, in Florence.

Florestan's suit prospered. His civil and military rank, and his hereditary possessions, rendered him not an unsuitable connexion for Amidea; his political creed was an advantage; and his merits were enhanced by the well-known favour of the Em-

peror.

Every thing went well; their attachment seemed even increasing. Florestan announced his engagement to his friend and Sovereign, and received an assurance of continued favour; and they awaited the expected arrival in Arezzo of Almanno Amidei, brother of Amidea, and head of his house. Perhaps they were too happy; more so than mortals ought to be for any length of time, lest they desire to make an abiding city here, and forget, or murmur, that they are only passing on.

An old Sicilian Poet, + Antonio Venezianu, says, that the

[•] A German Minnesinger, famous for his praises of women, whence his name Frauenlob, i. c. woman's praise.

⁺ Canzune by Antonio Venezianu.

Lu persicu suavi, e lu so' odduri Mustra e la vista sua tantu placenti,

peach, though beautiful to the eye, fragrant to the smell, and delicious to the taste, has yet, within, a hard stone and bitter kernel. And so Amidea found it with the pleasant fruit that fortune seemed to offer to her lips.

The first bitterness was a sudden order from Florestan's superior officer, requiring him, in consequence of some movements among the Ghibelline troops, to go to Sienna, without being able to await the arrival of Almanno Amidei. They parted sadly and reluctantly, but still full of hope and anticipated happiness. How could

either of them suppose that parting was for ever?

Florestan's letters from Sienna breathed only of hope and increasing attachment. But what must have been the feelings of Amidea and Padre Severino, when news arrived in Arezzo, that Rosara, a young and beautiful nun of Sienna, had broken her conventual vows, fled with a Ghibelline officer, and had never since been traced; but that suspicion, with almost certainty, pointed to Florestan Bastiani, as the seducer.

Speechless astonishment was their first feeling; the next was indignation at the malice and envy of the world, in singling out for the victim of calumny, that young man, merely because his

virtues put his compeers to the blush.

Meanwhile the proper authorities at Sienna issued orders for the arrest of Bastiani, who was apprehended at Pisa, whither he had previously marched, on the receipt of military orders to that effect. On the arrival of the officers of justice at Sienna, and their informing him of their errand, he expressed the greatest astonishment; declared his utter ignorance as well as innocence of the whole transaction; asserting that he was not only guiltless of any participation in the crime, but that he was not even cognizant of its occurrence till that moment. And he readily surrendered, requesting that an investigation should take place with as little delay as possible; that being, he affirmed, the certain mode of establishing his innocence.

Ed ha tantu ducissimu sapuri,
Chi cui ndi tasta ndi resta cuntenti
Ma dintra teni un ossu d' amaruri,
Chi cui lu scaccia, o' tasta, feli senti:
Cussi sugn' iu, si paru senz' arduri
Ma dintra sugn' Xtriammi, e focu ardenti.

TRANSLATED.

Sweet is the peach's purple bloom,
And grateful its ambrosial rind,
And sweet as is the rare perfume
The rich delicious fruit we find.
But in the midst a stone there lies,
And bitter will the kernel prove;
My coldness thus my heart belies,
And throbs with all the pangs of love.

N.B.—The translator of the above is anonymous; or at least unknown to the author of this tale.

His soldiers learning what had occurred, tumultuously surrounded the place where he was detained—upbraided the messengers of justice as false accusers—threatened them with vengeance—and attempted to rescue their Captain; who, however, with all the apparent calmness of a conscience at ease, commanded them to forbear, assuring them that violence would injure his cause, and persuaded them to await patiently, like himself, the result of a trial, from which he would come forth to them in honour and

triumph.

He then wrote to Padre Severino and Amidea. His letters spoke with more sorrow than anger of the accusation made against him, which he said he would soon disprove to the world; but as for Amidea and the Padre, he would not wrong them or himself, so much as to think he needed one word of justification to them. He expressed his astonishment how so strange and unfounded a charge could be made against him of all men in the Ghibelline service; but he threw out no suspicion against any one else: nor did he allude to any enemy who might have taken this step to injure him. His letter was calm, temperate, and confident, like the letter of an innocent man of well-regulated mind.

It increased the indignation of Amidea and the Padre against his slanderers; but their confidence in his integrity it could not

increase.

Was Florestan's conduct the effect of hardened guilt, or of skilless untrained innocence? Alas! hardened guilt and unsophisticated innocence so often wear the same garb, that it is almost impossible for any eyes but those of Omniscience to distinguish between them; and when man in his purblind wisdom pretends to decide, he is so well pleased with good acting, that he commonly acquits clever guilt, and condemns awkward innocence.

The accusation against Florestan was laid before the Emperor; but Frederic indignantly declared his conviction that the whole arose from the malice of some Guelph, who wished to render obnoxious a Ghibelline so conspicuously enjoying the Imperial favour. He therefore used his influence, pursuant to Bastiani's request, to hasten on the trial, in order to elicit the truth, and to keep the accused in confinement as short a time as possible. The Emperor also ordered that the trial should take place in Pisa, a Ghibelline city, because Florestan was already there. Frederic said he would not permit Bastiani to be removed and carried about as a spectacle, like a wild beast, or a notorious outlaw.

Deputies, witnesses, &c. were accordingly sent to Pisa from Sienna and Arezzo; and Florestan went confidently to take his

trial before the Podesta, or chief magistrate of Pisa.

An ecclesiastic appeared on the part of the superior, from whose convent Rosara had been taken, to enter a formal charge against Captain Bastiani as the Cloister Robber; and to produce witnesses in proof of the truth of the accusation.

It appeared that the convent in which Rosara was professed was one of relaxed rule, and that considerable freedom was permitted in the reception of visitors; that Rosara had an only brother, a subaltern in the service of the Emperor Frederic; and that it was not unusual for Ghibelline officers, who happened to be in Sienna, to visit her, in order to bring letters from her brother, or news of him. It was proved that some time previously to Rosara's evasion. Bastiani was in Sienna, and that a person of similar figure, in the military garb of a Ghibelline, who gave his name at the gate as Captain Bastiani, had been a visitor of Rosara, professedly on account of her brother. The sister-portress, who might have identified him, had, unfortunately, died of fever, arising from alarm and anxiety soon after the elopement. But her evidence was in some measure supplied by the production of a letter found in the garden immediately on the spot where Rosara had escaped over the wall. It was addressed to her; and contained the plan of her escape, and was signed "Florestan Bastiani." It was supposed that Rosara, not having an opportunity of burning this letter, intended to carry it with her, but dropped it in ascending the rope-ladder flung over the wall.

A servant proved that, being alarmed by the barking of dogs, he had gone into the garden, and just arrived in time to see Rosara at the top of the ladder, assisted by a person whose head and shoulders only were visible over the wall; that on seeing him (the servant), Rosara became alarmed, and called on the stranger, by the name of "Florestan," to save her; and then

both immediately disappeared.

It was then proved that there was no person in Sienna at the time except Captain Bastiani, who bore the appellation of Florestan, which was not a usual Tuscan name, but a Neapolitan one, and had been adopted into the Bastiani family from connexions formed at the court of the Two Sicilies. Evidence was then submitted, that the morning after the elopement of Rosara, the Ghibelline troops were mustered, and Florestan Bastiani was not in Sienna.

When these pieces of evidence were brought forward, Florestan appeared amazed, as if they were quite unexpected by him. He seemed depressed for awhile, but, recovering himself, prepared for his defence. He commenced by a solemn asseveration, that so far from having carried off the missing nun, he had never even once seen her. The letter he declared to be a forgery, written and left on purpose to draw off suspicion from the real offender, and to turn it upon an innocent man. It was compared with specimens of his writing, but it was just sufficiently like to admit of the supposition of its being his hand disguised, and yet dissimilar enough to prevent any positive decision on the subject.

For his absence from Sienna he accounted by proving that he

had been ordered to Pisa, and brought Ghibelline officers to testify that he was actually in Pisa on the night of Rosara's evasion.

For the nun calling on Florestan at the moment of escape, he could only account by considering it as a part of the plan to draw

off suspicion from the real offender.

There were many, and among them Buondelmonte, who came forward to declare, that from their knowledge of Florestan he was quite incapable of the crime alleged against him. But the judges conceived the condemnatory evidence too strong to be overturned by such declarations, or by the proofs Florestan offered of his absence from Sienna on the night of the elopement; proofs which they thought could be got up from the personal affection of the troops to him; from a desire to conciliate the Emperor, his protector; and also from party spirit. They laid great stress on the involuntary exclamation of Rosara in her alarm; and finally adjudged Bastiani guilty, and pronounced on him a sentence of death.

It was heard by many with sorrowful feelings; but Florestan exclaimed—"Welcome death! What were life to him who is declared unworthy to live?" and he was removed to his prison,

pale but very calm.

The Emperor, on learning the decision of the court, was indignant and unconvinced, and determined to protect his favourite. His influence cancelled the sentence of death, and he was resolved to resist the penalties insisted on by the offended church. But Florestan, with a noble disregard of self, represented to his Imperial master that his continued protection of a condemned man would prejudice Frederic with his enemies, would irritate the Pope, and change his new-formed friendly dispositions. With disinterested zeal for Frederic's cause, he positively declined the Emperor's support; and, without a murmur, submitted to his mitigated sentence of deprivation of military and civil rank, perpetual banishment from Italy, confiscation of his property to the church, and ecclesiastical censure and excommunication.

Florestan wrote to Padre Severino one short and mournful letter. He sent with it a small portrait which he had of Amidea, and intreated the Padre to return it to her, as it was not right that he should selfishly retain it, when the voice of grave men had pronounced him unworthy to look upon the living original. He still, however, asserted his entire innocence, and trusted in time to make it manifest; but till his fame was cleared he was too jealous of Amidea's honour ever to address her; and he bade her

and the good priest a long and sad farewell.

Immediately on the receipt of this letter, Padre Severino learned that Florestan had disappeared from Italy, and that his place of refuge was not known, so that he could not communicate with the fugitive.

The state of Amidea's mind was pitiable. She and good Padre

Severino could not but be convinced by the condemnatory evidence. They sometimes mourned over the fate of such a man as Florestan; sometimes they were indignant at him as a practised deceiver, and felt humbled at having been duped by him. Both, as pious Roman Catholics, were filled with horror at the sacrilegious nature of the crime of which he was pronounced guilty; but

Amidea's anguish was necessarily the most poignant.

Her young heart had been trifled with; her fresh warm affections spurned and betrayed; and the pride of womanhood was stung at the thought of being sacrificed to a rival—and such a rival! She had been rudely wakened from the bright dream of first love, with which neither the dreams nor the realities of after life can ever compare. A semblance of that dream may return, but never half so vivid; the same music may seem to echo around us, but here and there will be a note out of tune; the same flowers may seem to blossom for us, but less beautiful, less sweet. It is like a precious vase that has been broken; however skilfully it may be cemented together again, it has lost half its value, it can never be as it was before.

Gladly did Amidea leave Arezzo, where every scene made remembrance more distinct and more painful, and where her engagement and its unhappy termination were but too well known. At home, in quiet seclusion, with the consolations and the exhortations of her venerable guide, she struggled to overcome what she now viewed as a sinful and a sacrilegious love. But her endeavours were rendered abortive by the persevering whispers of hope; that perhaps Florestan might be innocent; perhaps time would clear his fame. While Florestan lived, she would have continued silently, though unconsciously, devoted to him through the agency of hope; but as well-authenticated accounts at length reached her, that Bastiani, on leaving Italy, had entered the service of France, and was killed at the battle of Bouvines, Padre Severino represented to her that the untimely death of Florestan should be considered as a proof of his guilt; that could he have been able, at any future period, to establish his innocence, time and life would have been granted to him. Perhaps the Padre's reasoning was not very good, but it was the best that occurred to him under the circumstances. Now that the suggestions of hope were silenced, the nervous flutterings of Amidea ceased; she had become quite calm; she had been always reasonable, she now appeared even contented.

At this juncture the star of the Emperor Frederic's fortunes attained the ascendant. Florence, though properly an Imperial city, had taken an opportunity formerly of assuming a republican mode of government, and the majority of its citizens were Guelphs; but the Ghibellines, who numbered among them many powerful families, seemed to consider this period a favourable one for restoring the city to the imperial sway. The internal

peace of Florence was thus endangered; but the older and more moderate men of both factions were anxious to preserve harmony as long as possible; suggesting that it was desirable to wait, at least till events assumed a more decided aspect, and then let one or other faction submit, as circumstances should dictate. And for the better guarantee of civil concord, it was proposed to form a connexion between the leading families of the opposite factions, by the marriage of Giovanni Buondelmonte, the chief of the Guelphs, with Amidea degli Amidei, the near kinswoman of the Uberti, who were the heads of the Ghibellines.

Buondelmonte, kind, generous, easily persuaded, and never yet the actual lover of any one, came readily into the proposal. Amidea, though not equal in beauty to some of her country-women, had yet enough of personal attractions, and still more charms of mind and manner to please Buondelmonte, who in honest earnest set about making himself agreeable to her, though with no impulse of the heart, as might be inferred from the manner in which the marriage was alluded to at the Palazzo Lamberti; which, though in accordance with the imperfect refinement of those times, would still have been avoided by Buondelmonte with the instinctive delicacy of true love, had he been a lover.

Amidea received the proposal of her kinsmen at first with repugnance; but it was urged upon her by them as a patriot duty, and by Padre Severino as a Christian duty. She saw that she ought to make a sacrifice for the welfare of her country, and that she ought to obliterate from her bosom even the last embers of a sinful affection. She promised compliance; stipulating, however, that she should not be hurried onward too hastily, but should be allowed time to bring her mind into a tone that would insure domestic harmony; and, animated by a sense of right, she made noble struggles with herself, and every day achieved a fresh victory.

CHAPTER IV.

We must have these lures when we hawk for friends, And wind about them like a subtle river, That, seeming only to run on his course, Doth search yet as he runs, and still finds out The easiest parts of entry on the shore, Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it touched, Yet still eats something in it.

Byron's Conspiracy. - Chapman.

The morning after the feast in the halls of Lamberti, a room in the Palazzo Donati was the scene of a secret conference between Carlo and his aunt, the noble widow Donati.

The lady's person, which still bore evident remains of forme

beauty, was attired with scrupulous care. Her dress consisted of a gown of black silk (not then usual in Florence), with tight body, and long, but not full skirt, an under dress of white lawn, rising high in the neck, and gathered round the throat; a black girdle, whence from a silver hook hung her cross and beads of ebony and silver; and a snowy wimple, partially discovering her still glossy braids of dark hair, from which every grey intruder had been carefully eradicated.

The haughty air of her yet fine countenance betrayed one principal passion of her mind—pride; but the predominant one—boundless ambition—lay hidden in her heart, to be displayed in its full extent only to her necessary and confidential agents, of whom Carlo, the nephew of her late husband, was the principal.

The subject of conference was Buondelmonte, on whom the widow had formed designs which she had hitherto concealed, but which circumstances had now obliged her to impart to her sub-

servient nephew.

She had been listening attentively to Carlo's detail of the manner in which, obedient to her commands, he had, on the evening before, tried to work upon the susceptible mind of Buondelmonte by the description of his recently-returned cousin's charms, strengthened by the intelligible hint that the young Guelph himself might, in other circumstances, have obtained the wealthy and beautiful prize. To which details he added—"On my way to the Palazzo Lamberti I met the Glee-singers, and I requested them, at an appointed hour, to sing under the windows some stanzas in praise of beauty; for I would neglect no adjunct, however apparently slight, that might act on Buondelmonte's mind. The Glee-singers complied; but the youngest thought proper to add a melancholy stanza, that sent off our friend on the wings of curiosity to question those adventurers. He returned out of spirits, and I had no opportunity for renewing the conversation. But I am convinced, from the expression of his countenance, and from the irrelevant conversation into which he rambled, that he now regrets his engagement with the Amidei, and is prepared to fall in love with Imma."

"So far well," said the widow. "But, Carlo, every nerve must be strained to make him break that unnatural engagement and marry Imma. He alone, in Florence, by his rank, wealth, and personal advantages, is worthy of my daughter—of the heiress of the Donati. Besides, the interest of our party demands it. Buondelmonte is easily influenced: unite him with Ghibellines, and the Guelph faction is paralyzed; but allied to us, our party must predominate. And when our city is wholly freed from the Imperial claims, the highest power and honours are open to my son-in-law. He may be an emperor in all but name, and Florence will bend at the footstool of my beautiful Imma."

"But, dear aunt, why did not you think of this alliance

before, and let it be proposed by the kinsmen of the respective

houses?"

"Why did I not propose the alliance? ask a mother's pride—a mother's love! I wished my beautiful child to be sought and sued for. She deserves more than a match of policy; she deserves a union of love. And Love is self-willed and independent; he will choose for himself; he will not be dictated to by others. I always desired this marriage, but I waited for Imma's return home, knowing that the moment he saw her he would appreciate her matchless beauty. But his unlooked-for contract has disconcerted me."

"Well, aunt, I have obeyed your first orders; direct me farther." She proceeded:—"Let every means be tried to make Buondelmonte hear in all directions eulogies of Imma, and envyings of the fortunate man who may aspire to her. When he is sufficiently excited, I will introduce her to him in the gaiety of a festive scene, in all the splendour of her beauty, heightened by the art of dress. They will be mutually attracted; they must: for both are unequalled in Tuscany. Let opportunity and skilful management do the rest."

"But then," observed Carlo, "if Buondelmonte should find his contract too binding; if honour, patriotism, what you will, pre-

vent his breaking it, is not Imma's peace endangered?"

"Nothing in the world can be attained without risk," replied La Donati. "Shall a merchant fear to trade, lest he be robbed? or an architect to build, lest his edifice be burned? No, no, Carlo; remember our old adage—'Non restar per gli ucelli di seminar i piselli."*

"Yet," persisted Carlo, "this is more than an ordinary risk. If, in spite of your hopes and wishes, you cannot command success

[&]quot;Nay, Carlo, hopes and wishes do not command success, but determination does. It is not merely I wish to succeed, I will it. Buondelmonte must be my son-in-law. Remember he is of the Buondelmonti, of Monte Buono,† the signoria in the Val d' Arno. Shall we, who are nobili della signoria also, stoop to a second or third rate noble, della torre or della loggia?‡ And now let me tell you, Carlo, I have reason to know that Mosca Lamberti intends to aspire to Imma. He is rich and noble, but still not Buondelmonte's equal; besides, he is one of those hated Ghibellines. But he is a kinsman of the Amidei, and my policy requires me to temporize with him awhile."

[·] Be not deterred from sowing pease for fear of the birds.

⁺ Hence the name, Buon del Monte, from Monte Buono.

The nobili della torre, i. e. nobles of the tower, had the privilege of distinguishing their palaces by a tower; while the inferior grade, the nobili della loggia, i. e. nobles of the lodge, had only a lodge to their dwelling. The nobili della signoria, i. e. nobles of signories and vassallages, were superior to both, and united the privileges of both.

"Oh! my dear aunt," exclaimed Carlo, "beware of that man! I know not why, but I dread and distrust him more than all the Ghibellines in Tuscany. His eye is like what men fable of the lynx, that it can see through stone walls. Beware lest he see more

than you desire!"

"No, Carlo, I shall find an excellent blind for him in his own vanity. Men are really more vain than women, and through that failing are more easily led. Look on that tapestry, at wise king Solomon worshipping idols, and his heathen wives standing around him. I am sure they induced him to it by flattery; telling him that such a proof of liberality and independence was only worthy of so wise a man."

"Once more, Madonna, I pray you beware of Lamberti. He must one day discover that you dissembled with him, and his

resentment is to be dreaded."

"Dreaded? and by the Donati? If he show his teeth, we can

muzzle him before he bites."

"Alas! he may bite without giving any previous notice," said Carlo. "There are some persons with whom it is always best to be sincere. If you dissemble, they either perceive it at once and despise and defeat you; or if you succeed at the moment, they afterwards detect you and avenge themselves. Believe me, can-

dour is always the best policy-when it is the safest."

"Grazie! Thanks for your maxim," said La Donati, laughing. "I shall adopt it, and shall always be very candid——when it would be useless or injurious to be otherwise. Now let us lay aside policy and go to Imma; her heart is so fresh, so innocent, it would be sin to sully it yet with a breathing of those thoughts and feelings that contact with the world awakens in our advancing years. My beautiful, my innocent Imma! I love my child so doatingly, that love itself makes me ambitious for her."

"See how self-delusion can call our vices virtues, when she

calls a scheming, unscrupulous ambition, maternal love."

So thought Carlo, as he silently followed his aunt from the apartment.

IRISH SONG.

NED OF THE HILLS.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

EVELEEN.

On! haste thee away, dear! ah! why dost thou tarry, In the cold chilly night of the young crescent moon? "Tis death, love, to stay; haste away from Dunlary! "Tis sorrow to part, but it must be, aroon!

^{*} Edmond O'Ryan, commonly called "Ned of the Hills," was one of the most zealous adherents, in Ireland, of the unfortunate house of Stuart. He was a young

EDMOND.

Eveleen, acushla! I've laugh'd at all danger,
And cross'd the wild moorlands to meet thee to-night;
Though thy kindred may scoff at the love of the stranger,
To thee my soul turns, as a vision of light.

ED.—Then come to my heart, love!
Ev.—No, no, we must part love!
ED.—Must I lose thee? oh never!
Ev.—We must part, and for ever.

EVELEEN.

Oh! haste thee away, ere thy foes shall have found thee;
The moon wanes apace, and the grey dawn is near;
Fly, fly to the hills, love! for perils surround thee;
All blessings be with thee, my own Ryan dear!

EDMOND.

Oh! talk not of danger; my bugle can rally
A hundred bold heroes to fight at my side,
As fleet as the gale passes over the valley,
For Ned of the Hills, and his lovely young bride.

Ep.—Then come to my heart, love!
Ev.—No, no, we must part, love!

ED.—Must I lose thee? oh never!

Ev.-We must part, and for ever.

gentleman of fortune, handsome in person, accomplished, and of engaging manners, and was ardently attached to a beautiful young girl, who returned his affection with all the warmth and confidingness of early love. After the decisive battle of the Boyne, O'Ryan of course became involved in the ruin of his party, to which he had been attached by the bonds of a common faith. His estates were confiscated; and being at length reduced to great straits, he betook himself to the hills, and was, unfortunately led to become the chief of a band of those lawless freebooters called " Rapparees." It was thus that the gallant and accomplished Edmond O'Ryan, through the political events of those disastrous times, became transformed into the outlawed "Ned of the hills." It need hardly be added, that after the fall of his party, and the ruin of his fortunes, the friends of his fair mistress forbade the continuance of his addresses. By some it has been said, that she herself forsook him from that time; but in the foregoing song I have not chosen to adopt that selfish view of her conduct, as opposite to the usual tenderness and devotion of the Irish character, as it is inconsistent with one of O'Ryan's own songs, which embodies a tender lamentation for the loss of his mistress, without at all impeaching her fidelity.

THE MODERN BABYLON.

CHAPTER II.

WALKS ABOUT TOWN.

Walks about town!" The title is a comprehensive one. To do justice to the subject, would require a hundred goodly volumes. To visit and examine thoroughly every thing worthy of inspection, in and about this mighty metropolis, would be no ordinary task. It would be, physically speaking, a herculean labour, though mentally, to a man of cultivated taste, it would prove the source of inexpressible gratification: it is doing London an injustice to speak of it as a town. It is a world—a vast world of bricks and mortar and human beings, huddled together. And if, from its astonishing magnitude, it is felt to be a place which one despairs of fully exploring, how hopeless would be the effort to describe it in all its infinitely diversified details! In a magazine article, all that can be attempted under the above title is to give a mere glance at a few of its more prominent features.

First, there are the leading streets, the more crowded thoroughfares, of the unwieldy place. Many of the streets are noted for
their peculiar characteristics. Regent Street, for example, has,
ever since its formation, been celebrated for the beauty of its
shops, and the fanciful character of the articles to the sale of
which they are devoted. He whose vision could banquet on the
beautiful in art, should spend his spare hours in inspecting the
windows of the Regent Street shops. The variety is endless.
Art appears to have reached perfection. Behold the jewellers'
shops; their windows dazzle the eye by their brilliancy. Everything which can ornament the person—every thing which can increase the charms of beauty—every thing which can impart new
attractions to lady loveliness—which can add to female fascination, there invites the eye, and affords it an exquisite repast.
Thomson was mistaken when he said that beauty

" Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, But is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

Poets are not expected to be very rigid in their adherence to truth. They are men of fancy, rather than of fact. Imagination is the region in which they love to roam. A latitude is allowed to them, which we, who confine ourselves to the domain of plain prose, have no right to expect. Who would look for sober reality in the poetical productions of Milton? Who would expect in

¹ Continued from page 1, vol. XLL

Shakspeare a rigid regard to actual facts? So with the poet of the "Seasons." When he penned the lines we have quoted, he not only did not himself believe what he said, but never dreamed nor meant that his readers would subscribe to the sentiment. Will any one tell us that the snow-white tapery finger looks as well without the sparkling brilliant as with it? Does the beauty look no better in Almack's, than she did at the breakfast table?—no better in her magnificent evening dress, than in her plain

morning gown?

But this is a digression, though we feel assured the reader will. under the circumstances, allow that it is a very legitimate one. Passing from the jeweller's shop, you come to one appropriated to the sale of bonnets. To the ladies there are no shops more attractive than those set apart for the vending of bonnets. A wellfurnished window of bonnets is more to them than their necessary food. When they come to one they suddenly pause, and, for a season, seem as if riveted to the spot. A hasty general glance suffices with them for the jeweller's window, but an exhibition of bonnets is a thing to be examined leisurely and in detail. These, however, are matters with which our sex are not supposed to be conversant—subjects on which we have no right to speak or write. But while, for this reason, we turn to other topics, we cannot help regretting, for the sake of the sex themselves, that none of our lady novelists have ever devoted fifty or sixty pages to a disquisition on the philosophy of the West-end bonnet shops.

Shawl shops, being also exclusively devoted to the tastes and necessities of ladies, are, in some sense, an interdicted subject for a masculine pen. Not so much so, however, as the shops to which we have just alluded. For while a gentleman would be ashamed to be caught inspecting a window in which there was a goodly assortment of bonnets, he is not conscious of transgressing the rules of propriety in pausing for a few moments to bestow a glance on a

display of handsome shawls.

But the necessarily limited space of a magazine paper forbids our adverting in detail to the various shops which render Regent Street so attractive a place. It may suffice to say that they are almost without exception places for the sale of ornamental articles. Utility would be deemed an intruder in Regent Street. I have often thought how painful it must be to the rigid utilitarian to pass along that beautiful locality. Poor Jeremy Bentham! how it must have grieved his aged heart as he looked into the shops in Regent Street! He would have mourned over the luxurious and ornamental character of the age as indicated by the aspect of these establishments. He would, provided he could have his own way, have written in legible characters in some prominent place in every such establishment—"All, all is vanity!" Regent Street is the place for the rich; the poor have no business there. Were a poor woman to present herself in any of its shops, the person

behind the counter would instinctively conclude that she had come to steal, not to buy. Any lady-customer, indeed, not coming in her carriage, would, by many of the tradesmen in Regent Street,

be looked on with suspicion.

But, leaving Regent Street, let us, with that rapidity of transition for which the human mind is remarkable, transfer ourselves to a locality which is its very opposite. The metropolitan reader will probably guess to which part of this immense place I wish to Whitechapel is the spot; -for more antagonistic transfer him. localities than Whitechapel and Regent Street are not to be found in any part of the world. The appearance of a carriage customer in the former would create a sensation; it would be an era in its history. How marked the contrast in the very aspect of the throng who pass along the two places! In Regent Street all are well-dressed: in appearance, at least, they are ladies and gentle-The masses that crowd Whitechapel are the sons and daughters of industry. Their dress denotes their station in life. You discover indications of their industrial habits in the very expression of their countenances and the aspect of their persons. Equally striking is the contrast between the appearance of the shops in the two places. If in the windows of the Regent Street shops, the eye can alight on nothing which is not for the adornment of the person, in Whitechapel it cannot discover a single article of a purely ornamental character. Utility is the prevailing philosophy in the latter place. To butchers' shops there is no You would fancy that the supply of beef and mutton which we see there would be sufficient for the consumption of the entire metropolis. Bakers, too, are a numerous class in Whitechapel; cheesemongers' shops are as thick as blackberries; ready-made clothes shops abound in the same locality, the apparel bearing about it marks not to be mistaken of its having been made for use, not for ornament. Scarcely less great is the contrast between the inmates of the shops in the two localities. In the shops of Regent Street you see none but persons dressed in the extreme of fashion; the remark holds equally good whether it refers to the male or female inmates. In Regent Street there are scores of drapers' assistants, the cut and quality of whose coats would not be repudiated by Count d'Orsay himself; in the Park they would be mistaken, so far as their exterior is concerned, for the sons of noblemen. And so of the female artists-for that is now the orthodox phrase—who are to be seen behind the counters. They also dress in a superior style; if you meet them in the streets, you would take them for the daughters of persons moving in the highest spheres of society. But the poor Whitechapel shopmen and shopwomen! They also resemble their customers; they are plain in their manners, and clad in homely apparel. The fine ladies who patronize the Regent Street shops would be frightened out

of their propriety, were the uncultivated, coarsely-dressed persons who serve in the Whitechapel shops to wait upon them. The very articles would be polluted by the circumstance of coming into contact with their vulgar hands. The contrast might be carried out much farther, but it is not necessary. Scarcely could the difference be greater were the localities in question in different worlds, instead of being within three miles of each other.

But why refer to the opposite extremities of the metropolis for an illustration of the contrasts which are to be found in it? The lounger about London will meet with contrasts of the most marked character within the limited distance of a furlong or an eighth of a mile-often less. You pass along an imposing street in the West-end, solely tenanted by the noble and the opulent: at the back of that street, or in its immediate neighbourhood, you will meet with scenes of destitution and wretchedness, painful, beyond the power of expression, to the eye, and absolutely shocking to the mind. In the mansions, in the one case, all is magnificence and splendour; in the hovels, in the other, all is filth and squalor. In the former, the inmates fare sumptuously every day; in the latter, an ample meal, even of the homeliest kind, forms an epoch in their history. Rich apparel clothes the persons of the one class; the other are either half-naked or covered with a mass There is no exaggeration in this—no attempt at effect. The contrast, fearfully marked as it is, is not an imaginary one; it is demonstrably true. Were illustrative facts required, it would be easy to furnish them in abundance; but they are not needed. I lately heard a gentleman of high character publicly state (though the fact has not yet, so far as I am aware, found its way into the daily or weekly journals) that, in a mansion in the neighbourhood of one of the squares in the parish of St. George's, there was recently given a dinner which cost a sum that would, had it been expended on three hundred poor persons vegetating within one hundred yards of the spot, and all enduring unprecedented privations at the time, have made comfortable provision for them for an entire month. The man who looks on the world with the eye of a Christian scarcely knows whether he ought to be most deeply pained at the waste in the one case, or the want in the other. How any one, believing in a righteous Governor of the universe, can contemplate the unequal distribution of the good things of this earth, and yet deny or doubt the existence of a future state, appears to me one of the most extraordinary things which are to be met with in the world. Teeming, as the world does, with anomalies of every conceivable variety, there must be another state of being, if there be a moral Governor, in which these seeming anomalies shall all be rectified.

London, in its external appearance, is a place which is fitted to suit every diversity of taste. He who likes the fine and fanciful

in the outward aspect of the houses, will find enough to minister to his tastes in many of the shopping places in the West-end. Equally numerous are the streets which are adapted to minister to the taste of him who prefers what he calls a plain and decent aspect of things. The lover of pedestrian bustle will find it to his heart's content in Cheapside and other crowded thoroughfares. He who would court seclusion in the midst of a great city can at all times do so with success by transferring himself to Broad Street

and other localities in the neighbourhood of the Bank.

If, wearied with the monotony of a vast wilderness of bricks and mortar, and anxious to regale his eyes with the sight of verdant grass, lofty trees, beautiful shrubberies, an extensive sheet of water, and other objects calculated to awaken recollections of rural scenes formerly frequented with never-ceasing delight, let the lounger about town direct his steps to St. James's or the Regent's Park, according to the particular spot he has chosen for his place The former park is not sufficiently prized by the of residence. inhabitants of London. Its great extent, its lovely lawns, its gigantic trees, so arranged as to form a series of magnificent avenues, its rich and varied shrubberies, its delightful walks, its charming expanse of water, with its verdant banks and lilliputian island, conspire to invest it with an aspect of interest and beauty which never fails to fill the mind of the stranger with the highest Were St. James's Park in the centre of Paris or gratification. some other continental capital, Englishmen would return to their own country, after paying a visit to it, with their heads half-turned in the excess of their admiration of its charms.

Is the stranger partial to aquatics? His taste can, at all times, be gratified without quitting London. In the midst of the metropolis, there is the Thames, by far the noblest river in Europe, and exceeded by few, all things considered, in the world. On the bosom of that river there are facilities unequalled by any other water in any quarter of the globe for the lover of aquatic pursuits

indulging his propensities.

If fond of scenes of bustle and animation on the watery element, he will find his utmost desires fulfilled at any part of the river between Hungerford Market and London Bridge. If his predilections run in favour of bustle and business in another and far larger acceptation of the terms, he has only to transfer himself to some spot below that bridge, and he will witness exhibitions of bustle and business on a scale of magnitude unparalleled in any part of the world. But, as I shall have occasion, in a future article, to refer at greater length to the commerce carried on on the bosom of the river, I forbear any further allusions to it in my present paper.

Has the lounger in London a liking for spots uniting the attributes of town and country? There are numerous places in which his taste can be gratified. Brixton, Fulham, Chelsea, Brompton, Hammersmith, Bayswater, Hampstead, Highgate, Islington, Hoxton, Hackney, Camberwell, are a few out of many that might be mentioned. The suburbs of London are charming in the summer. The happy blending of handsome houses with trees and shrubs and miniature gardens gives to the scene a singularly pleasing effect. The suburban districts of the metropolis are rendered more delightful by the streams of vehicles of every variety which are constantly pouring along the leading roads without any of the noise which is produced in the centre of the town by the heavy rumbling of omnibuses and the rattling of coaches and cabs. Not only do the macadamised roads in the suburbs prevent any excessive noise, but the little that is produced is less sensibly heard, owing to the greater distance between the ranges of houses on

either side.

The lover of "show" can never be at a loss in London for the gratification of his taste. In the Park, between the hours of five and six, he will witness exhibitions of aristocratic pomp and splendour which will not only dazzle his eyes, but fill his head with an indescribable giddiness. But while the thoughtless mind will be gratified with the scenes which are, every afternoon during the season, to be seen in the Park, to the stern moralist they are painful in the extreme. His mind involuntarily turns to the frightful contrast to these scenes which is to be witnessed in the more destitute districts of the metropolis. He cannot help reflecting on the fact, that, while his brain is bewildered by the luxury and magnificence which are passing before his eyes, there are myriads of his fellowcreatures within two or three miles of where he stands, without food, without clothing, and living in underground dungeons unfit to be the habitation of even the beasts of the field; and yet all of these possessing spirits as precious in the sight of Heaven as any of the noble and the great who are playing the principal part in the living panorama on which the moralist is gazing. But his reflections do not terminate here; his mind is irresistibly carried forward to that period when all the pomp and splendour now passing before him shall have perished for ever. Where, he asks himself, will be, fifty years hence, that lofty-minded nobleman riding with so dignified an air on a steed scarcely less proud and pampered than himself? Where, half a century from this time, will be that brilliant beauty, reclining in her luxurious carriage in all the consciousness of her personal attractions, and scarce deigning to look on the right or the left, as if she fancied herself a being of another sphere, and deemed the world and humanity unworthy of her thoughts? Where? The question is one which, to the mind of the man who looks on the earth and all things earthly in the light of another world, possesses a terrible importance. It awakens in his heart thoughts of a profoundly solemn character. Where will he?-where will she be? As to the destiny of the body before

that period has passed away, there can scarcely be any question. The probability is so great as to amount to a moral certainty, that it will be in the dark and silent grave, constituting a rich repast to the worms of the dust. But the spirit? That is the great ques-It is one, however, which no creature of the earth will pre-It must be left to Him in whose hands are the sume to answer. issues of all things. But while the reflecting mind is saddened at the thought, that all the middle-aged among the great and noble who are sweeping past in their equipages of dazzling brilliancy will, ere the earth has made its fifty annual revolutions, have for ever vanished from the world, the moralist cannot help being also deeply affected with the consideration, that, in all probability, there are some out of the thousands who are performing a distinguished part in the scene which is passing before him, who, though seemingly in perfect health at the moment, and promising themselves untold years of future prominence and importance in the spheres of fashion, are on the very verge of the eternal world. The transition from the pomp and splendour of the Park to the tomb! How touching the thought! But there is a thought more touching still. It is the transition from such a scene of gaiety and dissipation, of frivolity and world-worship, to that dread tribunal before which all are appointed to appear. How awful, how appalling the bare idea of such a transition!

But I turn away from so touching a train of thought, as one more suited to the pages of a religious, than of a literary periodical. The man of intellectual taste can, in London, at any time and at all times, gratify his taste in the most abundant manner. No matter in what part of the town he may happen to reside, or chanced to have rambled to, there are institutions in which he may hear able lectures on every conceivable subject, either without any charge, or at so small a charge as to be scarcely deserving the name. If he prefer reading to hearing, there is the British Museum with all the literary riches of its comprehensive library, open to him gratuitously. But should the place of his abode be too remote from the British Museum to render a frequent visit to its reading-room inconvenient, he will find in every part of the town public libraries of great extent and the highest value, to which he may obtain access either gratuitously, or on the payment of a small our.

small sum.

Does he chiefly delight in the light and varied literature of journalism? Then there are innumerable coffee-houses, of the highest respectability, and most comfortably fitted up, always open to him at the cost of a few pence. In these the leading metropolitan magazines, all the daily journals, and most of the weekly papers are at all times to be found.

Is the resident in London fond of gossip, and at the same time a lover of luxurious ease? the place for him is one of the clubs.

There he may lounge the entire day in rooms most splendidly furnished, and in mansions possessing the external magnificence of a palace. And all this, with cheap dinners, the various metropolitan journals, the leading provincial ones, an inexhaustible supply of magazines, and all the current works of fiction, books of travel,

&c., for ten guineas a year.

Is the metropolitan lounger a lover of the fine arts? where could he go to gratify his taste to the same extent as in London? The National Gallery is an endless source of pleasure, gratuitously enjoyed, to all the admirers of the fine arts. Then there are the rooms in Somerset House, and Suffolk Street, not to mention various other places of a humbler kind, several of them open without any charge, and all accessible by the expenditure of a mere trifle.

The admirer of flowers can never be at a loss for the gratification of his taste, so long as Covent Garden lasts. The show of floral loveliness in the season, is always, in that place, extensive and varied beyond what is any where else to be witnessed. In summer there is not a more charming place in any part of Europe for those who are partial to floral sights, than Covent Garden, which possesses the further commendation of being in the very

centre of the town.

Does a man of scientific pursuits come to reside in the metropolis? He will have opportunities afforded him of gratifying his taste to an extent of which no one in the country can have the slightest conception. The expenditure of a shilling will enable him to spend an entire day in the Polytechnic Institution, or the Adelaide Gallery, in either of which places he will witness trophies of scientific genius which will fill him with wonder and delight.

The subject might be pursued to an indefinite extent, but I must not proceed any farther. The man who devotes his days to walking about town, will meet in it unnumbered objects of interest. New ones, indeed, start up every day. There is not a taste, be it what it may, and however singular it may be deemed by the majority of mankind, which the metropolitan pedestrian will not be able to gratify. A man who resides in some other town for a short period, finds that he has seen every thing of interest, and that the place has become quite monotonous to his eye. It is otherwise in London. The most enterprising and active individual finds that in it there are places he has never exploredlocalities of which he has no more idea than if they were situated in some far-distant undiscovered region of the globe. And not only so, but even in portions of London with which he may be thoroughly conversant to-day, he will find that new objects of interest suddenly and unexpectedly present themselves to-morrow. London, in fine, is not only, as before remarked, a world in and of itself, but it is one which none of its inhabitants ever have been, or, while it retains its present mighty magnitude, and infinite diversity of aspect, ever will be, able thoroughly to explore.

WILD REVENGE; OR, THE LEGEND OF LOCHBUY.

A TALE OF MULL.

'Tis morning. O'er Hebridean isles Which dot the surface of the deep, The orb of day, returning, smiles; The spirits of the water sleep.

Oh! sweet 's the breath of early morn, And bright the glow of eastern sky, And fair the flowers whose tints adorn Mull's wild and rugged scenery.

* The author is indebted to the Editor of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal" for the tradition on which the stanzas which compose this poem are founded. In the forty-fifth number of that admirable periodical, an extract from the "Inverness Courier," one of the best conducted of our provincial papers, is thus given :-

"WILD REVENGE .- The Celtic legends, like the Celtic language, though deficient in terms of art and refinement, are peculiarly rich in the expression of the passions. Joy, grief, fear, love, hatred, and revenge, glow through many an impassioned strain which still lingers by its original wild locality. On the shores of Mull a crag is pointed out overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition, which we have often thought would form no bad subject for the painter, or even the

"Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with her only child, an infant then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death; but this punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of his clan, which, in those feudal times, was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest menial, and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and, bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief, at the awful jeopardy in which their child was placed may be easily conceived.

"Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied, that the only conditions on which he would consent to the restitution were, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord

and be publicly scourged as he had been.

"In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to anything if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and, lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull."

But brighter far than Nature's light
Is woman's pure and pensive eye,
While watching through the dreary night
The innocence of infancy.

And fairer than the fairest flower

That decks the mead or mountain wild,

Are smiles which in a mother's bower

Play o'er the features of her child.

The matins in Lochbuy's halls
Are said: Maclean, the doughty chief,
With haughty mien his henchman calls,
And gives command in language brief:—

"Go; let the pilbroch of the clan,
'The gathering,' both loud and clear
Be sounded from the bartizan,
Maclean, to-day, will hunt the deer.

"His child, Lochbuy's son and heir,
His wife, the lady Isabel,
Will, with himself, be present there;
Hence! quickly go, thy message tell."

The henchman sped, the stag-hounds bay,
The fiery steeds impatient rear;
The vassals in their tartans gay,
With gladsome faces soon appear.

The chief, with bow and bugle-horn,
Rides foremost with his island queen;
The nurse and child aloft are borne
Within their wicker palanquin.

The thrilling bagpipes gaily play,
As from their drones the streamers fly;
The merry clansmen bound away,
And shout in wildest ecstacy.

And now they reach the forest green
Of pine-trees with their scaly cone,
Where, turning round, the proud Maclean
Keen marks his followers every one.

Each gorge and pass he fenced with care, And strictest vigilance enjoined, In order that the quarry there No outlet for escape might find.

This word is pronounced as it consisting of three syllables—Loch-bu-y.

Twelve men of might and stature tall,
Well armed with brand and studded shield,
Form quickly at their chieftain's call
To tend their lady on the field.

A little higher ground to gain,
They onward mov'd, and many a prayer
Is mutter'd as they cross the plain,
For Isabel, so bland and fair.

The bugles sound, the startled deer
Fly fleetly as the viewless wind;
The shaggy hounds in full career
Pursue, and leave the woods behind.

The bowmen, with their weapons bent, Concealed behind the rocks remain, With sinews braced, and eyes intent, To lance the barb with deadly aim.

But quicker still the red deer flew,

The warders' shouts were given in vain,
As nearer to the pass they drew,

Their course to change, or speed restrain.

With bounding spring, and antlers reared
In air, they furious rush; anon
The hard and narrow gorge they've clear'd,
The hunting of that day is done!

Excited hope can rarely brook

The sting of disappointment keen;
So told the dark and angry look

And flashing eye of proud Maclean.

"Seize, bind the slave!" he madly cried,
"A cur-dog's death his doom shall be;
All hope of mercy is denied;
Diaoul! * hang him on the nearest tree.

But no! a refuge in the grave
From sneering scorn the coward finds,
Misfortune's bitter blast to brave,
Belongs alone to noble minds.

So let him live; the knotted lash
(Instead of death) his flesh shall tear,
Till blood spurt out from every gash
Which stains his craven shoulders bare.

^{· &}quot;Diaoul," Anglice, "Devil," is used to express impatient rage.

With lips compress'd and dauntless breast
The Gaël his stripes unflinching bore;
No change of countenance confess'd
The pain that thrill'd through every pore.

"Enough!" the chieftain call'd aloud;
The victim's cords were quick untied;
And slowly, followed by the crowd,
Maclean to meet his lady hied.

Like sunbeam peering o'er the fells,
Through murky clouds which sullen roll,
She sweetly smiles, and soon dispels
The moody umbrage of his soul.

With kindly glow his bosom warms;
And, stooping low upon the plain,
He rais'd the infant in his arms,
And kissed him o'er and o'er again.

As if by force of magic's power,

The clansmen, in their transports wild,

Join in the greetings of the hour,

And bless the lady and her child.

The cheetah • in the jungle trail
Creeps stealthy forward as he goes,
And, if observed, he sweeps his tail,
And clouds of dust around him throws.

As thus conceal'd he crouching lies,
The doe no longer looks behind;
Reliev'd from dread of all surprise,
She feeds, and thinks 'twas but the wind.

But creeping nearer, with a bound
The cheetah fixes on his prey,
Which, felling on the tangled ground,
He paws and tears with savage play.

So Callam Dhu,† with felon aim, His direful purpose to conceal, Shouts with the crowd in loud acclaim, As if disgrace he could not feel.

[•] The cheetah is a species of small tiger, used in India for hunting the deer. They are caught in the jungle when young, and are generally kept chained in a sort of box or kennel, and are hooded or bandaged over the eyes. When the game is in view, the keeper takes off the bandage, and points towards the deer, which they approach in the manner of a cat about to seize a mouse; but if discovered, they sweep their tails about, and raise a cloud of dust, which completely conceals them from the deer, which are thus put off their guard, and again begin to browse as if unconscious of further danger. If the cheetah should happen to miss his prey, he gets furiously savage; and it requires great caution on the part of the keeper in approaching him.

⁺ Callam Dhu signifies literally, "Black Malcolm."

But, sudden as the lightning's flash,
He from the nurse the child has torn,
And up the cliff, with frenzied dash,
The infant on his arm has borne.

He never stopp'd till, clamb'ring high,
The fearful peak at last he gain'd;
And thence he scowl'd with glaring eye
On those who far below remain'd.

He quickly drew his dagger blade,
And o'er his heart he placed the child;
Then wrapp'd it in his tartan plaid,
And stood erect, and grimly smil'd.

The chief was powerless and appall'd;
The pale and frenzied Isabel
Wild shriek'd, and for her infant call'd,
As prostrate on the earth she fell—

Seem'd as if wakening from a trance,
'Twas only then the clansmen knew,
By instinct, or by dint of chance,
The vengeful act of Callam Dhu.

Infuriate, madden'd, forth they bound
To scale the steep and narrow path,
Which up the cliff so slippery wound,
From which to swerve were certain death.

"Move but a step," he hoarsely cried,
"And on this dagger's hilt I swear,
Its blade shall red in blood be dyed
Of innocence.—Take heed! beware!"

The chieftain, with uplifted hands,
Looks heav'nward on the voiceless sky,
And tremblingly imploring stands,
Rack'd, torn with fiercest agony.

"One half my lands I'll freely give,
All! all!" he cried, in accents wild,
So that the innocent may live;
Oh! save my wife, and spare my child!"

"Maclean!" he solemnly replied,
"Gold never can indemnify
For loss of honour, nor can hide
The stains of open infamy.

Me wantonly you have disgrac'd,
Ay, me; although full well you knew
Your confidence was ne'er misplac'd
When giv'n in trust to Callam Dhu.

To me your life you once have owed,"—
And, opening his chequer'd vest,
He with his finger proudly showed
A cicatrice upon his breast.

"To you your angel-wife is dear,
To me, more dear than life and light
Is Flora, who, with soul sincere,
Her maiden troth to me did plight.

"And am I then so abject now
As not to dare her smiles to greet?
Yes! I absolve her from her vow;
Revenge alone to me is sweet!

"Yet listen! if on bended knee
You publicly do now confess
How deeply you have injured me,
And sorrow and regret express;—

"And further, if you shall consent
To bare your shoulders to the scourge,
And suffer what I underwent,—
These, these, perhaps, the stains may purge."

"Yes! yes! thy purpose to recal,
I here confess on bended knee,
In presence of my vassals all,
That I have deeply injured thee.

"Stripes, torture, death itself, I dare,"
Exclaim'd aloud the stricken chief,
"So that my only child you spare,
And thus assuage his mother's grief."

Th' astonish'd clansmen murmur'd loud,
But quail'd as them their chieftain eyed,
Who in the centre of the crowd
The agonizing lash defied.

'Twas over; though he could not speak, He, breathing deep, looked wistfully Towards the cold and dreary peak, Which topp'd the rugged cliff so high.

Oh! horror! with outstretched arm,
The desp'rate man held up the child,
As if he meditated harm;
His looks were haggard, dark, and wild!

One moment more! with demon glare
He bent his arm the child to kiss;
Then, vaulting into empty air,
Both sunk into the deep abyss!

Oh! who can paint a scene so dread,—
The howling, and the dismal yell,
Enough to rouse the sleeping dead,
And scare the very fiends of hell?

But whence those other sounds of woe Which now assail the wearied ear, So mournful, plaintive, wailing low, Like moaning winds in autumn sere?

Has some illusion of the mind,
Some airy phantom of the brain,
A dream of fancy undefin'd,
Awaken'd up such doleful strain?

Ah, no! the accents sad of grief,
The passing knell have mournful knoll'd,
And warn'd the childless, widow'd chief,
That Isabel in death lies cold.

How vain, alas! is human pride;
In youth, impatient of control,
It swells like ocean's raging tide,
And saps the barriers of the soul.

In after years, as death draws near,
Its waves begin to retrograde;
While we lament with many a tear,
And mourn the wrecks which they have made.

The morn had seen Lochbuy proud Ride forth the idol of his clan; The evening hears him sob aloud, A lone and broken-hearted man.

For, closed in dulness is that ear
Which mercy never sued in vain;
And dim's that eye which wont to cheer,
And make the wretch forget his pain.

No longer shall the infant gem
Of innocence endearing smile;
Cut off before its beauteous stem,
It sleeps beside Mull's dreary isle.

Poor Flora in fantastic weeds
Wild wanders on the lonely shore,
And, muttering, mournful tells her beads;
She ne'er shall see her Callam more!

Lochbuy's halls are silent now;
Within Iona's cloister'd pile
The chief to Heaven his life did vow,
And never more was seen to smile.

THOMAS NIMMO.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA ON THE DAY PRECEDING HIS ASSASSINATION.

A FRAGMENT.

[Cleopatra was in Rome when Cæsar was assassinated; she had already borne him two sons; and the Senate were solemnly to have decreed him a diadem on that day; and it was his intention to have afterwards married her, to share the empire with him.]

Scene—A Garden, Cleopatra alone—Cæsar approaches—they embrace; and, looking long and steadfastly in her face, he says,

"How beautiful thou lookest to day, Cleopatra! I have not seen thee thus for many months. But thou wert so ill on the passage from Alexandria; thou wert not accustomed to long voyages. The sickness caused by the sea air, and the rolling of the ship, shook thy frame—and then, our climate is not so warm as thine of Egypt. Now thou hast regained the same health, the same looks, thou hadst when my eyes first met thine. Dost thou remem-

ber that day?"

"Can I ever forget it, Cæsar? Yet then I was in deep dejection. My brother Dionysius had excluded me from my just share in the government, as intended by our father's will—he had As thou knowest, after the battle of driven me forth a fugitive. Pharsalia, the great Pompey, flying from thine arms, and steering for Egypt, encountered one of my brother's ships. Pompey had been his benefactor; yet my brother had suborned the assassin arm of Septimus to slay that noble Roman, thinking thus to gain thy favour. Thou recollectest, they cast his body to the waves, and brought his head to Dionysius, who caused it to be placed before But, oh! Cæsar, when I heard that thou wert melted to tears, and didst mourn over it, I thought that the man who was thus moved at the premature fate of his great enemies, would be softened by the misfortunes and the tears of a woman and a queen; and that the noblest of the Romans would replace Cleopatra on the throne of the Pharaohs.-I saw and loved thee!"

"And thou didst judge rightly, Cleopatra. Pompey met me on the plains of Pharsalia in arms, openly to contend for the dominion of the world—the victory was mine; but the dagger of the assassin is too base a weapon to be suborned by me. I pursued him to Egypt, supposing it possible that thy brother Dionysius, whom he had supported in the contest against thee, would declare for him, and that I should have to fight a second Pharsalia in the valley of the Nile; but the angel of death arrested his course ere he had touched thy shores, and by the degraded hand of Septemius, a deserter from his own camp; that act was instigated by Dionysius. Base ingratitude and treason! I had rather he had gathered his legions in the cause of Pompey, and fought bravely by his side, than hire an assassin, and dare to think that I would approve the act, and give its author my protection. My indignation was roused at the thought; and it was increased when on arriving in Egypt the trunkless head of Pompey was placed before me. What a rush of emotions passed through my mind at that

sight! I remember them well!"

"Pompey," muttered I to myself, "I knew thee in infancy, in childhood, in youth, in manhood, -in peace as a citizen, in war as a soldier. In our younger years I loved thee as a friend, and believe that our affection was mutual. As we grew up and entered the service of the republic, 'twas thy lot to arrive only at high command, and to extend the frontiers of the empire by a series of great victories and permanent conquests over the barbarians; and I respected and admired thee as a citizen and a general. Thy renown roused my emulation, and I feared only that thou wouldst conquer all, and leave me nothing. Ambition awoke within me, and roused me to surpass thee. I led my legions to victories and conquests greater than thine, subjected more nations to the emperor than thou; and from friends as boys, we became rivals as men. The perpetual contests of the plebeians and patriciansthe corruption of the government demanded amendments, and a more concentrated form of administration. I aspired at the supreme power, and from rivals we became enemies. I put myself at the head of the people—thou of the patricians, and civil war subjected the destinies of Rome to the decision of the sword. Thou wert finally defeated; yet, had I not lived, thou alone of all the Romans wert worthy to hold the reins of empire. Thy early and sad fate cause me to forget our rivalry, our enmity, and the fierce passions of civil war; and memory recals to my soul our young years of innocence and affection—and stern tears started unbidden in my eyes. Yes, when I raised my eyes from the bloody head of Pompey, they encountered those of Dionysius, who was present, and watching the effect on me. He only read indignation in my expression, and resolved from that moment to oppose him, and support thee. I had a vague anticipation of meetting thee, of the pleasure I should enjoy in doing thee justice, of thy gratitude; - even then the thought came over me that thy sense of justice and gratitude united might ripen into love; and that thy youth, thine innocence, thy misfortunes, and thy tears, might generate a mutual sentiment. I had heard much of thee, and curiosity was not the least of my emotions. Those who had seen and known thee well, Cleopatra, had reported thee such as I

have found thee in body and in mind. Enough,-we met and loved, and the scythe of Time hath not been able to sever our affection-our two boys are living testimonies. We have now passed together more than an olympiad, and during that time I have been occupied in consolidating the fabric of my power, and in accustoming the Romans to the idea that the glory and the interests of the republic will be advanced by placing the entire administration in my hands, and for life. It matters not materially what title the individual bears who governs a state for life -consul, prince, queen, king; the respect and gratitude of the people is the only sure foundation of unlimited power. If the ruler have done great and lasting service to the state, these sentiments may, if he desire it, perhaps insure the succession to his children; and those of a consul or dictator may become hereditary princes or kings. That is my object; but I must carefully avoid the name of king, so detested in Rome-it is enough that I, and I alone rule. The man who shall sway the sceptre of the Roman empire as it now is, with sole and undivided sway, will be greater than twenty kings, and the page of human history hath not yet named his fellow; for such power, such dignity, such grandeur the Roman language wants a name. The title of imperator, endeared to the people by centuries of victories, and illustrated most by me, must serve my end; and as the senate, to-morrow, decree me a diadem, my ambition is satisfied. Not so my lovethe eagle would droop without his mate. Thou, Cleopatra, born a queen, must change thy title, and from the sovereign of a province become the acknowledged mate of the sovereign of the empire. A trusty tribune, devoted to me, shall propose a law to the effect that I may marry thee, a stranger, which, as thou knowest, is now against our laws. Then, Cleopatra will our children be legitimated, succeed us in the imperial dignity; the progeny of Cæsar and Cleopatra will sit on the throne of the world for ages and ages, and direct the destinies of mankind for the general good."

"Thy ambition, Cæsar, is worthy of thyself and of me. Thou didst befriend me in the hour of need, and before I saw thee; until then I had never known love, I was too young, and had yet seen no object to create that sentiment; yet I almost loved thee ere I had seen thee. I had heard of thy victorious career in the north of Europe; I was aware that a mighty contest was likely to arise between thee and Pompey for undivided powers, and my heart was with thee, from thy character and renown, and because Pompey was hostile to me. When thou camest into Egypt my expectations were fulfilled; thou, the victorious general of the Romans, didst reach forth the hand of support, of friendship, and of love to the fallen daughter of the Ptolemies. How could I but love thee?—young, innocent, unsupported, friendless, fugitive.

Thy presence and protection changed all! What could I give thee in return?—nothing, save my heart; and Jupiter be my witness how I have loved and love thee. To-morrow thou wilt be sovereign of the empire, and thou hast promised to place me by thy side upon the throne. Our children will become Roman princes, and the novelty of that name will be lost in the minds of the Romans, in respect for thee and thy great deeds, and in recollection of their descent, through me, from the most illustrious generals of Alexander."

STANZAS

NO HEARING A LADY SINGING MAZZINGHI'S "WREATH."

Memories arise with that sweet strain,
Like glimpses of a vanish'd dream—
We weep, but fain would dream again,
So sweetly sorrowful they seem:
Like moonshine on a distant stream
Thy music falls where sorrows flow'd
Hidden and hush'd—and oh, that gleam
Shows too a desolated road!

Of gather'd flowers, of incense shed,
Of summer morning's fleeting bloom,
Of sunny hours for ever fled,
Of wither'd hopes, the pall, the tomb,
Those notes are telling—Oh how soon
The voice was mute that sang them best!
Sweet as the mimic wreath's perfume,
Whose hues her cheek and lip exprest.

The fair "Pastora" of her song
The lovely songstress look'd and mov'd—
Alas! alas! they now are one,
The poet's sketch, the maid belov'd!
From all save Fancy's eye remov'd,
To brighter realms she pass'd away—
What sorrowing years since last I prov'd
The magic of that simple lay!

O breathe it, breathe it not again,
Nor vainly wake the slumb'ring wave!
Be ever hush'd the once-lov'd strain,
And hang that wreath upon her grave!
Bright hues, sweet sounds, ye could not save!
Ye trophied well the fair and brief!
Her memory need not voices have—
The constant is the silent grief.

G. G. R.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF VISIONARY SPECULA-TIONS UPON THE MORAL CHARACTER AND THE HAPPINESS OF MAN.

THERE is a certain mood of the mind in which we give the reins to fancy, and expatiate unrestrained in the boundless fields of imagination; but which though felt in a more or less degree by every man, has not, as far as I am aware, drawn the attention of metaphysical or moral writers to that extent which it seems to deserve. In the course of the investigation into which it is my purpose to enter, it will be treated of with regard to its influence upon the moral character of man, and its tendency to promote or destroy

his happiness.

The man of a stern and unimpassioned matter-of-fact mind may contemptuously brand this play of fancy, as the idle reverie of a dreaming lunatic, the airy, cloud-built fabric of a heated brain; but we may ask the haughty sneerer if he has never, in some idle, half-drowsy hour, caught himself engaged in forming some beautiful, though flimsy and fleeting vision, some castle in the air, as this playful mood of mind has been often styled. If he cannot deny that he has,—and we believe that few men with truth can,—let him suspend his mockery; and if it can be shown to be anatural tendency of the mind, and one, moreover, beneficial to morality and happiness, let it not be deemed an unnecessary waste of time, and a habit which ought to be relinquished as soon as possible

The mind of man is of a nature so indefatigably active, that it is never for a moment unemployed while he is awake; and even during the hours of sleep it is often busily engaged, soaring in all its unrestrained and unfettered power through the boundless regions of imagination. Such being its nature, it is not wonderful that when unemployed with severer occupations and studies, and allowed to follow its own pleasure, it should run out into a thousand speculations, and form a thousand various incidents, which never had, nor perhaps ever will have, existence. In these airy imaginings the natural character, habits of thinking, or employment of the man, exert considerable sway in forming and directing the tendency and train of his thoughts. A man of an ambitious cast of mind generally finds his reveries carry him forward through an uninterrupted succession of fortunate occurrences; till, gradually advancing step by step, he attains the loftiest station of rank and influence, where, like the fabled ruler of Olympus, he wields the energies of empires, and seals the destiny of monarchs and their subject millions with his nod.

The merchant, after retiring from the bustling toil of the day, follows in imagination the swelling sail of his outward-bound vessel; sees her sweep, careering in the gale, over the boundless billowy ocean, with all its waves crested and maned with the curling, flashing foam ;-hears the wind whistle in her shrouds, and her masts creaking as they bend to its sway; -enters the wished-for port in some remote and almost unknown part of the world, where the shores are thronged with strange shapes and fantastic garbs, and looks of wonder and of terror; -makes advantageous purchases, and returns home richly freighted to dispose of his mer-Then will he think of retiring from his anxious and busy toils, and enjoying at his ease in some silent retreat his wellwon gains. Immediately a sweet rural scene will open before the eyes of his dreaming fancy, and his visions will be of sheltered green sunny valleys, studded with groups of old majestic oaks and beeches, tenanted in all their branches with countless families of rooks; -of retiring shady glens, all melodious with the notes of the thrush and the blackbird, or resounding with the plaintive cooing of the wood-pigeon, and himself roaming calmly among them, full only of one thought of deep delight, "These are all mine, and all the fruits of my honest persevering industry." The man of warm patriotic feelings, in his reveries clothes himself with power and authority, which he uses for the good of his country He drives the fawning sycophant from the court, that he may not longer poison the ear of his sovereign; the useless placeman he strips of his sinecure, and clears his country from every species of corruption, making justice no less revered and loved for her balance of impartiality, than dreaded for her sword of power. In the mean time, while he regulates his country's internal policy, he leads forth her armies to battle, and makes her triumphant over all external foes.

He of tender and amiable dispositions, whose breast is the home of all the benevolent affections, forms in his mind many scenes of deep distress, that he may enjoy the gratification, so dear to his soul, of alleviating the pressure of want, of soothing the pains and sufferings of indigent disease, or of assisting the trembling and hesitating endeavours of modest merit. He enters the humble cottage of the friendless widow; sees her bending in humble, halfresigned, but speechless misery, over the couch where her only son, the dear image of her dead husband, is stretched in pain and sickness, checking the sigh of woe which struggles in her heart, lest it should distress her suffering son, and bidding her face look a hope which her soul has ceased to feel, that she may not by her openly expressed sorrow grieve the kind heart of her dying, yet affectionate child; to her he administers at once the balm of consolation, to soothe her grief, and the means of procuring aid to the sick and wasting victim, till his soul swells with an angelic rapture

as fancy represents the feeble youth raised from the bed of languishing, and, supported by the arm of his overjoyed mother, again breathing the pure health-inspiring gale, and gathering life and strength from the genial warmth of the blessed sun. His eye searches out the retirement of the youthful genius, whose ardent aspirations after fame and distinction are chilled and depressed by the withering influence of penury, whose mounting soul is unable to break through the thick and lowering gleam of obscurity in which fate has wrapped him, and who pines in hopeless melancholy, hastening his fate by the agonies of morbid sensibility, and the bitterness of despair. Him he patronizes with readiness and friendly warmth, banishes the gloom of despondency from his mind, animates him in his ardent longings for glory, assists him in surmounting all the difficulties which obstructed his progress, and enables him to assume that station to which his talents, if not his birth, has given him claim, regarding him the while with a fondness and affection almost paternal.

But it is unnecessary to multiply examples, since it may be seen from what has been said that men of very different habits of mind, pursuits, and desires, are all inclined in their idle hours to indulge in this imaginative train of thought;—different, indeed, in different individuals, according to their peculiarities of character, but all agreeing in one particular, that they raise the airy speculator to that degree and condition of power which he most desires, and give him those talents in which he is chiefly anxious to excel. They thus encourage and strengthen those habits of thinking, and must of course have no inconsiderable influence upon a man in

forming or directing his moral character.

In all these reveries, every man rather fashions his mind and conduct to what it ought to be, than maintains it as it really is. He leaves his little personal failings out of the picture which he forms, and represents himself as acting in such a manner as must deserve and obtain for him universal approbation, causing the good fortune with which he invests himself to appear tohave followed as a well-merited reward due to his good actions. By frequently indulging in this manner of thinking, he will inevitably acquire a relish for those noble principles of action and of thought which he is in the habit of holding up to his contemplation. In this manner he may, while he appears to be only amusing, be in reality improving his mind, and making himself in every respect a more noble, elevated, disinterested, and deserving character.

It must be owned, indeed, that this opinion is founded upon the supposition that these reveries have not themselves the character of vicious or degrading indulgence. To this supposition some may be inclined to object, but we think unjustly. We can scarcely suppose a man capable of becoming a villain so black, so utterly and inhumanly fiendish, as not to feel some stirrings of conscience, some "compunctious visitings," as often as his mind ceases to be agitated with the violent emotions which bear him on, like a potent spell, from crime to crime, till his soul is plunged in guilt beyond the hope of recovery. Suppose him for an hour left in unimpassioned and listless inaction; if his mind be too weakly moved by any passion or desire to cause him to form and organize a plan for executing some now enormity, it certainly will not run out into an imaginary series of crimes and vices into which it is impelled by no emotion. On the contrary, we have many examples to show that in such an hour recollections of all the tender and innocent feelings of infancy have come over the minds of the most hardened, and melted their souls almost to a return to virtue, while the relenting man in thought renewed the scenes and the innocence of childhood.

The artless gambols of some rosy, fair-haired child; the sudden sound of some simple plaintive strain of music, long forgotten, yet waiting but to be called forth from its slumber through many years of wild and maddening passion,-these, and numberless other apparently unimportant circumstances, have often breathed upon the mind a spell which bore it from all the black and guilty horrors of reality, into a smiling land of bright and lovely innocence; and the iron-hearted ruffian, whose eye felt not the dews of pity when he gazed upon the last swelling stream of life blood bursting from the breast of the withering victim, has wept like a child at the creations of his own imagination. But unless the heart has lost every trace of its early affections; unless love, in all its modifications, has fled the bosom for ever, no man, however wicked, could indulge in reveries or dreaming imaginations of unsolicited guilt and degradation. What villain is there who prides himself that he is a villain? whose soul delights to recall his most atrocious actions into memory, and make them the subject of amusement to his unimpassioned fancy? There is none so utterly abandoned.

The most depraved wretch, who hesitates not at the commission of the most desperate crimes, does so for the sake of personal gratification; not, certainly, because he loves the abstract notion of guilt, merely as such, and takes a fiendish pleasure to meditate upon it in the silence of his heart, and the absence of all passion. On the contrary, a wicked and a vicious man dares not think, dares not indulge in contemplation, or in idle reveries, which, though short, would for a time unfit his mind for the commission of cruelty and guilt. His life is filled with the frenzy of headlong guilty action, and impelled by the incitements of ungovernable passion; and if thought ever grows upon him, he exerts himself to throw it aside, and to escape from it, though it should be by plunging deeper into crime.

It may therefore be affirmed, that when the mind gives way to

these wanderings of thought, it is never in a vicious mood, and consequently they confirm the sway of virtuous affections over the heart, and, what is of scarcely inferior consequence, over the imagination, which then holds up a magic mirror before the mind's eye, wherein it sees forms, unheard-of and fantastic perhaps, but all lovely, virtuous, and good, till it becomes enamoured of these ideal creatures and their perfections, and allures itself insensibly into a love for virtue, and generosity, and beneficence, and all that is called goodness of heart; thus acquiring a

capacity and a tendency to virtuous thought and action.

The next point to be inquired into is-What influence this unrestrained play of fancy may be supposed to have upon our enjoyment of happiness, or capacity for its enjoyment. In this part of our investigation it would obviously be foreign to our purpose to examine it with reference either to those of cold and subdued imaginations, who rarely know what such a thing means, or those who are so completely occupied with severer duties that they have no leisure to follow this sportive mood of mind in all its countless varieties and airy flights. But let us examine it with reference to one of an ardent, sensitive, and romantic disposition, who is little able to mingle in the busy occupations of the world, and still less able or inclined to restrain his heart and all his warm affections within the cold limits required by the laws of etiquette, or to hear the icy formalities of supercilious greatness, when it condescends to elevate him by its very gracious notice, and yet by the haughty curve of the eye-brow warns him to enjoy the smile of favour with all due humility, and at proper distance; thus letting him see that the eye, whose patronising glance has raised him into notice, could, with the lightning of a single frown, annihilate his little existence, and leave him in all the obscurity and worthlessness from which it was pleased to raise him. Stung to the soul by having such most unpleasant observations forced upon his notice, what is there to soothe the wounded feelings of his proud though tender To be left aidless, comfortless, without resource, like a half-clad houseless wanderer, alone and trembling on a wild unsheltered waste, amidst the storms and midnight blackness of a wintry tempest? Nature has not been so unkind. He possesses a spring of comfort, a power of soothing, or at least banishing his painful feelings; ever at hand to divert the current of his sorrows, and give him one hour of pure pleasure, undisturbed by "the proud man's contumely." When the world frowns upon him; when friends, upon whom his hopes depend, chill him with consequential coldness, if not worse; when an unkind word or look from those who know their power, to take cruel advantage of it, has sent the iron of conscious dependence and unavailing resentment into his soul, he can fly from his afflictions, exclude the world of sad realities, and, retiring within his own magic circle,

call up around him a world of which he himself is sovereign. There he meets with high-born men of noble and generous minds, whose actions, emanating from a lofty soul, speak its heavenly origin. There he shares the rapturous embrace of true disinterested friendship-friendship upon which he may rely in trouble and in peril, in pain and in poverty, in misfortune and in woe, through life and in the hour of death, with no less certainty than when the sun of prosperity is shining highest, and all is smiling There may the sweet face of beauty smile upon fairest around. him in purity and innocence, without calling forth the censure of an evil-judging world; and he may indulge an affection pure as virtue's self, without fearing that it will be checked by the withering glance of slighting scorn, or turned into a gnawing melancholy, to prey upon his heart unceasingly, by the relentless hand of death. Or if his heart have already become incapable of partaking the bliss of mutual affection, he may enjoy the only pleasure now left him, and, fearless of false and injurious imputations, be a brother to all, though a lover to none; or even call up one fair form from the silent mansions of the land of forgetfulness, and hold with her a communion sadly sweet and inexpressibly tender.

He may frame for himself an independent and permanent possession, far from all anxieties and toils, where he can cherish and support his parents, in the decline of their days, with a care which amply repays itself by the delightful and generous consciousness of duty nobly performed; or add to his calm retirement others dear to his heart and lovely to his eyes, and divide his time between ministering to their comforts, supplying the wants of the needy around his dwelling, and pursuing his favourite studies, or reading his favourite authors. Thus, even while fortune frowns darkly upon him, and the world and its votaries spurn him, he may for hours—nay many hours, each day—enjoy pure, and even ennobling happiness. And if so, why should we awaken the happy dreamer from his blissful visions, to plunge him into all the bitter certainties of real life? Why should we snatch him from his bed of roses to stretch him again on the rack? Let him expatiate free over all the fairy fields of fancied bliss; it may be a land of shadows, but these shadows wear the fair forms of virtue and happiness; and in this world, alas! what more than the shadow of either do we often obtain? The man whose own mind can at all times supply him with a dream of happiness, has made an approach, though but in a dream, as near the reality as man may hope in this weary life of cares and disappointments. Man often thinks to clasp her to his heart, but his hopes are vain,

Par levibus ventis, valuerique simillima somno.

world. Her dwelling is among the bowers of paradise; when man lost his residence there, he left her behind, and in this lower world he can but dream of her; never shall he meet her till he regain his heavenly home. Is he, then, to be blamed, who turns his sick heart from struggling with the sorrows and the guilt of this world, and transports himself into one as pure as the dawn of creation, adorned and gladdened with all that is noble, good, and lovely in human nature, and brightened with the presence of

virtue, and her companion happiness?

It is true it may be objected, that by indulging the mind in these romantic reveries, a man will acquire a dislike to the sober occupations of real life, and a greater incapacity to endure the many vexations and disappointments to which every man is subject, in a more or less degree. This opinion is, however, unnecessary; and besides, even were it true, it would prove either that these reveries were injurious to the moral character of man, or destructive to his capacity of enjoying happiness. Upon the former it does not bear at all; and upon the latter in a slight degree. It only proves, that by indulging in such a habit it becomes more necessary to the mind, and, according to our opinion, more He who finds his happiness depending almost exclusively upon himself, and generally at variance with the ways of the world, will feel but little inclination to mingle in its vices and pursuits of vicious tendency, in which he knows that happiness dwells not, and casts from him that purity of mind and the imagination in which he has always been able to find her a willing And why should it be supposed that he is by such a habit rendered less able to perform his part on the stage of life? It is at least as probable, and more according to the analogy of nature, that he will be rendered more capable to do all his duties in an active and generous manner. He will return from his reverie like a boy from his play, full of alacrity and vigour, his mind refreshed and elevated, and all his faculties renewed from the language and listless sickness of tried exertion,-ready to re-commence his duties with unabated, or, rather, with increased power; and, possessed of this enduring comfort, that when sorrows and misfortunes press upon him, and the deformed figure of vice darkens and frowns before him, he knows whither to betake himself to find a world bright with the radiant charms of pure heavenly virtue, and cheered by the unclouded brow, the placid eye, and the constant smile of happiness.

THE SUTTEE.*

"THERE is to be a suttee at Butwarree—will you go and see it?" I had been eight years in India, and the greater part of that time in a Brahmanee country, and for some years a wanderer therein;

vet I had never seen a suttee.

It was noon; the blazing sun glowed fiercely in the cloudless firmament, and the air was still as death, making the day a hot one even in that withering clime. But the occasion was too tempting, and the opportunity too rare to be lost, and I rode on, guided by the train of natives who incessantly crowded to the place to witness this self-willed sacrifice. I found several gentlemen there before me. Soon after came the Mahalkarree, attended by his peons, and followed by a number of respectable inhabitants of Vingorla. He proceeded to the house of the intended victim to explain there to her and her relatives what their own religious laws were, and our government's orders relative to this sacrifice. I waited awhile, and then, getting impatient, went to inquire at what time the suttee would take place.

"Probably about two hours hence."

"Then, when all is ready, send, and let me know." I returned home, the distance being scarcely two miles.

About two P.M., I received the expected summons. They had cut down the timber, but had not even begun to erect the pile. The victim was seated in the midst of a dense crowd of both sexes and all ages—consisting of thousands—under the shade of a wide-spreading banyan tree. The native authorities opened a path for me, and I passed through this mass of people, and came up close to her. Dense as the crowd was, there was no crowding upon her, but the small open circle was kept clear by the respect paid to her. One by one advanced to receive from her hands a little rice and cocoa-nut, and her blessing. Steady in her de meanour, cheerfully and fervently did she address herself to her old acquaintances, her friends and relations, and none went away unblessed.

She, for one victim of Hindoo superstition, was most evidently not under the influence of any intoxicating drugs, and far from

being influenced by her relations to this act.

"I have vowed a vow," was her answer to others than them, "to die in this way by the side of my husband, and I will keep it. I can die but once, and once I must die, and this is the mode I have chosen. Spare your entreaties; that which my own sons

^{*} This brief paper was written before the abolition of sutteeism.

and my daughters could not persuade me to do, do you suppose you can? Cease, cease your arguments; I have heard all, and more than all you can urge—the tears of my sons, and the sobs of my daughters, and the voices of their little ones, did not, and

cannot, dissuade me."

I left her to witness the erection of the funeral pile. Four strong posts were fixed in the ground at the four corners, and to these were tied with strong ropes, at the upper parts, the cross pieces on which the upper platform was laid. It was an oblong square, and the lower part of the pile, whereon the bodies were to be laid, was about three feet high. The whole was probably eight feet long and five or six wide; and the depth between the upper and lower parts—the open space—was such that a person could not stand erect, but had more than ample room to sit and move about. It was chiefly built of green mango, cut down on the spot. The mango tree contains much turpentine, and burns fiercely when green. All around, without and within, above and below, dry ooreed straw was profusely thrown, than which there are few articles more combustible.

At about five, the crowd opened, and the old lady (for apparently she was threescore) arose, and walked slowly down to where the pile was erected. The ceremonies were still very tedious, and the distribution of rice, cocoa-nut, and blessings, still went on. A few pice were also given to some of the younger people. water had been poured over the victim, the officiating Brahman read, hurriedly and carelessly, the various requisite prayers-and they are numerous. The head was then repeatedly anointed with butter, and a tight-sleeved, long yellow gown drawn on, and she was supported in her walk to the pile. The dead body had been laid there before. She stood in prayer for a short space. She was evidently much exhausted with the exertions she had continued to make for full four hours after leaving her house, besides those she had previously undergone; but was calm and collected, and, to the last, resisted the affectionate entreaties of her relations to live. She was aided to ascend the steps at the open end; for one end must be left open -- only, a few cocoa-nut leaves were hung on while she was assisted in altering the position of her husband's body, which had not pleased her. Her son, his face all swollen with weeping, handed her a slip of lighted wood. She asked him to tie it easily between her toes, that it might not too soon fall. Her lips continued to move; soon she waved her foot, and applied the other torch which she held in her hand. The outside was instantly fired, and the blazing fury of the flame sent us all back. I heard shrick upon shrick rising shrill above the sound of the drum and the trumpet, and the crackling roaring of the pile. I rushed onward. The loose cocoa-nut leaves fell, and I saw the victim, seated in the bright red flame, rolling her arms and body

in agony. She fell back, and I saw her head, and chest, and arms quivering. All was then still; and the canopy of the pile fell, blazing, down, and covered all, and the crowd quietly and gradu-

ally dispersed.

The time that elapsed from the lighting of the pile till the top fell in, I estimated afterwards at from eight to ten minutes; but there were other gentlemen there who saw not as I saw, who said it could not be above four or five. They are probably right; for my mind was too eagerly engrossed otherwise to leave any room for the measure of time.

R.

THE CALL TO BATTLE. A WAR SONG OF NAVARRE.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

LIKE the thunder-crash at midnight, that shakes the hills afar,
A voice rang through the silent woods that lie around Navarre,—
"Oh! as ye love your mountain-homes, for which our fathers fought;
Those homes by many a bitter pang and blood-dyed battle bought!
Come forth! let glittering spears be seen where now the green pine towers,
And teach invading Arragon our mountains still are ours!"

"Where Roncesvalles was lifting his summit wreathed with snow,
Like a clarion in the contest, that voice was heard to go;
It swept amid the citron-bowers with a loud, rejoicing tone,
And the peasant armed him for the field, where hosts before had gone.
To wield the sword for his Navarre he left his dark-eyed maid,
Nor turned to mark his native hills, in sun-lit pomp arrayed.

"Full many an ancient castle hath poured its chieftains forth
To drive the invader from that land that gave their loved-ones birth;
They come from many a peaceful home, girt by its olive wood,
And leave the gittern and the lute for camps and deeds of blood;
The lights are gone from many a hearth, and hushed is laughter's tone,
For the warrior's path hath left the lov'd to weep and pray alone.

"In stately Pampeluna the morning slowly broke,
Yet ere the dawn that dauntless voice had tens of thousands woke;
There was heard the tramp of horsemen, and many a sad farewell,
And women's eyes from lattices looked sadly down the dell;
But who his hours, with dalliance, would waste in beauty's bowers,
When warriors arm them for the strife in such a cause as ours?

"From many a purple vineyard that Ebro's waters lave,"
From the mountains o'er whose rugged crests the olives darkly wave,
Come forth! From every fastness-steep, from every dell afar,
Come forth with spear and buckler, for our hosts rise up to war!
Oh stay not for the wine-cup, nor for weak woman's fears,—
Your country hath a higher claim than wine or woman's tears!

"From the forests where our fathers chased the wolf in days of yore, From the hills that look in beauty down upon dark Biscay's shore, From many a wood where the wild hart rests beneath the towering pine, From the glens where at high noon the sun on spear and javelin shine, From many a stately city, and many a stream afar, We rise with hearts that wildly beat for freedom and Navarre!"

A FUNERAL AT SPAFIELDS.

THE window of my little apartment looks into a narrow street in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell. It was about two o'clock of a Sunday afternoon in the month of November, and that compound of light and darkness not distinctly resembling either with which we, in this city of continual contrasts, are familiar. The sun's rays hardly reached us, and economy forbade us an early appeal to candles.

I was endeavouring, in a musing humour, to keep alive a few Newcastle coals in the grate; while my companion gazed listlessly from the window.

"There is a sad funeral, seemingly that of a little child," said my friend, "and only two persons following—an old woman and

a younger one -in black cloaks."

We were not familiar with London. In a few minutes the mournful announcement was repeated with a tone of sympathy, and again, and again-still with the remark that the coffin was that of a child, and the mourners women. I had answered carelessly, something after the manner of the invalid lady told of by the author of "Paul Pry"—" Dear me, Betty, what can they be doing with funerals?"—until the increasing frequency of the remark roused my somnolent curiosity; and, taking my hat and stick, I determined to follow, and see what became of the young dead and the female mourners. Running along two or three narrow streets, I found myself in the rear of a procession formed by no fewer than six funerals—all these of children except one, and the mourners, except in two instances, exclusively women, and not in number more than from two to four. There was a constderable number of flitting spectators, chiefly of the young, who, however, did not seem much interested in what was passing. We entered, by a very narrow lane and gateway, a burial-ground or grave-yard, the aspect of which was little fitted to assuage painful feelings, or to harmonise with the sentiments with which the abodes of the dead are usually approached by the bereaved friend or the reflecting fellow creature.

A signboard over the gateway announced Spafields buryingground, and conveyed the very business-like, and probably very necessary information, that those who did not come before four o'clock would be charged an additional sum. The gate was kept by a civil man in livery, who good-naturedly, but not very successfully, tried to keep out such of the juveniles as appeared in laughing faces, who had not been put into the undertaker's bill at 5s. 6d. each for "putting on an extra solemn face."

The ground itself, an irregular square of a few acres, had a chilly and desolate air. No lively vestiges of vegetation were seen; the dark and greasy-looking mould showing everywhere

signs of having been very recently turned over.

Detaching myself from the parties along with whom I had entered, I looked around. Nineteen open graves were within view, and several more had the appearance of having just been closed. The clergyman, a respectable-looking man of middle age, was reading the funeral service over a grave at a little distance. Each group of mourners, with its coffin, was drawn up, as they entered, at the allotted resting-place. As he finished the service at the grave I had first observed, the clergyman, putting on his hat, advanced quickly across the ground, and took his place by the side of the grave next in rotation. I drew close to him, and the audience was thus formed:—The father of the child about to be interred, two females-probably the mother and grandmothergrave-diggers and undertakers, a stranger woman, and two or three children-thoughtless, it may be supposed, yet hardly thoughtless-The undertakers removed the pall, the grave-diggers lowered the little coffin, covered with bright blue cloth, into an excavation surrounded, on all sides, with the remains, more or less decayed, of former deposits. The clergyman raised his hat, in which I followed his example; the book, not quite closed since its being so recently in requisition, opened at the ready place. A portion of the service for the burial of the dead was read—in a decent manner, it is true, but with little attendant solemnity. No music was there to soothe the disturbed spirit; no clerk and people to mark, by their responses, their sincerity and sympathy. This stage of the proceedings occupied about three minutes; and, as the minister stepped quickly across the graves to the next in waiting, the clods rung dully on the little coffin. The two women clasped each other's hands, and buried their faces in their hand-The man looked distressed and restless, as if anxious to leave the spot. He was not long detained; the grave-diggers, at least, were in haste to be done.

Two things struck not pleasantly on my feelings on witnessing this desolate funeral. When about to commence, the clergyman said in an audible whisper to the undertaker, "Is it a brother or a sister?" "Is it a boy or a girl?" translated that servitor to the relatives, and passed back the reply, "A brother, sir." Alas! then, these poor people have no parish minister who can know and aid them in their wants, or sympathise in their distresses. Swallowed up in the immensity of a populous parish, they have no choice but to receive for their dead the abridged and scanty funeral rites from the hands of a stranger, whose very name is un-

known to them, whom they never saw before, and whom they may never see again. Not one look of recognition was exchanged;

not one word of kindness and consolation was expressed.

I have said that, besides myself, and the straggling children, the only other voluntary attendant was a woman. Her manner attracted my attention. She was in height above the middle size, thin, pale, about thirty years of age, but grief-worn. Her dress was decayed mourning—almost rags. She had been standing also at the preceding grave, and seemed as if she were performing a penance, or discharging a self-imposed duty. She listened with profound attention, the tears coursing each other down her cheeks, and at particular passages of the service she bent her body lowly,

or crossed herself with much seeming devotion.

Had this poor woman lately buried all her earthly hopes, and come to renew her griefs and shed the sisterly tears over the graves of others? Or had her erring imagination (most excusable heresies) led her to the churchyard to pray for the souls of her departed friends, or to expiate with tears of penitence her wrongs and neglects of some one whom living she should have loved and tended? Perhaps a father, a mother, or a husband had perished by some unknown fate—at sea—or in a distant land; and thus, instead of a mausoleum, she consecrated to the memory of those she lamented, her prayers and her tears. Verily the widow's mite, her only offering, may have been accepted, and may

have been paid back as a soothing balm to her own soul.

But was there no pious missionary, no holy man ready in the service of his God, to probe the wounded spirit of this deserted woman, and point her the way to the true cross? the single clergyman, hurrying from grave to grave, burying as if by contract, and obliged to despatch so many within the hourwhat could he, however good a Christian, and faithful servant of his Master he might be, do in such a case? But where were the hundreds, nay thousands, of not over-worked servants of the altar, --- bishops, deans, canons, curates, and others of all orders and denominations,—who stud London so thickly, and enlighten it much to the same extent as the gas lamps in a foggy night illuminate the streets? Ay, where were they? And thou, O writer of these lines, who seest so plainly the mote in thy brother's eye, why didst not thou endeavour, like the good Samaritan, to bind up the wounds of the broken spirit which had not attracted the observation of the priest or of the Levite? Oh, no! the dignified ecclesiastics were in their snug parlours, enjoing their Sunday dinners,; and thou returnedst to brood fruitlessly over the miseries of the world and thine own, and to nurse again thy seacoal fire!

Meanwhile, the unhappy penitent possibly found a scanty meal, and a bed of straw in the night-asylum for the houseless; or wan-

dered, unheeded and alone, along the crowded, but, to her, deserted streets; or spent her last pence in the world, and worse than futile attempt to strive with want and sorrow by the treacherous aid of

the intoxicating draught.

Twenty females were said to be a very usual number in this grave-yard on Sunday, which is the day mostly used. To account for the great proportion of children, the fact may be stated, that this is one of the cheapest of the burial-places. A poor family may raise from their own scanty means, or from a burial club, a sum to expend on the interment of one of the seniors which would be grudged to the obsequies of a child. The paucity of attendance on the part of the male relatives I have not heard accounted for. It does not, on the face of it, seem very creditable to them.

I was told by the woman who lets my lodgings, that she had buried eight children in this over-crowded place; but, she added, with considerable indifference, that she did not believe they were allowed to remain in their graves; that in her opinion, and that of her neighbours, the bodies were very soon removed to some more economical repository, to make room in the consecrated ground for new tenants at so much a week, like myself in her garret, and, of course, to keep up the supply of fees. It may be so. There are strange stories, I find, afloat about the church-yards of London. But, if so, why should a sensate people put themselves to so much trouble and expense in pursuit of an object which, after all, is not only, as they seem to be aware, not attained, but instead is substituted an incomplete ceremony with

circumstances of concomitant or subsequent disgust?

My attention having been thus attracted to the subject, I find that the ground I have been describing is by no means remarkable for its demerits. The mass of disagreeable, nay, appalling facts recorded in the pages of Chadwick, Walker, and others, might well serve to rouse to an instantaneous effort of redress a people much less sensitive to the decencies of civilized life than are the English. Yet, although the press, daily, weekly, and monthly, has not been silent on the subject, little but words has hitherto resulted. We must continue to talk and write, however; and in the course of half-a-century, as was the case with the slave abolition and many other measures of public good, a reform will come. Such a scene as the following, which I find described in an old newspaper lying by chance on my table, is one, the recurrence of which cannot but be deplored by every person of correct feeling:—

[&]quot;Scene in a Churchyard.—A few days since the body of Mr. J——B——, aged 74, was carried to Portugal Street grave-yard for interment. As soon as the clergyman retired, the grave-diggers attempted to force the coffin into a hole (for it could not

be called a grave) that was prepared, by means of heavy logs, when the children and friends of the deceased exclaimed bitterly against their proceedings. The grave-diggers continued to drive down the coffin, when the eldest daughter advanced, and implored the grave-diggers not to insult the remains of her father, who for twenty-five years rented a house in the Strand, and paid taxes. "Yes," added the girl, "it is true that he died so poor that I was only enabled to pay half the fees for his burial." The only reply she received to these appeals was by one of the ruffians sneeringly asking her, "Where is your black?" At this moment the anger of the persons surrounding the grave became so violent, that the grave-diggers thrust the coffin upright into the hole, until two other coffins prevented its going further; and having covered it in this position with a slight sprinkle of clay, left it with the head within twelve inches of the surface, and hurried away. Crowds were at this time assembled within and without the churchyard, and the general cry was, "Disinter the body!" At length the churchwardens implored the friends of the deceased to allow the old grave to be covered up for the night, promising that Mr. B--'s remains should be decently interred on Wednesday morning in a new grave. As night was approaching, the parties took the promise and left the churchyard."

The church and humanity are every now and then scandalized by disputes arising from the refusal of clergymen of peculiar opinions to read the funeral service over the remains of individuals who have died not in the odour of *their* sanctity; and some tender consciences are offended by the application of the affecting words of Christian brotherhood, and a holy confidence in a blessed resurrection, to men who have lived in the undisguised practice of noto-

rious sin and crime.

My own feelings, modified perhaps by education, are very indifferent as to what shall become of the mortal frame when the soul shall have left it. But such is not the case with mankind in general; and the feeling of regard for the dead seems to extend beyond self, and to fix itself more intensely upon relatives and beloved friends. This has given rise to sentiments indirectly involving so much that is amiable and virtuous among us, that it were dangerous, and by many would be felt as profane, to tamper with it; otherwise the ancient practice of incineration might present some advantages.

The careless, indecent, and disgusting modes of disposing of the dead now prevalent among the lowest classes in some of our large towns, seem to be in danger of extending; and, productive as they are of evils, both moral and physical, demand an imme-

diate check.

We are shocked at the Indians, who abandon their dead, and even dying, to the waves of the Ganges, and at those savage tribes

who leave them to rot in the woods and morasses; but the destitute poor and friendless may come to a fate little better, even in this the wealthiest city of the world. Many poor creatures perish in London without any one inquiring what has become of them. Some are discovered after weeks, months, or years; a coroner's jury says, "Found dead," or "Found drowned;" but many are never found at all, nor indeed looked for. An accident, perhaps, may reveal their mutilated remains. The following, which is to be found in the newspapers of the last year, is characteristic of this overgrown temple of Mammon.

A young gentleman of consideration and fortune fell into the Thames at Blackwall and disappeared. He was known to have a sum of money about his person at the time. All hands were on the alert, and the river was dragged, in the hope, we are tempted to think, of recovering the gold, whatever might become of the body. Poor Mr. B—— was not then found; but, says the paper before me, "in the course of the day the bodies of three men were dis-

covered."

These poor men had never been missed. Nobody cared for them. Their burial was unthought-of. But the rich man fell into the river, and his gold paid for floating his poorer brethren. Do not the ancients fable something about Charon leaving those who had not wherewithal to pay for his ferry-boat, to wander disconsolate on the banks of the river Styx? Do not, in some districts of our own country, the adherents of an old superstition, put money in the coffins of the dead, as if they could not conceive of any state of things where that commodity would not be of service? Let any one who has a lingering hope of a Christian burial beware how he leaps or falls into the river Thames without gold in

his pocket.

This Spafields funeral has jarred much on my feelings, albeit, as I have already hinted, less than with most people sensitive on that particular point. I have seen the human frame taken to pieces bit by bit, like the machinery of a watch; and I have seen it conveyed in solemn pomp, and enshrined like an idol. My earliest impressions of the performance of the last rites to the dead were of a kind very different from either. They were derived from the practice of a beautiful and far remote village in the north of England, one of the happiest of whose peaceful inhabitants I was in earliest days. The village, consisting of only four dwellinghouses, possessed a parish church with its churchyard, a presbyterian meeting-house, and a school. The people, for a circuit of many miles, attended the meeting-house, but accepted cheerfully, or as a matter of course, such of their religious rites as referred to marriage and funerals from the episcopalian curate of the rector, who himself was a distinguished literary and fashionable resident in the metropolis. The result of this arrangement led to a singular mixture or union of the English and Scotch forms of burial. When the funeral party had assembled, and refreshments were about to be served, a prayer was offered up by the presbyterian clergyman, or, in his absence, by one of his elders. The same visit afforded an opportunity for private prayer and condolence with the bereaved relatives. When the procession set out, a psalm from the Scottish translation was sung by the congregation. as it may be termed, led by their usual precentor. On approaching to within a little distance of the church, the parish bell was tolled, and another dissenting psalm or hymn given out as before. On arriving at the churchyard gate, the ceremonial was resigned to the episcopalian authorities. The clergyman in his surplice. attended by his clerk, advanced, and preceded the body into the church, and thence, the usual service having been read, accompanied it to the grave, there completing the ceremony; the company, among them the presbyterian pastor, standing sedately around, and on the conclusion shaking hands with the chief mourners and the minister. The children of the village school were invariably attendants on such occasions; but known as the dead was sure to be to many of them, and known as they necessarily all were to the attendants, their presence was not so intrusive nor offensive as that of our town children is said to be. Rev. William Hone, as quoted in Mr. Chadwick's admirable little work, makes complaints on this subject, which show a sadly low state of feeling in the populace, and a corresponding lack of vigilance in the police.

Women as well as men were wont to attend funerals in the district of country I speak of, and as mourning dresses were neither generally attainable nor deemed necessary, a funeral procession, owing to the variety of costume, and from all who came any great distance being on horseback, as it straggled along hill-sides or by the banks of winding streamlets, had often a picturesque appearance. The custom of giving a new tobacco-pipe fully charged with the weed, was prevalent at the time and place I allude to. This curious usage is supposed to have had its origin at the time of the plague; tobacco smoke having a credit, which it does not well deserve, of being a disinfectant. In later times the long white pipes worn in the hatbands were a distinctive mark for the mourners, and might add to their solace on their return to their

firesides.

In Scotland the form of funerals is as simple as possible. Prayers are always said in the house of the deceased by the clergyman of the religious community to which the family belongs, or by an elder or friendly neighbour. Episcopalians, however, and all others, use their liberty when they please of adopting their own forms. Women seldom attend funerals.

In striking contrast with the simple proceedings which I have

been mentioning, is the pomp and parade of this great metropolis when "a chief of the people has fallen." I was present at the funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence. What a long-drawn line of the external trappings of woe! piles of sable plumes and of crape; chariot after chariot enveloped in black cloth bore slowly onwards the titled and dignified mourners, so called, but more comfortable-looking than sad: among them I remember the present Premier. The pageantry on such an occasion takes away, from me, at least,

much of the sense of the presence of death.

About the same time I had the painful duty of attending the obsequies of a friend, who also reposes in the vaults of St. Paul's. Although the company were not more than half a dozen, we had about three times that number of attendants, and at least a dozen horses among us, to accomplish a journey of a few hundred yards. The attendance and forms were oppressive, but the religious parts of the ceremony were conducted with befitting dignity in a neighbouring church, and the concluding part by torchlight in the large and gloomy vaults was very impressive. The outside show was the work of the undertaker, and to his profit; £150 would not have been the cost, had the simple taste of the deceased gentleman, or of his friends, been consulted. How many decent graves for the poor might not that money provide which is thrown away on funeral extravagance? At no very long period from the time of which I now speak, I took part in a funeral procession my memory hardly sanctions me in calling it so-of a very different character.

Benjamin Constant died in the height of his popularity. The students of Paris had taken a very active part, some by blows and more by noise, in the "three days' fight." The delirium of their high liberty fever had not then subsided; nor had they yet been put in a strait waistcoat by Louis Philippe, and confined within the walls of the prison which, it has been severely remarked, the

city of Paris has built for herself.

This fermentable body, in whose number I had at that time the honour of ranking, were privileged with a place in the funeral pageant. We formed in ranks to the number of many thousands, about ten o'clock in the forenoon; and after marching up and down, I hardly recollect where, for some hours, I at length understood that we were fairly en route for Père la Chaise. We moved on and stopped, moved and stopped again; and after being thus swayed to and fro for many hours, amid chattering, laughing, disputing, chaunting La Parisienne, and various other exercises of lungs and patience, we reached, as evening fell, the famed cemetery. Happy he who had been provident enough to fill his pockets with biscuits, or who could make a run from the ranks and secure a few nuts or a glass of orgeat. We had been too, as I had some idea at the time, and became more fully aware of

afterwards, on the verge of an emeute, or small civil war, -no rare The people wished the deceased patriot to matter in these times. be carried to that beautiful temple which, according as politics changed, was called, now the Pantheon, and now the church of St. Genevieve; and they attempted to carry their wish into effect by To this the authorities, new as they were, ventured to oppose force. Old peacemaker, General Lafayette, interposed with success, and amid darkness rendered visible by the firing of musketry, and orations rendered inaudible by the same cause, the body of Benjamin Constant was deposited in its resting place. Resting place! - that is more than I am aware of; they may have had him up again, and deposited him in the Pantheon after all. for anything that I have learned. The French seem to have a fondness for that kind of thing. It is in general, to my mind, in The transference of Napoleon's remains from St. bad taste. Helena to the Invalides was offensive and charlatan in many ways and for more reasons than one. But we need not be too ready to find fault with our neighbours: their error of taste and judgment was nothing like the atrocity of England in permitting the half-decayed bodies of her Napoleon, Cromwell and his compeers, to be suspended from the gibbet by the wretched parasites of Charles the Second.

The view of Paris by night from the hill which forms the cemetery of Père la Chaise, with the singular accompaniments of the firing of musketry, and the various noises of the somewhat excited multitude, contrasted with the wide expanse of scattered light, and the distant hum of the city lying peacefully below; this view was more interesting than the whole day's pageantry, the excess

I resolved to let my French friends bury their next patriot themselves, so far as I was concerned, and shall not again volunteer to make one in any similar company, unless indeed it should be in honour of a defunct lord mayor (no offence to the present dignitary); for, if in proportion to other civic exhibitions, that

would be an enormity worth going to see.

But the Parisian dead are not always so honoured. Many of the poor fellows who fell during the "glorious three days" were buried where they fell. In front of the Louvre, where a number of them lay, I remember being much pleased to see the flowers which affection or gratitude had strewed on their graves. These, too, I presume, have participated in the movement, and are now, probably, placed in some other tomb, to be disturbed, perhaps, again, they and Napoleon together, upon another change of dynasty. We have done well to leave our hero, Sir John Moore, "alone in his glory" on the field of Corunna, where his soldiers laid him. Shall I uplift the veil which covers the dissecting room and the hospital, and show how the dead are disposed of there? No; these are taboo to me.

But this brings me round to the subject with which I set out. No people on the face of the earth were shocked so much, or made such an outcry, as did the English about the profaning of the dead for the purposes of anatomical science. How come they now to submit, in the present state of the funerals of a large and increasing class, to a disposal of the dead still more desecrating and revolting? If what is said, and on good authority, of the ultimate destination of the bodies which are hurried with such indecent concomitants into our common burying-grounds be true, surely some means must be fallen upon to ameliorate, or altogether to root out, so abhorrent a system.

It would not appear to be a very impracticable undertaking for this immeasurably wealthy people to provide room enough for their dead to be decently consigned to the earth, there to rest undisturbed until the great day, or until decomposed into their original elements. Open grounds might be had in the vicinity even of the largest towns; and if they were provided in sufficient number and extent, the objections on the score of the public health would be

obviated greatly or altogether.

With regard to the funeral services, let those who do not belong to the episcopal church, and do not regard with reverence consecrated ground, be free, without let or hinderance by tax or law, to bury where, and with what religious ceremony, or none, as they please. And most assuredly let all who do reverence church ground and church ceremonies, have ample opportunities of avail-

ing themselves of them.

As to the funeral officers, there are supernumeraries enow in the church to perform these decently and unmutilated, without the imposition of a tax, at all times having a desecrating tendency, and often necessarily oppressive. If additional clergymen be required for this, let them be provided, even to the poorest, at the general charge. That ground should be wanted for such a purpose to the poor, is a reproach to the age and country, which cannot be too speedily wiped away.

THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

MOTHER, the primrose is fresh and fair,
And sweet is the hawthorn's bloom,
And the deep blue violets gladness bear
To my still and shaded room:
Flowers on my grave shall their fragrance shed,
Ere the laughing spring goes by;
Yet think not, mother, I speak in dread,
For I do not grieve to die.

I have known not an angry look or word,

I have felt not the storms of life;
But, mother, I oft from the wise have heard

That the world is a world of strife;
And my smile might have chang'd to a care-worn brow,
And my song become a sigh;
I am going to cloudless regions now,
And I do not grieve to die.

I read in an ancient book, one day,
How a mother the gods implor'd,
That their choicest gifts might without delay
On her duteous sons be pour'd;
She went in hope to the temple soon—
There, lifeless she saw them lie!
If death be indeed such a blessed boon,
Should the young feel sad to die?

Thou hast kept me, mother, in rightful ways,
Apart from the careless throng;
But, perchance, my steps in maturer days
Might have wander'd away to wrong.
Vainly thy counsels, thy tears, thy prayers,
Might have urg'd me from ill to fly,—
Now I am taken from worldly snares,
And I do not grieve to die.

Yet think not, mother, in pride I dwell
On the sins I have left undone;
The work of evil, I know full well,
In my heart hath long begun;
And a fearful list of my failures past
Awaits the All-seeing eye;
But my sins on my Saviour in faith I cast,
And I do not dread to die.

Nay, say not, mother, 'tis hard to part
With the hopes long fondly nurs'd;
Think what a trial had rent thy heart
If the Lord had call'd thee first.
The world, perchance, had thy boy oppress'd,
Bereft of his dearest tie;
Now thou wilt see him receiv'd to rest,
And thou wilt not grieve to die.

And, mother, if God should in grace permit
His angels to visit earth,
Doubt not my spirit shall daily flit
Round thy cherish'd home and hearth.
When sorrow and sickness bow thy frame,
I will cheerful thoughts supply,
And tell thee so oft of thy Saviour's name,
That thou wilt not fear to die.

And oh! dear mother, when death is near,
At the stroke thou shalt rejoice;
None but thyself shall the accents hear
Of a young familiar voice.
That voice shall speak of a holier state,
And say from the azure sky—
"Mother, I wait thee at heaven's bright gate,
And thou need'st not fear to die."

SUTTON PARK, WARWICKSHIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAMPTON COURT."

"What we admire we praise; and, when we praise, Advance it into notice, that, its worth Acknowledged, others may admire it too."

Cowper.

Thou of the Nine who erst hath jogg'd with me On horseback, coachtop, railroad, foaming sea-Hither, my muse! inspire my humble strains, And leave awhile those favoured southern plains; Indulge no more the poet's rapturous theme Where Thames, meandering, rolls his silver stream, Twickenham's cool grot, or Chiswick's shady bowers, Or where famed Windsor rears his royal towers: Leaving awhile thy votary's fond resort, The fountains, gardens, halls of Hampton Court-* Aid me to sing, in these more northern climes, Groves not unknown, but yet untold in rhymes. Oh, lend me Denham's pleasing fire and skill, Sutton shall shine in song like Cooper's Hill.+ The brown expanse, the purple heath-clad glade, Rising majestic from the leafy shade, Stretches away, far, far as eye can scan, North-like a wilderness untracked by man-Save where, on Barr's + high bounds, the beacon blazed, And five wide counties 'gainst th' Armada raised. Now westward, see upon that platform rise Turrets and spires, tall glittering to the skies,

- * A favourite spot with the author, who has made it the scene of an historical romance in three volumes, published by Mr. Bentley during the past month.
- † Cooper's Hill, near Egham, on the Thames. Its beautiful scenery is celebrated by Sir John Denham, the father of modern descriptive poetry.
- ‡ Barr-beacon, in Staffordshire, in the park of Sir Edward Scott, bart., three miles from Sutton Coldfield. An eminence seen for twenty miles round; the site of an ancient beacon, one of those which blazed throughout the length and breadth of the land on the night of the alarm caused by the first appearance of the Spanish Armada off our coast; so finely described by the Right Honourable T. B. Macaulay, in his soul-stirring poem:—
 - "From Eddystone to Berwick Bounds, from Lyme to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
 For swift to east and swift to west that warning radiance spread;
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head;
 Far o'er the deep the Spaniard sees along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire," &c.

Where cloistered courts, * and halls, and holy fane, " Disturb its ancient solitary reign." There youthful bosoms pant, with pious zeal, To fight, with logic, for the truths they feel. Ascending eastward, 'tis a goodly sight; Th' enraptured eye beholds on left and right, Extensive groves that, rising, by degrees, Form a grand circus 'midst the sloping trees, Where, from the Stadium's + heights, the eye can view The exciting struggle and this prospect too; Whilst o'er the vale the serpentising flood Falls in cascades, and murmurs through the wood. Scenes such as these not Poussin could design, Nor Pugin's genius form with rule and line; Nature's chief masterpiece, whose every grace, No muse could fancy, nor no pencil trace; Such as in fabled Tempe's fertile plains Still shines in song, and lives in classic strains. Thy breezes, Sutton, woods, and belted hills, So nerve the frame 'gainst sedentary ills, That hither fly, from smithery and smoke, The town-pent sons of toil, escaped its yoke, Who, against foes at odds, ne'er fear to rummage 'em-The honest-hearted metal men of Brummagem. I O beauteous grove! yet naughty not the less, Thy wooded witchery, thou must confess, Throws off thy sylvan spells in Cupid's scale, To trap some tin-plate, lacquered, artless male: From warehouse lured by Julia stout and sweet, In melting moments softened to stand treat; A pic-nic above all things Julia likes, John has a car from Dee's, and pays the pikes;

* Saint Mary's Roman Catholic College, recently erected by Pugin on the Coldfield, of which that eminently learned man and pious divine, Dr. Wiseman, is the principal. His lectures on the "Connection between Science and Revealed Religion" are a monument of wisdom and exalted feeling.

† The stand on the new race-course, commanding a very extensive and varied prospect.

‡ Sutton Park has, during the last few summers, been the resort of many thousands of persons from Birmingham, who form gipsy-parties in its verdant valleys, and on the banks of the two beautiful lakes surrounded with hanging woods. For this enjoyment they are indebted to the trustees of the Park, who have most liberally allowed for the purpose the property under their control. As the objects of this trusteeship are solely of a charitable nature, the poet would humbly suggest that a small fee be requested from each party spending a day in the Park, bringing with them, as is generally the case, bands of music for dancing, and implements of cookery. This would be paid more cheerfully, as the corporation of Sutton are the trustees of the Park for the poor of the parish, and are known to dispense their largesse most judiciously.

§ Pic-nic parties are supplied from Dee's Royal Hotel, Birmingham, with every description of vehicle, according to the taste and liberality of the excursionists.

Nor lets his Julia hear, so fine his manners, His pockets' parting groans for "bobs and tanners."* Much could those interlacing boughs above, Which form a genial canopy of love, Tell how, by Bracebridge pool, that bower unstrung, The smoke-clogged accents of John's hardware tongue; How gently bold beneath the leaves he'll squeeze Her hand, and draw it towards his drill-clad knees; Swearing no more alone he'll eat his mutton, But date his bliss from pic-nic vows at Sutton,-And straight to priest and clerk he'll pay the fees, For holy licence to kiss when they please: Methinks I hear those oaks and tell-tale hollies, Quivering with roguish glee, confess these follies; And so 'twill be, if youth and maid must ramble,+ 'Midst honeysuckles, wild-flowers, rose, and bramble. Eastward, beyond this wild romantic scene, View Hartopp's graceful towers the trees between ; ‡ Where art and nature join their friendly aid, In stately dome, and park, and sylvan shade. Sprung from an ancient stock, he bears a name Prized on the rolls of antiquarian fame; Who saved from Time's fell scythe much learned lore, Science and art partook his bounteous store,— And his fair county, grateful to her son, Proud, before Craddock's name advances none! Between those hanging woods in that green dell, Rough hewn by pious hands, see Roughton's Well; Oh, fickle fashion! once so famed that fount, Its virtues all the country could recount,-Who eager sought their languid limbs to lave, Or quaff the healing balm of its soft wave: Less wise their sons, their native fountains fly, To Graffenburgh, Weiss-Baden—Baden hie,— And the dire perils of the sea endure, To seek in German springs the water-cure.

Embosomed in that wood, view, grey with age, Stately New Hall §-oft named in history's page;

^{* &}quot;Bobs" and "tanners," cant terms among the rising generation of "this ancient and halfpenny town," for crowns and shillings.

[†] We believe it is well known in Birmingham, that many of the happiest matches have been made in consequence of the critical question being propitiously popped in these glades and groves.

[‡] Four Oaks Hall, the seat of an accomplished Baronet, Sir Edward Craddock Hartopp. Mr. Craddock, a maternal ancestor, was distinguished as an antiquarian in Leicestershire. The Hall was built by Lord Folliot, who died there, 1719.

[§] New Hall is one of those rare old manor houses which delight the antiquary from its unmitigated quaintness and originality. Here there is no modernizing, no stucco garnish, no entablatures, capital, or column of the

Calm in its strong and venerable air,
Like an old lion slumbering in his lair:
Gables grotesque and high, deep-mullioned bays,
The moated manor house of olden days.
There hospitality and courteous grace
(Old English virtues, kindred to the place)
Gladden the antlered hall and moss-clad towers,
Reviving glories of their brightest hours.
Now shine the hearth-flames on the panneled wall,
And old fantastic sculpture round the hall,
Gleaming on party-hued emblazoned panes,
And fretted roof now echoing music's strains.
Whilst target, pike, and bow, and coat of mail,
Flash back the bright-lit feast and glad regale,

Italian villa school. The very absence of uniformity and unity of design is its charm. Portions of it are more than six centuries old. Gray's description of the Manor House at Stoke Pogis, (then Lady Cobham's) is not unappropriate here:—

"In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands,—

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievement clothing;
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

The passages of New Hall lead, however, to warm, well-furnished apartments. The spacious hall resembles that at Littlecote's House, near Hungerford, in Berkshire, lighted, like it, by large transom windows, clothed with casements; its walls being hung with armour, and military weapons of ancient days; the tables, chairs, and sideboards are of curiously carved oak, ancient and highly-polished from the wear of several centuries. The mouldings and

pendants of the great dining-room ceiling are particularly rich.

Every lover of such venerable buildings, of which so few remain, must rejoice that this mansion is now occupied by a gentleman (William Jacot, Esq.) who has spared no expense in restoring the pristine state of its interior; which, aided by the elegant and correct taste of his accomplished lady, he has effected in a manner insuring him the gratitude of admirers of old English domestic architecture. New Hall was the family seat of the Sacheverels, and belongs to their representative, H. M. Chadwick, Esq., of Masvyn Ridware. Dr. Sacheverel was drawn in triumph from this his mansion, after his triumph over the ministry of Queen Ann. That ministry were Whigs; the doctor's mob of adorers were high-church enthusiasts. Strange contrast with the sentiments of these times! Crowds from Birmingham flocked every Sunday to Sutton church to hear him preach the divine right of kings.

This mansion was possessed in Henry the Third's time by William de Sutton, to whose ancestor, Robert de Sutton, a merchant of Coventry, it was granted by one of the Earls of Warwick, to whom Sutton and several adjoining parishes belonged. In Henry the Sixth's time, Sir Richard Stanhope possessed it, and it passed at his death into the hands of the Bassets of Fled-

borough.

Amongst the many traditions connected with this interesting domain, is one that it has never been possessed by two of the same name, descending in the same line, but always to daughters.

Where happier's every guest around that cheer, To view revived each ancient feature here. Tell me, my Muse, what name that hamlet bears Whose church its grey tower o'er the houses rears. Say what blest children of Arcadia fill Those happy homes reposing on that hill,* Where peace of mind must dwell, and conscience pure Escape the sad temptations towns endure; Where strife must be unknown, no passions boil, And nought but love and union bless the soil. Tell me, my muse, that, quitting worldly groans, In that Elysium I may lay bones .-The goddess, smiling at these plaudits warm, Raises before my eyes a manly form, Whose noble brow and cordial happy face Tell of a gentle high-bred English race. "To him," she cries, "this place entrusts her lot; Ask from the guardian of your favourite spot." With deferential bow, I ask, "What village Surmounts that hill 'midst pasture, wood, and tillage?" "Village!" cried he, surprised; "'tis well I'm near you, e, P-s, B-e, and S-h, don't hear you. And H-

* Sutton is, I find, (Credat Judæus) a felicitous exception to small towns, where society is but a mart for pungent personalities, and reputations are "done to death by slanderous tongues." Gossip, too, that perpetual cobbling of colloquial shreds and patches, findeth not favour here.

† Amongst the corporation of this little town are names coeval with the remotest history of this county or the neighbouring ones; lords of the soil, whose families have been planted hereabouts for many centuries. I take a few names at random, the antiquity of whose families is known to most; and there may be others of equal standing. The Hartopps, whose names adorn the baronetcy, and of whom I have spoken in another note. The Perkins, of long standing in Leicestershire, and representing in their persons the ancient honourable families of the Farmers and Steeles. Mr. Perkins is a deputylieutenant of the county. The Holbeches—a name familiar to the antiquarian of Warwickshire, and originally from Holbech, in Lincolnshire, where Sir Lawrence Holbeche lived in 1223. History has chronicled the valour of one of his descendants, William, on the bloody field of Towton; and the virtues of another, Thomas Holbech, of Filloughly, who died in 1528; his daughter married the third Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, in this county, of which Mr. Holbeche is a magistrate. The Willoughbys-a name sans peur et sans reproche: originally seated in Northumberland, where their ancestors possessed large estates, in A.D. 1300. They were early ennobled, and have allied themselves in each descent with the ducal house of Norfolk, the ducal house of Ancaster, the Colmondelys, the Veres Earls of Oxford, the Earls of Lindsay, and with the noblest blood in the land. The present bearer of the name is a lineal descendant of this honourable house, upon which several peerages have been founded. The Sadlers-descended from the ancient family of the Sadlers of Hertfordshire. The name of their ancestor, Sir Ralph Sadler, the favoured recipient of the bounty of Henry the Eighth, of which monarch he was secretary of state for many years, is well known to readers of the history of the Reformation. Though possessed of immense wealth and forfeited estates of religious houses bestowed upon him by the crown, Sir Ralph's feeling, manly conduct to the Queen of Scots, when that unhappy personage was

This is a royal town, with large immunity—Sutton, a self-willed, self-ruled, free community. Self-ruled, because by me, and I'm the town; Self-willed, because on chancellors we frown, Defy the House of Lords, and beard the crown.* A trust we hold from Heaven to feed the poor,† Nor drive the houseless wanderer from our door, But graze his pig, or ass, or goose, or hack, And find him blankets for his naked back. On All Saints' Day we bid the lame and halt Around our board to feast on beef and malt; Filling the cups of all, fair, brown, or greasy, To drink the memory of Bishop Vesey.‡

committed to his guardianship, as governor of Tutbury Castle, though it subjected him to the displeasure of the harsh persecutor of his captive, Queen Elizabeth, will ever entitle him to the honour of posterity. His son, Sir Thomas, entertained Queen Elizabeth and her court, as well as her successor, King James the First, at his mansion, at Standon in Hertfordshire, for two nights; and upon his monument in Standon church, may still be seen the flagpole of the royal banner of Scotland, which he seized with his own hand at the battle of Mussleburgh, killing at the same time the standard-bearer; for which brave exploit he was created knight banneret on the field. The baronetcy became extinct in the person of Sir Edward Sadler, in 1706. Dr. Williamson, the rector, one of the corporation, is Head Master of Westminster School, a distinguished scholar and able divine. Mr. Beale, brother of a man of whom Birmingham is proud, in her single-minded, public-spirited patriarch, is also a member of the corporation; and Mr. Browne, whose forefathers have been seated in Sutton Park for several generations. Baron Webster, Esq., son of that excellent and universally beloved county magistrate, Joseph Webster, Esq., of Penns, is the present Warden. In fact, they are all good men and true, and of the corporation and its privileges-esto perpetua. The Earl of Aylesford is the high steward of the corporation; and Vincent Holbeche, Esq., and E. Croxal Willoughby, Esq., the deputy stewards. The noble lord sends, or used to send, more majorum, a buck to the annual dinner on All Saints' day. Such time-honoured customs cannot be too scrupulously adhered to.

* The Sutton corporation successfully resisted the insection of their name in the Municipal Reform Bill, where the government of the day had placed it. The Chancellor (Lord Brougham) bore with a bad grace the persevering resistance of the honest burghers, from whom his lordship, armed with all the terrors of chancery and the pomp of seals, failed to wrest their trust, or to in-

duce them to alter the original constitution of their charter.

† Sutton Park was obtained from the crown by John Vesey, Bishop of Exeter, a native of this parish, for the worthy purposes above named. Its revenue amounts to about £2,500 a year. This excellent prelate, out of affection for his native parish, also endowed a school for teaching grammar and rhetoric, the trustees of which have judiciously made it available for a wider sphere of usefulness. Its revenue is little short of £400 per annum, and its capability for all the purposes of useful as well as classic education is surpassed by no endowed seminary in the county, since the election of its present talented Head Master, Mr. Eccleston. The royal grant of the Park to the inhabitants was made about the nineteenth year of Henry the Eighth. It consists of 3,500 acres. The Iknield Street passes through the Park and Coldfield, and affords some fine specimens of the military roads of the Romans.

‡ This Bishop of Exeter procured letters patent from Henry the Eighth for

And to increase true Britons o'er the plains, Portion chaste maidens to industrious swains.* Now we religiously these acts perform, Uncumbered with municipal reform; And Lord help him who thinks our rights to storm!" To hear this language from the Sutton sage, Reviving blessings of the golden age, Entranced I stood-my town sophistication Could scarce such virtue hold in contemplation. Then bowed, and humbly asked to whom I owed These chronicles, towards which my bosom glowed. Quick he replied, in answer to my prayer, " Of Sutton Coldfield I am the Lord Mayor. Lord Mayor-oh, no-I'm wrong; our corporation Prefers the ancient Saxon appellation, Scorning new-fangled titles. By your pardon, You see before you W---r, sir, the warden." "Indeed!" cried I (and lower bowed than ever), "Then will I pray that no misfortune sever Your destinies from those who've here their lot, And thank their God they dwell on this sweet spot."

making Sutton a corporation, and erected a Common Hall, or Moot Hall, for its assembling. The charter or letters patent appointed a steward, deputy steward, and warden, who is also coroner during his year of office; and enacting that no sheriff or bailiff shall meddle within their liberties; and granting to them the Chase, Park, and Manor of Sutton Coldfield, to hold for ever in fee farm, at a rent of fifty-eight pounds per annum. The Bishop was so attached to this his native place, that he impoverished his see (Exeter) to promote its prosperity. He endeavoured to introduce the woollen trade, which flourishes still in his diocese, into this town; and built many stone houses for that purpose, which remain to this day. He bnilt Moor Hall, near Sutton, where he fived magnificently, having 110 men in scarlet gowns to attend him. at the age of 103, and lies buried in the church of Sutton, where his monument, mitred and vested, is erected. Moor Hall is now inhabited by a gentleman, to whose family, more than to any other individuals in the empire, are our great railway undertakings, which attract the admiration and wonder of Europe, indebted for their formation and success. What boastful France has been fruitlessly endeavouring to accomplish by royal proclamation, offers of government bounties and immunities, Mr. Garnet, and a few of his neighbours in Lancashire, have effected silently and unobtrusively, though contending with the cold indifference of government, and the open opposition of the aristocracy. Honour, say I, be to Mr. Garnet and his wealthy Lancashire friends, whose far-sighted discernment directed fearlessly their capital to these mighty objects. When abroad, I have never felt so proud of being an Englishman, as when contrasting the grand, tranquil, and gloriously successful course of British enterprise and industry with the grandiose visions that swarm in the tete montée of young France; who is an Esau soldier, parting with his patrimony to play at soldiers, and, wanting honest activity, with entire lack of energy in her inhabitants, is but restless to vent her gall at the pre-eminence of England. Brute, brainless struggle!

* At the annual meeting of the corporation on All Saints' Day, portions of £25, or thereabouts, are awarded to deserving young women who have been seven years in one place, and maintain a good character. This excellent endowment has laid the foundation of the fortunes of many a young couple.

TOURIST. TALES OF A

SECOND SERIES.

No V.

THE MOTHER'S VOW.

-Be patient, Lady. Sebastian .-Patient ! Donna Leonora. Content you, Sir,-I,ll be most patient. Not A sound, a pulse, a murmur shall escape This tortured heart, until the hour be come Of my revenge. Revenge! Seb.

It was my word. Donna L.

IGNES DE CASTRO.

It is little more than a century since, that in the church of St. Just, of Narbonne, in the centre of the chapel which lies to the right of the tomb of Philip the Hardy, there burnt, night and day, a magnificent silver lamp. It was constantly supplied with perfumed oil of the purest olive; and the care of its preservation, in cleanliness and lustre, was not entrusted to the clumsy hands of beadles and their subs—a young priest always took upon himself that duty. This splendid specimen of ancient art was stolen about the year 1734, and replaced by an enormous wax candle, which was in like manners never extinguished, but it no longer excited the adoration of the faithful in the same degree its costly predecessor had done, and completely disappeared about the year 1760. There yet exist a few old men who remember having seen it in their early childhood, and who spoke to me about its size and lustre. The following is what, after some trouble and investigation, I have been enabled to glean as to the origin and foundation of the lamp.

The 12th of February, 1347, about midnight, a young cavalier, scarcely nineteen years of age, followed by four glawis, or mounted men at arms, stopped before the door of Lubiano Marrechi, an Italian Lombard and merchant of eminence in the ancient city of As the door was not opened at the first summons, the men at arms prepared to break it in; but instantly the key turned in the lock, and the knight and his men entered a small and poorly lighted hall. He who had opened to them was a little old man of common enough appearance, possessing, like all of his profession, a quick and restless eye, that seemed as though it would fain gaze its fill at once on all the faces and hands within its scope, in order to penetrate the one and watch the other. the moment when the glawis entered by the street door, a young

girl, half undressed, darted through an opposite one, and running towards the knight, threw her arms around his neck with a cry of joy, saying—

"Tis thou at last, then, my Joez! Ah! I have been expecting thee for long, and recognized the step of thy horse and that of thy

mules afar off."

She had scarce uttered these words, than she recoiled in affright, for the polished steel of the knight's cuirass chilled her warm youthful bosom, and slightly bruised the fair and delicate skin. Then she gazed earnestly on the stranger, and sank faintly into a narrow seat of black leather, exclaiming, in stupified astonishment—

" Ah! it's not Joez!"

"No," answered the knight, "I am not Joez of Cordova, the handsome dealer in purple linen, and I bring no splendid presents to my betrothed bride, Diana Marrechi; I am John of Lille Jourdain, and am come to execute the orders of the king of France."

"Tis well!" replied the old trader; "return to your chamber, Diana, I shall suffice, I fancy, to do the honours of our house to

the sire of Lille Jourdain."

"Tis useless," resumed the person he alluded to, "for from henceforth, neither thyself nor any of thy family possesses either chamber or house here. All your persons are arrested, and your

goods confiscated."

"Thou ravest!" cried Marrechi, lifting up the lamp to the countenance of John, "or, rather, art but a mischievous boy, playing us an idle trick. Beware, we are under the protection of the consuls of the city, and their sergeants-at-arms have punished more than one knight banneret ere now, for making light of their official seal. See, here it is at the foot of the licence, which, for a fine of ten golden crowns has been by them conceded to me, to buy and sell all sorts of manufactures at my will. Retire, then, if thou wouldst not have me call upon the burgesses for aid, and mayhap do thee an injury."

"Upon them, my children," said the young man to his soldiers, "make this prattling Lombard comprehend that it is King Philip's will to take possession of all his goods and chattels, in order to indemnify himself for the aids which the states of Languedoc have

refused to his appeal."

The soldiers obeyed, and bound the old man as he stood. He could not believe that what took place around him was a reality, so profoundly secret had this projected measure of disappointed tyranny been kept, and so sudden and unforeseen had been its fall upon his head. Diana—as motionless as her father, her exquisitely proportioned form scarce concealed by a wrapping garment of fine linen—neither felt the piercing cold of the night wind, which blew frosty and impetuous through the open door, nor the chill of

the flags which turned her feet to ice. She remembered not she was exposed, almost naked, to the gaze of a stranger; she glared upon John with a fixed and almost senseless eye, and the while her father despairingly exclaimed,—

"Ah! justice of heaven, what will become of us?"

"Thus," answered the knight, "thou as head of the family wilt be imprisoned, with all the Lombards in the country, in a dungeon dark as night, where thou wilt rot until it please my lord the king to show thee mercy."

"And my house," said the old man, "what will become of my house? My treasure, too, my merchandise, no longer under my

care, -what will become of them?"

"Thy house, retorted the knight, "we are about to take possession of its keys; will see that it be shut up safe; and I give thee my word the king's commissioners will let nothing they find there when they come, be lost. So set thy mind at ease."

"God of mercy!" exclaimed the old man, on whose horrorstruck brain misfortunes succeeded so fast as to leave him no time to weigh the frightful import of each; "and my daughter, my

fair child !"-

"She will be expelled the city with the other of your women."

"Expelled!" repeated the old man, vainly struggling with his bonds.

"Expelled this very night," resumed John without emotion.

Diana, startled from her immoveability by that terrible speech, now suddenly arose, and seizing the knight's arm by a convulsive movement, and looking him full in the face, said,—

"And where wouldst thou have Joez find me then, if thou ex-

pellest me hence?"

John of Lille Jourdain could not avoid regarding Diana with something like interest. In effect, she was rich in all the loveliness of Italian beauty; her black and silken tresses fell in a lustrous shower upon her shoulders, white and exquisite in shape as a statue of Phidias hewn from Parian marble; her bosom heaved convulsively; her fine dark eyes flashed forth the fire of a haughty and commanding spirit.

"Ma foi Joez must find her as he can," said one of the men at arms; "but forget not, Sire John, we have yet thirteen errands similar to this one to get through to-night, and we shall never complete them if we arrest our steps at sight of the tears of every

Lombard girl we have to expel the city."

"Thou art right," said the knight, pensively. "Come, young girl, get thyself ready. You must be conducted to the city gate

upon the instant!"

"At night, too, and in such a bitter frost!" groaned Lubiano; "the poor child will meet her death. Have mercy! oh, have mercy upon her, my lord!—do not, do not drive her out of the city!"

"Oh, drive me not away," cried Diana, falling passionately upon her knees; "let me stay but this one night in Narbonne. I will pass it on the door-stone of our threshold, mute and motionless as the dead—I will not utter a word. By my soul's salvation I will but await the coming of Joez, that's all. I'll wait for him the whole long night, and should he not be here by day-break, as I shall then doubtless have perished from grief and cold, none can accuse you on seeing my corpse of having neglected your duty and had compassion on my wretched self."

"John was about to yield, when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard without. Diana darted to the door, but the glare of many torches drove her trembling back, and the insolent voice of Galois De La Baume sped these words from the street to the ear of the

young knight.

"Ah! it's easy to see we are in the quarters of the Sire of Lille Jourdain; he is never in a hurry to obey and follow his father's example in the mode of executing the king's order. God render

all traitors their deserts, say I!"

And he resumed his way at the topmost speed of his horses. John instantly perceived that Galois de la Baume, who had denounced his father to ravish from him the lieutenant-generalcy of the county of Narbonne, would not fail to add this new accusation to all the others he had already raked up. He therefore turned away his eyes from the young girl's pleading gaze, and cried to his men-at-arms to make an end. Diana, clinging madly to him, amidst convulsive sobs, piteously besought him on her knees to slay her at once, rather than drive her away to perish miserably; but he rudely repulsed her, and she fell almost senseless on the ground. The soldiers hurried the unhappy girl, as well as old Lubiano, out of the house.

"Farewell, my child !" cried the aged father; " thou shouldst

not have died before myself."

On hearing these words, the young girl arose, and, measuring John with an eye of proud contempt, answered them by saying in a calm, resolute tone,—

"Father, I no longer wish to die!"

John did not understand the sense of that short speech, and the old trader only saw in it an empty menace of revenge.

They were separated.

Fifteen months from that eventful day, John of Lille Jourdain was seated on a velvet cushion at the feet of Rosalinde de la Baume; she listening, with fond affection, to the stories he related of his former adventurous life, and his mother, the haughty Isabella de Levis, gazing on them both with a happy smile. They formed a charming group. That young girl, fair-haired and

slight of form, languidly reclined in a large chair of ebony, her white and supple robe gracefully defining her elegant shape; and that handsome young man almost on his knees before her, as at the shrine of some holy image;—she, her sweet blue eyes fixed tenderly on him;—he, his fine dark pupils raised to hers in passionate devotion;—Rosalinde, smiling and happy in the conviction that she was beloved, listening because he spoke, and not for what he said—listening for the sake of his voice, not his words;—John happy in beholding her, his heart's dearest treasure, his thoughts the while extending beyond the present hour, for the next day was to see their nuptials; and beside them, like a guardian angel, the Lady of Lille Jourdain contemplating with pleased satisfaction her own handiwork; for she it was whose anxious care had ended, by that happy union, the ancient quarrels of the Sires of

Lille Jourdain and the Seigneurs of La Baume.

Daylight began to fade. It was the hour when flowers exhale their sweetest scents, when the sickly summer heats are succeeded by the cool refreshing breeze of night, when nature overflows with intoxicating charms, when silence and repose please most for fear of startling her from her rapt trance. Therefore did the lovers grow insensibly silent and meditative. John, his head resting on the knees of Rosalinde—she, her fairy hand playing in his clustering locks—both influenced, acted upon, by the same ineffable feelings, as they enjoyed the same air and light; both oblivious of any other being than their own—not even giving a thought on the fearful devastations of the Plague which now, for some months past had, like a fiery reaping-hook, mown down the trembling population of Languedoc. It was one of those ecstatic moments which impart to the most poverty-stricken and foolish youth a charm denied to the richest and most prudent age.

At this moment the door of the Gothic hall was opened, and a veiled female presented herself. John quickly arose, and, disagreeably interrupted in his delicious reverie, rudely demanded

what her business was from the unknown.

"John of Lille Jourdain," said she, almost solemnly, in reply

to him, "is not that lovely girl Rosalinde, thy betrothed?"

At the sound of that voice the fair girl started, and gazed on the troubled countenance of her lover with an air of disquiet. Foreseeing some sad betrayal of confiding affection, she trembled for her own happiness, and tears unbidden rushed into her bright eyes.

John answered shortly, "Yes, she is my betrothed."

"Good!" said the veiled woman, and there was something like satisfaction in the tone of her voice. Instantly she returned to the door, and having carefully closed it, came back and placed herself before Rosalinde. She seemed to consider her features attentively through her veil; then letting her words fall one by one, as if she were reflecting aloud,—

"Oh, certes! she is lovely-more lovely than I had dared to hope."

"What matters it to you?" exclaimed the impatient young

man.

"What matters it to me?" repeated the unknown, with a slight start. "Thus much,—that I am sure, on seeing her surpassing beauty, that the love with which she has inspired thee is not one of those frivolous affections which are broken off without a pang. What matters it to me?" she continued, raising her voice and turning towards John. "Thus much,—that the thought of leaving her will be to thee a dreadful punishment, torture, and agony."

"Leaving her!" cried the Sire of Lille Jourdain violently. "What would this woman with us? Who let her enter the cha-

teau ?

"What would I with thee?" she retorted. "To warn thee of a danger which now threatens both thyself and thy fair bride—a project for ever to separate you both, which has been conceived by an implacable enemy of yours."

"There are none can reach me, or whom I fear," answered the knight, proudly—"with the aid of my ramparts and trusty sword—were it the Count de Foix—were it Armagnac—were it

the King of France himself."

"The enemy I mean," resumed the unknown, "is but a poor and feeble woman; still, despite thy ramparts and thy sword, she holds in her power—to use against thee, a revenge as inevitable—as

certain, as that of God."

Saying these words, she drew near Rosalinde, and John of Lille Jourdain threw himself between them, his hand upon his poniard's hilt. A strange feeling of alarm, of undefined apprehension, stole into his heart, and his voice trembled in his throat when he exclaimed—

"In fine, who art thou? What wantest thou here?"

"Who am I?" she gravely answered, "Diana Marrechi!

What do I want? Thy life!"

Rosalinde, on hearing these dreadful words, uttered a cry of terror; and John, entirely reassured, and now ashamed of his late feeling of alarm, measured her with a disdainful smile; but she, continuing, exclaimed with bitter enthusiasm—

"Yes, I am Diana Marrechi, who dragged herself at thy feet, beseeching thee to allow her to await the coming of her betrothed, exposed to rain and wind, laid on the cold door stone. I am Diana

Marrechi thou didst repulse with thy foot!"

"Enough—enough!" broke in the sire of Lille Jourdain—
"Hence! or I'll have you beaten from the castle by my serfs."

"They will not dare to lay a finger on me," answered Diana, bitterly.

"Then I myself will do it!" cried the knight; and instantly he advanced towards Diana, and seizing her by the arm, would fain have dragged her out of the hall; but she, in her turn, clasping the hand of Jean, squeezed it with convulsive rage, and pressing it hard between both her own, seemed, so to speak, to fasten herself upon him. However, Jean was about to drag her forth, when she suddenly stopped—

"Well, I will depart," she said, "I will depart; grant me but one favour; let me look on my betrothed again—but this last, only favour, for all the evil thou hast done me. Oh! thou mayst hold my hand; I swear to thee, on my soul's salvation, I'll not approach

her-only let me once more see her face ! "

In a moment Diana and Jean advanced toward Rosalinde, who had tremblingly taken refuge in the arms of the Lady of Lille Jourdain. The young girl gazed on Diana with a feeling of mingled horror and alarm; Jean himself, still keeping violent hold of her hand, obeyed her wish through a sort of vague repentance. At this moment, and when profound silence had fallen on all the assembled group, Diana, who had now arrived opposite to Rosalinde, raised her veil, and pushing Jean towards the petrified young girl, exclaimed—

"Rosalinde De La Baume, behold Jean of Lille Jourdain, your betrothed, whom Diana Marrechi restores to your arms!"

At these words, and at that movement, a thunderbolt seemed to have burst over the head of those unhappy ones. Jean convulsively let fall the hand he held; Rosalinde fell shrieking on her knees; the Lady of Lille Jourdain remained motionless and frozen to the earth. Diana fell to laughing. Oh! how the blood

curdled at the savage sound!

"Well! sire of Lille Jourdain," she tauntingly exclaimed, "where are thy sword and ramparts now, against the vengeance of a poor weak woman? Wretch! who regardest me with the staring eyes of senseless terror! Yes—'tis true—I am smitten with the pestilence, and thou now bearest within thyself the germs of death. Oh! look—look, how beautiful is thy betrothed! No! on my soul, Joez himself was not more lovely!"

Rosalinde, in wild disorder, would have thrown herself into her lover's arms; but he, avoiding her with affright, distractedly

exclaimed-

"Oh! approach me not—approach me not! I am no longer thy betrothed—begone—begone!"

"He is my betrothed-mine!" shrieked Diana, darting to-

wards him: "see, Rosalind, see how I love him!"

And in a moment, winding round him like a serpent, she pressed him with fierce laughter in her arms—covering his brows and lips with loathsome kisses, howling the while like a hyena tearing its prey; and during that horrible struggle, neither the

mother nor mistress of the unhappy Jean durst afford him any They witnessed his convulsive, almost superhuman, struggles to break loose from that hideous embrace, and could only weep and cry aloud for help, that came not. A crowd of serfs and domestics, attracted by the fearful uproar, rushed into the hall; but every soul, at sight of Diana, remained motionless and horror-struck at the door, not venturing to approach their lord. At length Jean terminated the fearful combat by a blow of his dagger, which he buried up to the hilt in Diana's heart. During the deadly struggle, the Lady of Lille Jourdain vowed a lamp to Blessed St. Just, if her son escaped the danger he was in. donation deed of six vine-plots made in favour of the canons of that church, for the mainteinance for ever thereafter of the lamp in question, does in fact set forth that Jean was saved by the saint's intercession; but, it adds, he lost the use of his left hand, which Diana had furiocsly bitten. It is doubtless owing to this circumstance, that the sire of Lille Jourdain obtained the name of Sire of the Dead Hand, by which I find him designated in the chronicle of the wars between the people of Languedoc and the English.

W. R.

LEGENDS OF ANTIQUE YEARS.

No. III.

THE OATH OF HANNIBAL.

THE night is dark and wild, The wind hurls through the sky, And the giant trees beneath it sweep Low veil their branches high. The clouds rush past the moon; By the fierce wind on they're driven; By moments through the wildering night Her looks to earth are given. What seest thou by her fearful glance, Mid the pauses of the rain? Calmly and lone one mighty stone Soars 'mid the dim-spread plain! Lone, saidst thou, rose the stone?— Look! 'tis not lonely now; I see two dim forms at its base Calmly, though earnest, bow. One hath a Leader's mien; Him hath the conflict known; Through the awful clash of the onslaught wild Hath rung his voice' deep tone.

But mild, though earnest, now
Those clear stern accents sound,
For a young child, trusting, meets his look,
Nor dreads the storm around.

Who are they through the night
Meet storm-winds on their flight?
Who is that child, with soul-touched brow,
And eyes, and lips so fair?
Look, would beseem a spirit bright,
Who mighty charge must bear.
List to the words are breaking
In tones that thrill my ear;
The wild storm round that speaking
Hath paused as if to hear.

"My son, Aurora's mirth Will greet me far from thee; I go to meet our country's foes Upon the central sea. There hath our empire been, There, too, it still shall be; Rome may be great 'mid her wall'd hills While Carthage keeps the sea. With thee I leave the hate To Rome doth Carthage owe, Give thou it home, as awful fire To light the path thou'lt go. My son, the chance of war May ne'er restore me thee; Then, ere I go, through the thought-hushed night Vow thou that vow to me. To me and to thy country's gods Speak, if thy soul be free; Pour forth the will that stirs thy mind, And aye its law shall be." And the child his forehead fair Turned to the faint stars there, And in his young bright tone, Grief's dull touch had not known, The solemn vow forth came That breathed from him like flame.

"By the Gods that guard our hearths and homes,
The Gods give might in war,
The Great Ones turn the victory,
Or thrill the faint from far;
By strength their smile infuses,
Their wrath disarms, I swear,
And by the rights our foes contemn,
By vengeance that they dare;
By the sacred love our mother-land
In change for life may claim,
By each great thought,—by all,—I swear,
Rome's wolf-like heart to tame;
By hate my father bears to her,
By love he bears to me,

By joy she has prisoned from our souls, By wrath she has set free,—

With a child's heart, where a spark doth burn, Shall manhood nurse to fire,

I vow no other hate or love Shall fail this feud its ire.

Dread Altar! witness stand Of oath here sworn to thee!

No tie of friendship e'er shall spring Round loathed Rome and me.

There is strife between us, and the feud Unwavering on shall go,

Till strength to strive in me, or them, Its utmost shall know;

I cease not to oppose their power Till they or I can fight no more."

With his hand on altar-stone,
So spake that princely boy,
And the father looked upon the child
In solemn hope and joy.

"I trust thy vow, my son, Though very few thy years;

Yet from them, 'gainst the future's sky, A solemn light appears.

By its red morn I see

The crash of Roman towers,

The burning camp, the spoil-torn foe, Pale flight from smouldering bowers.

Feast high thy geese, O Rome! Fit birds thy watch to be;

Thy boast to us, like their poor note, Was warning,—and we're free!

For peace, they gave us war; For honour, falsehood gave;

E'en meek-browed Clemency can find

No plea will Romans save.

Think how the riches of our fleets—

Nay, more—our wealth of men— Pachieium down to Camerina

High swelled the dark waves then.

Think thou how Chipea knew The Roman arm could strike,

And be thy warring to the assault Of Agrigentum like.

Great Altar! where were poured our vows

Those purpled fields before, Upbear unto thine hallowing powers The vow now breathed thee o'er.

Ay, night so dark and fierce,

Wild winds let loose to roam— Fit audience make ye to this vow

Of endless strife with Rome.

My child! my son! my only one!

The rich trust of long years

Girdles thee with assuring look To scare my yearning fears; Fair bud from down-sweet blooms of love, Earth's latest rests with me! Of Carthage' self thou'rt worthy gift, To Her devote I thee!"

The thunder roared around,

The lightning broke amain;
Did their wings catch up to the powers above
That oath's deep lingering strain?
Those sky-flames lit the horizon's round,
Flashed out its farthest line,
There throned columns, domes, and spires
Fling back the angry shine;
That city holds the sovran seat
Of Empire, we divine.
The fleet glow lit that boy's proud eye,
His brow, full-veined, gleamed it by;
Ay, rightly with those looks Fame's trump bids fall
Down to our time, the name of Hannibal.

Knew Hamilear how round his son
And Carthage, in long years,
Their death-scene closed—would that vow
Have reached his throbbing tears?
Yet, Thrasiméné's Lake—
Dark light o'er Cannæ gleamed—
Can say if well that oath was kept,
If well that pledge redeemed.

He, who the perfect love to man Drew from His heavenly home, Saith through His word, saith through His life, Love, only, knows to o'ercome. Who with the sword will strive Shall by the sword be slain;"-'Tis love alone makes strong the hands That strife hath smote in twain. Now even o'er those dark old years Doth flow our light's full tide, And Hannibal's great name appears A warning, not a guide ;-Save that his strength of purpose through Our wiser wills should move. And earnest, even as his hate. Should be our Christian love.

Leeds, December, 1844.

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.

CHAPTER XXV.

LA NONNETTE-THE DAMOSEL'S SUIT.

It was prime of a bright summer day. Phœbus had already mounted high in the clear blue heaven, and sent down his golden beams on tower and battlement of a right royal castle, situate amongst the mountains of Auvergne,—essaying likewise to peer in at the open lattice of a high turret chamber therein, whence might be descried the hills and pleasant

country beneath for many a league away.

Truly it was a bower worthy of sprite or elf-queen; that small and pleasant chamber, with its gay hangings of green tapestry, powdered with red roses; and its floor newly dight with green boughs, strewn over with sweet-smelling herbs; and the knot of fresh summer-flowers, that stood beside the window in a cup of alabaster. On one side was there a press, with a covering cloth of pale green silk, whereon were a pencase and ink-horn of silver, richly wrought, with all other things needful for writing; together with a small coffer of ebony, whose furniture was also of silver, and the lid open, showing that it was stored with divers rare and precious volumes. In another part, on a silken cushion, there lay a lute, as it were just laid aside by the minstrel-who, certes, was not far away; for hard by the lattice, and gazing earnestly therefrom, was a young Damosel, in light summer attire of white taffeta, with surcoat of a dark purple silk, well fitting and beseeming her fair shape and sweet maidenly aspect; and that Damosel was Avis Forde, though little resembling in outward show her I last told you of.

A year and more had sped away since that time, and May Avis was no longer the simple little country maiden, with nought to stead her save her honesty and her book lore, who first bent her knee in the chamber of audience at Chinon, but a graceful, courtly Damosel, well skilled in all forms and observances, and perfect in all matters of discourse and behaviour, for she had dwelt the while in the palace and presence of princes and nobles, the highest and mightiest in the land, where she had not lacked full knowledge of the customs and fashions of the courts, nor failed, apt and ready as she ever was, to profit largely thereby in all things right and seemly. Moreover, she had learned to sing, and dance, and broider, with such other teaching as was given to young maidens of condition, for Madame de Berry would have her want nothing that befitted such estate; and, above all, she had attained such excellence in singing, and fingering the lute, that what with her exact knowledge and mastery of her art, what with her clear, tuneful, warbling voice, so sweet and skilful a minstrel was there not again to But far the greatest of all, had been her advantage in the countenance and fellowship of that noble lady her mistress, whose high

¹ Continued from page 110, vol. xLI.

favour was, ere long, so wholly won to her by her fair and virtuous conditions, that she was chosen from all her ladies and damosels to be her dear and favourite companion, at such times as she might cast aside the dignity of her royal estate, and divert herself in private with book. or lay, or unconstrained talk. Also Monsieur the duke, who, maugre his oppressions and unthrift, was a most gracious and courteous prince in his behaviour, showed her much condescension to pleasure his young duchess, whom he loved better than any thing in life, save money and grand living; and you may think whether the dames and damosels, knights and squires of the household, when they saw her fortune going thus prosperously, made her not all manner of show of love and friendship; some for the favour wherein she stood in such high place, and others for the sake of her own fair face and pleasant carriage. with so many and rare gifts and graces, which had in no wise impaired her native honesty and goodness, small marvel was it that there were gentle young bachelors plenty-yea, and of worth and lineage to boot, who had made lowly and earnest suit for the love of the Damosel

Howbeit, the Damosel Avis would have none of those gay and goodly bachelors; neither would she so much as look upon, or listen to any of them for one moment, in the way of courtship, humbly beseeching the duchess that she might still dwell on in her service as heretofore, being the life that she most affected; and in this her steadfast choice she was ever stoutly upheld by the Lord Guy, to whom she was become scantly

less dear and trusty a friend than to the duchess his cousin.

Soothly the young count was not less changed in that space than was the Damosel herself, as she and all others failed not to perceive—though not, in verity, after the same manner—since, from being the freshest and sprightliest of noble young gallants, he was grown so moody and melancholy, so pale of cheek and hollow of eye, that he resembled rather some broken-hearted lover than a proud and martial knight. Nought now seeked he of mirth and disport, nor sought he the company of any, save of the Damosel Avis, until, after a while, some of those worth folk, who, for lack of other business, are wont to keep watch on all the doings of their neighbours, began to whisper privily about, that the haughty young lord of Beaucaire, who had set so little store by so many ladies of high degree, was now sighing and pining for consent of my lady duchess to wed her English bower-maiden.

But no such foolish misdeem was in the head of the maiden herself, who was well aware, that both his liking for her fellowship, and his sadness, sprang out of his remembrance of the caverns in Bretagne; though neither then, nor at any time since they left the place, had a single word been spoken between them, either of what had there befallen, or any that bore part therein. There was also yet another cause that drew him towards her, whereof she herself wotted not; and this was his suspicion that she too had set her affection on one she might not have. In good sooth, little was there of love at any time in their communing, which, of late, had been wholly of the Knights Hospitallers and their order, whereunto, it seemed to the Damosel, that

he was like enow, at no distant time, to join himself.

Out of doubt, his cousin, the fair young duchess, had not been the last

to discern this strange change in the temper of her kinsman and knight—though as wholly unskilled as the rest to divine the cause thereof—the Lord Guy having never discovered to her, or to any, that either in his first or second captivity in Bretagne he had seen other wight than the robbers and caitiffs who had him in duresse; and May Avis, in strict observance of his request, had held her peace thereupon, to each and every one: not that even she could have revealed the whole cause of his disquiet, unknowing as she was of the troth-plight of Alcyone; and was herself fain to marvel at whiles at his melancholy, which seemed more like the pains of remorse than any common grief; though all she could do was to pray heartily, with her lady, that some means might

speedily be devised amongst them to assuage it.

One only trouble had May Avis known in her light and joyous service.—that in all the time she had not once seen her gentle friend and guardian, the Sieur des Perelles (though oft had he sent letters to enquire how she fared, with much good counsel against the deceits of courts and court folk)—certain affairs of state having kept the Duke of Berry at Chinon and Paris; of which the chiefest had been, the making all manner of courteous entertainment to the English Earl of Derby, to whom he would have been nothing loth also to have given his daughter, the widow of the Count d'Eu, if the kings of France and England would have accorded thereunto; and assuredly he strove above all others of the blood-royal to show friendship to the noble earl, who well nigh lived at his cost, making abode with him at his fair castles in the provinces, or at his Hotel of Clisson, at Paris, which was wholly yielded And now, at this castle of La Nonnette, where the duke and duchess were come some two days before, was my Lord of Derby also looked for, tarrying by the way but to visit the Count Dauphin, at

Now the barons and gentlemen of those parts of Auvergne were all hastening thither to wait upon their lord the duke—having also heavy complaints to lay before him (as indeed was wont to be their case at all times) of the mischief done to their country and people by bands of thieves and pillagers from the borders of Limousin and Rouergue, calling themselves English, though often were they Bèarnois, or Bretons, who had of late waxed so bold and numerous, that truly the monks and merchants, and such-like peaceable folk, durst no longer travel about on their business, unless in large companies. For all which annoy gat they no other amends than fair words, and great show of love and courtesy from that worthy duke, who verily had heard enow of these matters before, though it stood not with his profit to look thereunto.

But now return we to the Damosel Avis, watching at her chamber window, as in truth she had been doing the most part of that morning. Whether she took greater delight in gazing on the pleasant country below, or on the road to Clermont, that passed thereby, I know not; but certain it was, that the Knight of Perelles had not as yet arrived at La Nonnette, as also that the Damosel Avis was marvellously ill at ease at that season, and Gillian, as was ever her hap in such case, largely reaped the fruit thereof.

"Gille! why Gille! Gille, I say-art deaf?"

"I am here, dear lady," answered the meek voice of Gillian from a small outer chamber, the door whereof stood open.

"Gillian! didst thou charge Gauvain straitly to tarry in the outer court until his lord's coming?"

"Yea, soothly did I," said Gillian again.

"And Gauchet, hast thou bidden him to keep watch down the hill?"

"Yea, that did I also," answered Gillian.

"Pray thee, Gille, come hither and tie my bend afresh; the knot sits too close to mine ear, and the riband is over tight across my forehead."

Gillian drew nigh as she was bidden, but ere she could lay finger on the broidered fillet of black and golden thread that bound up her hair, May Avis started suddenly away, crying, "Run, run, good wenchthere is one knocking at the outer door. Run, rnn, I say!"

"By my sooth, then, dearest lady, there is no wight here."

"Here, this way, quickly! let be the door, and tell me what is that dust on the road yonder. Ben'cite, are thy feet chained, wench?"
"Truly, I see nought," answered Gille, looking out.

"Thou art blind, I think, as well as lame and deaf," said May Avis

peevishly. " Pray Heaven he be not sick!"

" Nay, if sickness hold him, liker is it some fresh ailment that hath befallen his lady," said Gille, "the which should assuredly stay him, were it for days and weeks; for oft have I heard Gauvain say, that-"

"Holy Peter!" said the damosel sharply, "how thou dost prate until my very head aches therewith. In sooth, less think I of sickness to any than of these sorry tidings of robbers on all the roads about."

"Howbeit," said the poor wench, in hope to please her at last, "Sir John in any case shall take no harm therefrom, who hath ever at his

back a goodly retinue of squires and varlets to aid him."

"Pshaw! dost deem that a good knight as he is hath neither hand nor heart to aid himself? Out upon thee, wench! art mazed also? Hark—what is there?"

Of a certainty, there was this time a lusty knocking outside, and therewith the voice of Gauchet, crying with might and main for Madam Gillian to open; which May Avis no sooner heard, than springing past the wench, she ran in breathless haste and undid the door with her own hand.

"How now, Gauchet?" she cried. "What tidings?"

"So please your ladyship," said the varlet, "I am prayed to give to your hand this token, and to bid you thereby to hasten anon and privily to those you wot of. There tarries one in the outer court shall

bring you where they abide."

And therewith Sir Gauchet quickly hied him down the stair, like one desirous to escape all further question; first thrusting into her hand that which caused her at once to forget even the coming of Sir John, when she looked thereupon, and knew the turquoise-stone ring of Alcvone.

Short space was it ere the Damosel Avis, closely enwrapped from head to foot in Gillian's mantle, had gained the outer court, which she had no sooner entered, than there stepped toward her a man in the garb and semblance of a travelling merchant—who but nodded, and saying, "Follow, Primrose!" set forward at such pace as without his speech had made goodly proof to her who was her guide; nor slackened he his steps until they were climbing the stair of a small sorry tavern in a

by-lane of the little town of La Nonnette, hard by the square before

the castle-gates.

The chamber whereunto this stair led was poor and mean, as beseemed the outward aspect of the place; and May Avis, entering, found within a young girl and boy, both apparelled like the common sort of country folk in Rouergue and Quercy, which array, nevertheless, con-

cealed but in part their rare and delicate beauty.

"Welcome, maiden—ever faithful and steadfast, even as I had deemed thee!" said Alcyone, as she held forth her hand. But May Avis eagerly caught her in her arms, crying, "Dear, noble Alcyone! how many a time have I thought upon thee, and prayed we might yet meet again!"—the whilst the loving boy hung about her as they had parted

but vesterday, calling her his sweet chick and his dear maiden.

"I will believe thee, maiden," answered Alcyone, with that sad smile that was her wont; "for of a truth, were feigning in thy nature, thou hast lacked the time therefore. But bethink thee ere thou showest us aught further semblance of friendship. Alcyone, amidst well-ordered dames and damosels, is as wholly diverse from Alcyone on her own free rock, as is the rank heavy air that creeps coldly between these straitened walls and lattices, from the pure breeze that plays through our airy sea-vaults of Bretagne."

"And trust well, Alcyone," said May Avis, "that not less welcome is thy fellowship to me in every place, than should be the breath of

those free gales to thyself at this moment."

Alcyone looked steadfastly at her for a space with thoughtful eye. "By my fav," she said, "that speech savours of a court life no less than does thine aspect! For myself, truly better liked me thy former simple guise; but, nevertheless, since plainly thou hast kept thy first gentle nature, little boots it to any what other change hath come over thee."

In any case, May Avis perceived no change either in the mien or look of this wild young thing; save that she seemed to her even yet fairer than when they last met, haply by reason of the difference of the head-gear, which was now wholly of her own braided hair, wound round her small head in fashion of a crown, and made fast with a golden pin.

"Now, maiden," she said, after her own stern sudden manner, "ere I tell my tale, I warn thee that I have to make essay of thy steadfastness. Wherefore, yet again advise thee well; and if thou doubtest in aught thine own will and courage to friend us, say frankly at once, and I will held my are ""

and I will hold my peace."

"Shame to her who should need to advise on such matter, yea, but for one moment!" cried the English maiden. "Say on, Alcyone, and Heaven send that my might to aid thee but keep measure with my will

and courage!"

"Saint George to speed—but that was freely said! Listen, then, maiden. Thou seest us here, in this poor and sorry guise, lodged in this wretched hostelry, and served in all things as befits guests of such mean degree; constrained for help and safety to voyage hither with trains of sordid traders or mule-driving churls, and patiently to abide day by day rude jest or ribald speech from these our goodly mates (and this with store of gold at our will that should give us to prance it

proudly over hill and plain with the gayest of the land) by reason that all are free to hunt and oppress the race of the outlaw. Now, maiden, have I warned thee of what we are, next will I show thee what I would obtain by thy help. Thou hast both place and grace here in a princely household. This wretch, this nameless outcast, this friendless, succourless child of a robber and an outlaw, prays of thee then to gain her audience of thy mistress, the royal lady of Berry."

"Nay, Alcyone, and is this all?" said May Avis quickly. "Surely this is not thy whole need of me? Is there nought further, dear maiden, wherein I may or can pleasure thee? though never can I pay

back the least of thy favours toward me in time past."

"By my life, if there be some few more like thee, this world is not the evil place that our sire and Rougemain are wont to clepe it. But methinks thou hast deemed over lightly of my request, which thou shalt find enow, if not all too much, when thou comest to pray thy proud and high-born lady to hold speech face to face with such as Alcyone."

"Oh, thou knowest not my royal mistress," said May Avis eagerly; or thou wouldst not doubt her goodness. Of a surety, she is no less

benign and gracious, than she is fair and noble."

"Neither her beauty nor her excellence do I question," answered with a sigh the Breton maiden, "when I think on those she is loved by;—but of this no more. Maiden, I will tell thee all my counsel, and then canst thou choose whether thou wilt say me yea or nay in this matter. Truly, I seek not the presence of this lady only to gaze on her fair face. I have also a suit to make to her, that, through her favour my lord of Berry may vouchsafe to give or sell my sire his licence to leave robbing and spoiling, and his countenance to live henceforward in these parts as befits a peaceable and loyal subject of France."

May Avis clapped her hands together, as she hearkened these last words. "Oh, joy, joy," she cried, "sweetest Alcyone! Now, as I well trust, shall thy manner of life better accord with thy worth and

beauty."

The rock damosel frowned scornfully and impatiently. "By my fay, then, thy trust outgoes mine. That little I have seen of the world, hath shown me yet less to love or prize therein; and but for my poor Basil and our sire, I could be well pleased to live and die in our pleasant Breton caves, the only place I have known since I left my own dear native home in La Puglia; but we may not choose. Sansly no longer sweeps the seas, but sits lonely in his rock, overworn with pain and sickness. The Duke of Bretagne, who so long upheld him against all, now grown old and feeble himself, thinks but to raise up friends in France and England for his own young children, and hath warned us to depart and seek out our pardon and safety as we may. Moreover, maiden, a robber's band, like other wild beasts, when prey grows scarce, will turn and rend each other's throats, and a sorry time there befel us when Sansloy lay sick and helpless. For that caitiff wretch-him, of whose ill conditions thy friendship warned me, hath wrought us fierce and cruel annoy; nor had we 'scaped yet worse, but through the prudence and stoutness of Rougemain, who in the end cleared the rock of him, and therewith of half our people, whom he drew away with his guile and glozing, leaving us, in truth, no choice save to shape out our own grace and refuge the readiest we can. Which to obtain, at the hand of my lord of Berry, are we now come hither by counsel and urgency of Rougemain, who had discovered, how I know not, that we might find here a friend in thyself. Now hast thou heard all. Wilt still commend me to the ear of thy lady?"

"Yea, will I, dear Alcyone, and that more earnestly than before, if more may be, since well discern I thy need. And for my lady, dare I to make faith to thee of her best aid in such suit with my lord the duke.

But yet, Alcyone,--"

"I con thy meaning. Rougemain hath already learned that this high and mighty prince leveth not to walk by the broad highway of truth and honesty, so long as he may find a miry by-path beside it."

"Nay, not so," said May Avis; "I eat the bread of this duke, and

must not missay him."

"Thou hast spoken aright, gentle maiden; pass we then over that. There is, it seems, of his household, one Thibaut, a crafty varlet, through whose hand all graces are wont to come, and who looks to be treated with therefore; but Alcyone would not deign to chaffer with a menial."

"Nevertheless, dear Alcyone, I counsel thee, above all things, awaken not the malice of this man—of a truth he can do much with the lord the duke. Let Rougemain treat with him, I pray thee, so that it be only not to contrary thee in thy suit; trust well, such secret enemies are more harmful than higher and braver ones, since they work but at unawares by sleight and falseness."

"Thy counsel is as wise as thou thyself art true and kind; Rougemain shall see forthwith to this gear, if in sooth we have not done this mighty yeoman too great offence to be forgiven. Thou seest, maiden,

that delay for us in this matter shall be perilous."

"I will about the business to my lady, in this very stound, and bring thee word of my speed ere sunset. Here must I take my leave, dear Alcyone, for this present—I shall be needed in my service."

"Tarry but a moment! there is one, maiden, in that place to whom I would not have my coming nor my suit bewrayed—no, not if his aid were my sole hope to speed therein."

"From me, Alcyone, he shall not hear word thereof, in sooth, since

such is thy will; albieit for others can I not-"

"What! keepeth she not her counsel from him even now?" brake

forth Alcyone. "How! whilst yet her lord the dukes lives?"

"Alcyone," said the Damosel, "so God me save, as thou misdeemest both of him and her, and wrongest thine own noble nature not less than either!"

"It may be," moodily answered the rock maiden; "or if not, Alcyone recks nought thereof. Go now, dear maiden, I have staid

thee all too long."

"Nay, Alcyone, first must thou pass thy word to chase away this foolish fancy, or thou wilt outrage both this virtuous lady and thyself. On peril of my life thou dost them foul wrong. He is, in sooth, her knight, after the fashion of France (as none loveth better to call him than my lord duke himself), and wears her colour on his sleeve; further, are they nigh kindred, and nought beside."

"Parfaie, thou shouldst know, in any case; and once again, nought is it to Alcyone. Fare thee well, dear maiden! Rougemain shall attend

thee as far as thou art pleased to use his service."

The English Damosel regained her chamber, hot and breathless, for the day was burning bright, and the hill to the castle-gate both high and steep; but scantly had she cast off her heavy wrappings ere Gauvain stood without, with news that my lady duchess had called more than once for the Lady Avis.

"For Heaven's love, Gille, set thyself to right my apparel and headgear as I stand, the whilst I gather up these papers! I come.

Gauvain!"

But in this stound was heard an usher, smiting and calling at the door, to say that my lady duchess had enquired yet once again for the Damosel Avis and her lute."

"I come, I come! Holy Mary, what breath have I to sing with, or am like to get, in this haste?—pray thee shake out my skirt, wench—here, Gauvain, take thou the lute. I come, I come, Messire Michel."

And in this foot-hot haste, with burning cheeks and beating heart, May Avis entered the closet, where sat Madame de Berry, by good hap,

all alone.

"Come hither, my sky-lark," said the duchess, "and warble me this Provençal rhyme, that my cousin of Beaucair hath but now brought me, to some of thy sad and solemn airs. Methinks, with thy lute and rich voice to aid, it should make a rare, though mournful melody.—But, Saint Mary to speed! what aileth thee, poor child? Who or what hath put thee in this heat and hurry?"

"So please you, dearest madam, I feared you had called for me

more than once," said Damosel, scantly as yet drawing breath.

"And say that I had, certes, some small grace might I have accorded to thee, who never yet needed a second bidding since thou hast been with me. Thou art to blame, Avis, for thus troubling thyself on so small a matter."

"Soothly, madam, were that wholly the cause, I had felt greater shame and grief at mine own fault, than mistrust of your goodness; but my heat and breathless plight spring, in part, from my over-hasty walk from the town below not a half hour past."

"Thou?" said the Duchess: "thou, Avis, on foot, and down in the town of La Nonnette, which thou hadst never beheld an eight days

agone?"

May Avis cast herself at the footstool of the Duchess. "Dear and royal madam," she said, "I would pray of your goodness a boon."

Madame de Berry held out her hand. "Thou hast it, my Avis, on my royal word, without more asking; for never yet came prayer from thee, whereof the granting was not even more to my honour than thine own profit. But, by thy looks, I see thou hast a tale to rehearse; wherefore sit thee down, as truly thou art ill at ease for singing, and tell me thy tidings whilst thy breath is returning."

Had May Avis studied from noon to night how best to proffer her suit for the Breton maiden, she never could have framed a better occasion than fortune cast thus in her way. Nor was she slow to avail herself thereof, but straightway rehearsed in brief to her royal lady her adven-

ture in Bretagne, save only the share the Lord Guy had borne therein which she deemed Alcyone would desire, not less than himself, to keep secret. But of all other matters, touching both her and the gentle boy, the maiden spoke fully; depicting, with her best skill, the rare beauty and nobleness of those two friendless young creatures, with their tender affection one to the other, and their hard, rude manner of life, far off from any human thing, save a felon crew of thieves and homicides. And when she saw by the pitying look on that sweet and gracious aspect (for not by one word did the Duchess break in on her tale) that her compassion was all awakened for the forlorn state of that young. hapless pair, she went on to relate the ill hap that had driven them even from that poor shelter, and sent them wandering forth in quest of some humble nook where they might but live and breathe in safety and quiet; though no word breathed she of their willingness to pay largely into the treasury of the Duke, whose vices and follies were not the less known to his Duchess, in that she made to all others as if she perceived them not; even as beseemed a virtuous wife, and one that always bore in mind his love to herself, and the royal estate whereunto he had raised her. Lastly, the Damosel told of her unlooked-for meeting with them that very morning, and all that she had then heard from Alcyone; concluding with her prayer for audience, and her own promise to aid her therein the very best she might.

When the Duchess had heard all that May Avis had to say, she made her no answer, but sat for a space silent and pensive, with her cheek leaning on her hand, as if musing in her own mind; until at last she said suddenly—

"Of a surety, Avis, my cousin of Beaucaire hath sometime seen this Breton maiden."

"Yea, madame, out of doubt," answered the Damosel, blushing.

"Nay, he should know, yet better than thyself, the place and all therein; since he hath been of old in duresse with this outlaw, by whose means the wicked Duke treacherously laid hands on him, as he rode to Chateau Sosselin to treat with the constable on my lord's business. Yet never spake he word to us of this fair maiden."

"So please you, madam, I truly think that my lord of Beaucaire would not desire to hinder the suit of these young creatures for their sire."

"I believe thee, Avis; far too noble is he to revenge him on so wretched an adversary. Made he it not his earnset request, when we got him at last from the Duke's hand—the which we did hardly enow, even by the aid of my lord of Burgundy—that this Sansloy should 'scape inquiry or chastisement, when my lord would fain have made John of Montfort drive him forth of his duchy? Truly I must advise somewhat with the Count Guy on this matter."

"By your leave, gracious madam, this poor forlorn maiden hath earnestly prayed me, of all guerdons, to keep both her coming and her business, in as far as I may, from the knowledge of all, save those royal ears whereunto her suit must be addressed. Least of all, as I deem, would she desire her abode in La Nonnette discovered to my lord the Count of Beaucaire."

"Avis," said the Duchess, after she had looked on the countenance Feb. 1845,—vol. xlii.—No. clxvi.

of the Damosel yet awhile in silence; "well have I discerned, of a long time past, that some strange tale, some heavy remembrance for my cousin of Beaucaire-known but to him and thee alone-lay hidden in those rocks of Bretagne; as none could fail to note, that since his last return from thence, he hath been but the ghost of his former self, so wholly changed is he in aspect and disposition. And though never have I asked question of him or of thee, since Jane of Boulogne was not deemed worthy to share in his secret, yet am I now free to guess, that this young beauty, of whom thou speakest, hath also her part therein."

"Most gracious and dear madame," said the maiden, again bending her knee at the foot of the Duchess, "if such thing might be, that one so high and excellent as yourself, could have ought that it were grievous to remember, beseech you to think how sore were the annoy, if they, who by adventure had been thrust into your counsels, should reveal these without your assent. And of a truth, royal madam, so fell the case in Bretagne; wherein I was first constrained to take part, little to mine own liking, but wholly against the will of my lord of Beaucaire; who, though he hath vouchsafed me all gracious countenance, yet soothly hath never yet spoken word to me thereon since we left that place. But of what hath wrought this sad and heavy change in his aspect and demeanour, am I wholly ignorant. Somewhat it was that happed beyong my knowledge."

"Thou hast, questionless, done well and prudently, my Avis, even as is always thy wont," answered the Duchess. "But tell me, if thou canst, since the talk hath gone thus far between us, that he hath neither done nor said aught that should disparage himself, or the noble blood he comes of; for, in very sooth, at whiles I think that more of shame and repentance, than of simple sorrow, are in his look and

heart."

"Nay, madam, by my life, nay! Of that can I make faith. Whatsoever may be my noble lord of Beaucaire's cause of disquiet, he hath borne him throughout in no other guise than as a loyal knight and

most honourable gentleman."

"Grandmercy, maiden, for that speech! In some sort thou recomfortest me. And yet once again will I ask thee, -in as far as thou art of his counsel, deemest thou that aught may be done of any other to cure the sorrow that seems to sit yet heavier on him day by day?"

"Alas! madam, as I fear, remedy is there none! This ill hap, as I truly deem and suppose, is all along of my lord's firm purpose to do

his devoir as a noble knight, come boot or bale."

"I con thy meaning, Avis; yet pity is it he doth it not with readier grace. Surely his very pride of knighthood should sustain his courage. By my fay, never until now did they of Comminges or Beaucaire find

it grievous to choose as beseemed their lineage."

The fair young Duchess spoke these last words with eye and cheek so proudly bright, and look so royal, that May Avis saw plainly the Lord Guy should find little medicine for his melancholy at her hand; nay, sorely feared she that her suit in behalf of Alcyone might fare the worse for what had passed. Howbeit, ere long the noble lady continued"Yet must not this poor simple maiden bear blame or punishment, when she hath trespassed, if at all, but unwittingly; though certes, Avis, it were best that the Count know not of her coming, even as she herself hath prayed thee. Wherefore appoint her the morrow for her audience; and bring both her and the pretty page her brother to me here, after the early mass, veiled and hidden, as thou canst best devise, from the knowledge of any they may meet with by the way. And now take thy lute, and chase away from me these grave thoughts; as methinks thy tale hath made me, for the time, well nigh as melancholy as my poor cousin of Beaucaire."

May Avis obeyed; and drawing toward her her lute, began to touch the cords to a sweet and joyous melody; but scantly had she warbled through the first line, ere Madam de Berry staid her.

"Nay, not that, not that, Avis! Thy melody is the very echo of the words, and rings mockingly in my ear. I'll none of it. Sing me in place thereof that same Provençal ditty; and try if haply thou canst beguile my sad humour with a strain liker itself."

The Damosel once more passed her fingers faintly and doubtfully over the strings for one moment, ere she awoke an ancient French romaunt, whose wild and mournful melody seemed at whiles suddenly to swell into notes of solemn joy and triumph, such as might well seem to accord with the words she sang.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT'S FAREWELL.

- " Breath'd be the sigh, and dropp'd the tear,
- "The last to love and thee, my fair; "The red cross on my breast must sear
- "Each meaner, earthlier image there. "Now holier gales from Zion's mount
- "Alone around these lips may play; "And purer drops from Siloa's fount
- "And purer drops from Siloa's fount "Alone beneath this brow may stay.
- "Farewell! a lover's suit no more
 "May bend my suppliant knee at thine;
- "Be mine henceforth, on Syrian shore, "A heavenward prayer—a hallowed shrine.
- "Farewell thy name!—no banner cry
 "These dedicated lips must breathe,
- "Save his, the Lord of saints on high,
 "And men on earth, and fiends beneath!
- "Lo! from my arm thy scarf I tear—
 "I pluck thy favour from my crest;
- "Knight of the Cross! alone I wear "My vow's red seal on brow and breast.
- "Farewell! my bark is on the sea—
 "Broad on the breeze my white sails swell;
- "Lady, one parting prayer for thee!
 "One parting thought! Farewell!"

"Why, that is as much too sad as the other was too light!" said the Duchess, when the lay was ended. "Methinks thou wilt set me weeping anon, with such another plaintive ditty."

The Damosel essayed yet once more, and chose out a simple bar-

garet.

"Nay, nor that either," said the Duchess. "Sure some spell is on me: for my very ears should be out of tune, when thy sweet throat has lost its melody. Go, get thee hence, my little minstrel, both thee and thy lute; or haply I shall grow froward next, and chide thee."

"Truly, dearest madam, I would humbly pray you to chide me for a month's space, so it might bring you any ease," said May Avis, kissing once and again the hand of her mistress, whilst tears sprang to her eyes; for somewhat guessed she, by her own heart, the cause of

such disquiet.

"Yea, certes," said the Duchess, striving at a sprightlier tone; "for which goodly easement of a peevish humour, I could not choose but chide myself for a year after. Leave me, my Avis; I would be alone with my wayward fancies. Go, take thy rest until even, and forget not to shape matters for the coming of thy young suitors to-morrow. By my fay, I would fain look upon these heath-flowers of Bretagne."

IRISH BALLAD.

O KATHLEEN DEAR! OR, THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

O KATHLEEN dear! so long we've courted,
We ought to know each other well;
From childhood we together sported,
By mountain stream and woodland dell:
Though now in ripen'd beauty glowing,
More sweetly shy thy face may be,
Yet, surely, darling, I'm not going
To dream thy heart's as shy to me.

O Kathleen dear!

O Kathleen dear! in lordly fashion
I never sought to win thy heart;
I love thee with a manly passion,
That scorns the flowery guise of art:
I will not vow, as some assever,
That Love's first glow will fadeless be;
But may this heart grow chill for ever,
When, Kathleen, I'm unkind to thee.

O Kathleen dear!

O Kathleen dear! true love's a treasure,
That wealth and grandeur ne'er can bring;
Where all are wreathed for fame or pleasure,
The heart's a poor neglected thing:
The peasant with his dowerless bride, dear!
And rich in love, and sweet content,
Can laugh at all the pomp and pride, dear!
On which the heartless world is bent.
Oh Kathleen dear!

THE DANGERS OF A FALSE POSITION.

CHAPTER I.

" Poor Misfortune feels the lash of vice."-Pope.

It is not many months since the Earl of Mordaunt and Mr. Francis Elliott, a young lawyer, in whom his lordship took a strong interest, were seated in the drawing-room of the former, after dinner, discussing some interminable question of Irish politics or national education, no matter which, as both were equally tiresome and profitless. The Countess, for upwards of an hour, had found herself compelled to take refuge in the pages of the last new novel; but, finding the fiction as insipid and vapid as the parliamentary prosing of her Right Honourable spouse, she took advantage of a lull in the conversation, raised her large eyes of softest blue, and casting a vacant glance on the bald head of the noble orator, asked,

"At what hour, my lord, shall I order the carriage for Lady Caven-dish's ball?"

"Oh! the ball!-ah!-but is your toilet completed?"

"Oh! that will not take five minutes. Would you like to see my domino?"

Before his lordship had time to reply, the golden sonnette rang, and Morris, her ladyship's maid, made her appearance. At a glance from her mistress, she retired, and in a minute afterwards, placed a most tasteful and recherché domino on a sofa, in such a manner that the varied reflections of the stuff were shown to the greatest advantage by the inequalities of the cushions. For the satisfaction of our ten thousand fair readers, we may as well mention that it was of white satin, with an ermine cape, and ornamented with gold ribbons, the first that have yet appeared from the ateliers of the successor of the most aristocratic of modistes.

After having deposited the dress as coquettishly as possible, the soubrette stepped back, and stood with her eyes fixed on the charming costume. The girl's unaffected admiration was interrupted by an exclamation from the young lawyer.

"It is quite impossible," he said, "to conceive any thing more delicious; and the wearer of such a dress must be sixty, or have a face

like Lady Cavendish, not to look divinely."

The Earl of Mordaunt was out of temper. He was conscious that he had not excelled in his recent political disquisitions; and if the discussion he had introduced on the notorious Irish Municipal Reform Bill had not resulted in his discomfiture, he was well aware that it was owing to the care with which his self-love was respected by his young antagonist. Now there is nothing which predisposes a person to ill-humour so much as those suppressed triumphs which a polite interlocutor knows very well how to enjoy in silence. The spirit of contradiction, which was awake in his lordship's breast, found nothing upon which it could fasten so conveniently as the unfortunate domino, which Elliot had just

praised so enthusiastically. For a few moments Lord Mordaunt racked his brains to discover how he could dispute the justice of the eulogy;

but the effort was beyond his strength.

"It is a pity," he began; but the sentence remained incomplete for want of a reasonable objection. As he perceived they were listening, he commenced again with, "It is a pity"—but still the captious criticism was not at hand.

Lady Mordaunt could not help smiling; but the smile cost her a ball.

"It is a pity," resumed her husband, growing rather red in the face,

"that such a charming dress should be condemned to continue unworn;
but my foot is exceedingly painful; and, with your ladyship's per-

mission, we will stay at home this evening."

Like a well-disciplined wife, Lady Mordaunt bore her disappointment with perfect calmness. She might, perhaps, have hazarded a remonstrance, but her husband had pronounced, "with your ladyship's permission;" and she well knew that this freezing formula indicated a decision without appeal.

"In that case," she remarked, "with your permission, I will retire.

I have several letters to write before I go to bed."

Here, I fancy—but without being quite sure—her ladyship's eye met that of her husband's protegé, as she bent in acknowledgment of the profound obeisance with which the young man opened the door for her departure. Be this as it may, every one can guess the probable expression of such a reciprocal glance, and whether Lord Mordaunt would have found reason for self-congratulation in the several matters contained in such an interchange of looks.

The unfortunate husband seemed to be destined to remorse. Her ladyship had scarcely retired behind the rustling damask of the door, when, already, the idea that he had yielded to an unjust caprice, and that he had told an untruth to justify it, began to annoy him. His

conscience told him that Elliot had read his mind.

"Besides, I am sorry," he said, "to have this opportunity of showing you the titles which will ensure my succession to the Flint Abbey

estate, if my brother-in-law should die without children."

So saying, he led the way to his library, in which he was followed by Mr. Elliot; but not until the latter had given a sorrowful look to the pendule, which marked the hour of midnight, and had again gazed upon the white domino, which reflected a variety of glistening shades, according as the gleams of the fire flickered and flell upon its graceful folds.

About half-an-hour afterwards, Miss Morris re-appeared in the drawing-room to remove the dress. She was a foster-sister of her noble mistress, Welch by birth; and when the rich heiress had married her somewhat superannuated lord, the former had accompanied her to the metropolis as confidential maid. Before lifting up the domino, she looked upon it mournfully. A deep sigh which escaped her in the midst of her contemplation, would justify us in surmising that she was thinking of Mr. Elliot's observation.

"I dare say he would think me handsome if he saw me in such a

dress."

Yielding to the flattering suggestion, she smoothed the ermine caress-

ingly, and tied and untied the glowing knots of the marvellous ribbons. She then felt an inclination to ascertain whether the domino was large enough for her; next, whether the white fur would suit well with her brunette complexion, or the fluted folds with her slight waist. In short, from one experiment to another, she found herself quite ready to set off for the ball, mask in hand, bouquet at her girdle, and with a neck like that of an Andalusian danseuse, when she was startled by a hasty step in the adjoining room.

The frightened soubrette's first thought and movement was to put on the mask. The person who entered was Mr. Elliot, who had just left Lord Mordaunt; and he was not a little surprised to find her ladyship practising poser and attitudes at that hour and place. The conversa-

tion that ensued may be gathered from the sequel.

CHAPTER II.

We have frequently, in our experience of life, remarked that persons of a steady and ordinary temperament cannot refrain from a sort of admiration of certain individuals of the reprobate and roué class. In the strange, violent, and audacious manner in which the man of strong passions consumes his existence; and in the carelessness with which he risks, stains, or loses it, there is a principle of apparent boldness and generosity calculated to dazzle and fascinate the most timid dispositions,

the soundest judgments, and the most regulated wills. To this relative esteem, Nicolo Cerroca had acquired an indisputable claim at a very early period of his life. He was born in Corsica, and had left his country in consequence of a vendetta which had embroiled him with about fifty of the cousins of the man he killed. The change of his name was the only means of obtaining a safe asylum even in France; so when he arrived at Marseilles, the refugee Nicolo had no scruple in borrowing the character and title of a Piedmontese count, of the Torsecaja family. As a necessary result of this metamorphosis, he found himself compelled to construct an entire series of false documents in order to corroborate his pretensions; and in thus entering the ranks of the aristocracy, Nicolo was well aware that he had contracted obligations of lavish expense and éclat not very compatible with the exhausted condition of his finances. As long as he had thirty louis d'ors in his purse, the enterprising youth was but little affected by this consideration, which afterwards induced him to devise some method of sustaining his rank, and of not derogating from the noble family he had chosen. In strict truth, he owed it more than the one to which he had a right by the blind chance of nature. Nicolo was essentially just; he loved and reverenced his escutcheon, and fully comprehended the weight of the duties it imposed upon him. In the first place, therefore, he drew as many letters of exchange as he could get any one to accept. I will not allude to ordinary debts; since, with respect to such, he adopted a resolution from a very early day; and from the period of his nobility, he never once demeaned himself by paying his tradesmen or

his servants. By way of balance, however, he was very condescending towards the former, and by no means sparing of kicks and cuffs to the latter. This amiable system of "carrying on," as it is termed by our Transatlantic brethren, met with full and astonishing success at Marseilles, Toulouse, and Lyons, where the pseudo-count, after a residence of some months, made a point of hastily leaving a bevy of inconsolable mistresses, a score of half-ruined and wholly-frantic creditors; while, by way of comfort to the latter, the domestics were admirably ill-instructed as to the route which their ci-devant master was likely to have taken.

In due course Nicolo reached Paris, and at the expiration of a few months his position there became so complicated as to cause him serious anxiety. The declension of his credit could be almost measured by the eye; his resources were cut off, and, by a proportion altogether illogical, as his means of expenditure became rarer, the temptations and

occasions of extravagant outlay increased in a notable degree.

Nicolo's first attempt at play were far from successful, but as fortune did not appear to him to behave with her ordinary impartiality, he corrected his errors without any ceremony; and, in the beginning, this hazardous experiment was eminently productive. Unfortunately, however, some of those importunate and inquisitive persons, who amuse themselves by deranging the best concerted combinations, took the trouble to analyze the secret of the Piedmontese count's luck; and, when they had penetrated the mystery, they very rudely exhorted him to abstain from putting it in practice thenceforward. Nicolo judged it advisable to conform to this recommendation, notwithstanding the brutal form in which it was tendered; but he soon had reason to regret his complaisance, for fortune had resumed her former coyness when he ceased forcing her will: and the rich blazon of the Torsecajas in a very short time received several severe attaints to its unspotted lustre, while it dwindled away, quartering by quartering, like the luxury of its bearer. We will not go through the detail of the equivocal kinds of industry to which the unfortunate adventurer had to resort, nor in what disgraceful associations he was initiated; nor yet of his headlong galloping and perilous career in the terrible downward road of vice. Doubtless the reader can conjecture all these; but he must be told that, in the very depths of all these degradations, Nicolo had preserved two attributes with which his youth had been eminently endowed-a rare beauty of form and feature, and an ardent and passionate soul. Both these qualifications, however, had been in some degree modified; his cheeks, which once were rosy as those of a woman, had become wan; and his svelto et leste shape had increased to a fulness which, although it did not encumber him at present, seemed to threaten that such might one day be the case; but his leg was unimpeachable, and the vivid fire of his piercing eye was undimmed. As to his soul, it had become a sort of pandemonium, in which, it is true, some traces, some relics of primitive grace and innocence were here and there visible; for these were so indelibly imprinted, that they had even survived so great a moral wreck. The extremes of haughtiness and the most delicate susceptibility, were in strange juxtaposition with the most unscrupulous degradation. After a day spent in infamy and meanness, he would display a spark of courage and an excess of indomitable pride;

in the morning he would be as humble and obsequious as a valet, and in the evening as haughty as the monarch of Castille. When the emergency pressed, he would be capable of stealing a ticket of admission to the theatre, as Rousseau did; and a few hours afterwards, if he had been lucky at play, he would think nothing of flinging a 1000f. note into a beggar's hat.

One evening as he was leaving a gaming-house, excellently well dressed, but without a sous in his pocket to prevent the devil from dancing therein, according to the homely proverb, he was jostled by a person who was running up the stairs very quickly.

"Parbleu, sir," exclaimed the latter; "you seem . . "

"Curse your blundering," was Cerroca's impatient remark.

"Ah! what! is it you?"

"Oh! it is you, then?"

"I was looking for you, in fact," remarked the stranger.

" For me, marquis?"

- "Yes, for you. I perceive that your mode of life has not altered since you left Lyons, where I last saw you."
 - "Not an iota. You are right." "And where are you now?" "On the edge of the river."

"Where you intend to throw yourself?"

" You have it."

"For the sake of some Napoleons that you have not got?" "And of a numerous company of creditors that I have got."

"How very absurd! But come with me, and let us talk about it. Why do you not return to Corsica?"

"Because"—and Cerroca turned his waistcoat pocket inside out.

"And suppose you had money enough for the journey?"

"In that case I should run up-stairs there," said Cerroca, pointing with his finger to the gambling-house.

"Ah! I forgot, of course. Well, I am not mistaken; you are exactly in the situation in which you can be of service to me.

"Thank you; and the manner how, if you please?" "The truth is, I have something to propose to you."

"Speak quickly then. The proposition ought to be agreeable, if I

am to judge by the preamble."

"Well! would it suit you to be lodged like a prince; to have a cabriolet and groom at your orders; to have an unlimited credit at the Café Anglois, and the same at Humann's or Blain's—in brief, at all the fashionable shops?"

"Yes-it would suit me exactly."

"Moreover," continued the marquis, "five hundred francs a month for pocket money (cigars only excepted); then, two or three notes of a thousand francs to redeem your bills of exchange . ."

"Or to do anything else I please?"

"And then, in case we succeed, a gratuity of two hundred Napoleons,

as a compensation for loss of time?" "All this would suit me, undoubtedly; but I am much obliged to you, and beg leave to decline."

"How?"

"Good evening; I am obliged to you, I repeat, but I am going."

" Well, but-"

"Do you want an explicit answer?—take it then. It is only for crime or acts of infamy that a person would pay so highly. I have already a stiletto-thrust on my conscience, and, knowing what that is, I have no inclination to double the dose. And as to becoming a spy, I have a sort of a prejudice against that respectable occupation—a ridiculous one, if you will, but one that I cannot get over."

"And who even hinted at murder, or who dreamed of enrolling you

in the police?"

"If that is true, and you steer clear of those two matters, I am your man, sango di me! What! do you think of renewing your crusade against the Bank up stairs?"

" No."

"Do you want to employ me in issuing counterfeit notes?"

" Not at all."

"Then you must explain yourself, for hang me if I can comprehend

your offers."

"I should have done so half an hour ago, mio caro, if you had let me. Two words are as good as a hundred; all you will have to do is to——"

CHAPTER III.

All this was not a little surprising to Francis Elliott, who, yesterday, was but the humble dependant of Lord Mordaunt, but now his equal by the grace of love. A few hours back he was the victim of all the anguish of a hidden passion, now he was the possessor of its object; and his mistress, who had so suddenly descended from her elevated sphere, seemed to have flung herself into his arms in the boldest and most unusual manner. "For," said he to himself, "although she will not speak a word, hiding herself, like a frightened bird, in a corner of this carriage, and only answering my words by her sighs, what warmer acknowledgment could I require than the passion to which she has yielded, and the fascination she could not resist?"

As in such circumstances, the ideas and reasonings of a lover, who surrenders himself to the mirage of a singular fatuity are always more or less ridiculous, we will not take the trouble to recount them. The events of the evening had been so rapid, so unforeseen, and so astonishing, that Elliot might have been excused had he given way to almost any extravagances; it is but justice, therefore, to admit that he used his victory with exemplary moderation. Thus, instead of yielding to the temptations of his singular position, and displaying his triumph (Lady Mordaunt did not oppose it) in the crowded saloons of the Duchess of Murray, he indulged the fancy of concealing his countess by taking her into a world where she was entirely unknown, and obscuring the aristocratic star in the civic fogs of a subscription ball. This idea was carried into effect with equal boldness and fortune. Lady Mordaunt's

carriage set them down beneath the portico of Murray House; the servants were ordered to take them up at the same spot in two hours; and as soon as these were gone, Elliot and his companion, to whom he had imparted his plan, hastily hurried away, and jumped into the first hackney coach they came to. In a few minutes afterwards they were at the door of the Italian opera, and, although they had no tickets, the

passe-partout of gold had its universal effect.

There is a traditional form of words used by the newspaper press in describing reunions of this sort—"The motley and talking crowd—the splendour of the lights—the animation of the dancers—the ravishing music, and the delicious perfumes," &c. &c. If the scene were laid in Venice, a description might be allowable; but who would read an account of a ball in London, and that ball a subscription one? And what interest did our hero and heroine take in the bad taste and vulgarity of the hundreds by whom they were surrounded? Concealed by the shadows of a large box, into which they had escaped, she still continued her strange silence, while her emotion was more and more evident; he was absorbed in the contemplation of the happiness he thought himself favoured with, which had come upon him so suddenly, and was so soon to finish.

As they descended the staircase of the Opera, Elliot could not help indulging in some odd reflections; and certain passages of Lord Byron's Conversations recurred to his memory, in which the dandy poet, looking back upon his career, records with bitterness how much, in his time, the manners of the aristocracy, so pure on the surface, were, in reality, corrupt. The young lawyer could not drive away the thoughts of this passage, and Heaven knows whether the recollection was flattering to

Lady Mordaunt.

They were nearly at the bottom of the steps when a couple of masks, by whom they had been followed for the last two or three minutes, passed rapidly before them. One of them (a friend of Elliot's) laughingly repeated in his ear a quotation from the speech of an eminent advocate in a crim.-con. case. The other, addressing Lady Mordaunt, said, in an unequivocal French accent—"Really, my dear lady, your dress is very becoming." The speaker had excellent reasons for her observation, as the greater part of the domino had been made by her; and she could scarcely find fault in the evening with her own handiwork

of the morning.

Elliot turned as pale as death, and her ladyship trembled to such a degree that he thought she would faint. In a very short time they rejoined the carriage, which waited for them in the courtyard of Murray House; but Lady Mordaunt persisted in retaining her mask; and, until she reached her house, did not utter a single word; her smothered sobs alone gave token that she was alive. When the carriage stopped at Lord Mordaunt's door, she clasped Elliot's two hands in hers, and uttered with deepest agitation, the three words, "I am undone!" When he had resumed his place, after assisting her to alight, he saw her turn round, without appearing to think of the presence of the servants, who gazed upon her with unaffected surprise, and wave another adieu to him with their hand.

This step appeared an enigma to him, and vainly throughout the

night, he endeavoured to discover its meaning. Had Lady Mordaunt been a young and romantic girl, such as we read of in ill-digested French and German novels, he could have understood how, to a certain point, she might think it her duty to sacrifice every thing to her love, that he might find the chain with which she enslaved him the more difficult to break. But it seemed to him inexplicable that this woman, who had always hitherto been so reserved and jealous of her well-guarded reputation, and whom he had always had reason to suppose altogether insensible to any sort of enthusiasm, should compromise herself, as it were, for amusement, without any object, and crown all the follies of this feverish night by her last imprudence. He rubbed his eyes till he made the lids sore; opened all his books in succession; pressed his forehead on the cold marble of the chimney-piece; and tried to convince himself by all manner of physical impressions, that he had not been dreaming.

His surprise was still greater, when, on arriving, at noon, at Lord Mordaunt's, with whom he had an appointment for breakfast, her ladyship bade him good morning with perfect calmness of features, and with her usual radiant smile. Lord Byron and his Conversations again

recurred to his mind, and with increased force.

When his lordship retired, after breakfast, and Elliot and Lady Mordaunt were alone, he seated himself by her side, and with a much less sentimental air, than he had intended, he began—

"My dear lady," said he, as he unceremoniously kissed her forehead

and hand, "you cannot conceive my regret that . ."

"Well, I must admit that I was not prepared for this!" was the exclamation of Nicolo.

"What do you say to it?"

- "Ha! ha! it seems to me to be more odd than wicked . . . And this woman is . . . ?"
- "As who she is can have nothing to do with your determination, you will allow me to keep her name secret till the bargain is struck."

" Is she very old?"

" No matter."

"Ugly?-there is no occasion, though, to ask that, since her lovers have to be purchased."

"Ugly or beautiful, young or old, what say you—yes or no?"

" Diavolo ! and the conditions of the bargain are . . ."

"That you shall make love to her until she has accorded you le gentil don d'amoureux merci; and then that at your first rendezvous I shall have her in my power."

" How do you mean?"

"That I shall be enabled to surprise you together, and to prove and publish her guilt."

"By yourself, or with witnesses?"

"That must be left to my discretion."

"It is a strange fancy! Come now, explain your object."

"Will you engage?"

"When is the comedy to commence?"
"You shall be introduced to-morrow."

" By whom?"

"By me, my dear friend. But why all these questions?"

"That's a sensible one, at all events. Give me a few seconds for reflection—I must consult myself."

"Have you done?" resumed the Marquis, after a minute's

"I have finished," answered Cerroca, evidently with an effort.

"Well then?"

"I agree. The weather is too cold to drown oneself this evening."

"Good! To-morrow morning the cabriolet shall be at your door, the groom in your hall, and Blain at your orders. Here is your pocket-money, and our denier à Dieu," added the Marquis, as he threw a pocket-book on the chair where Cerroca's legs were resting.

"A Dies! the word is well chosen!" muttered Nicolo, as the other

withdrew; but recollecting himself, he hurried after him.

"Apropos of this woman; you have not told me who she is"

"She is my wife!" replied the Marquis, without turning round.

"Oh!" said Nicolo, rather surprised"

The Count della Chiara-Selva was announced, in pompous and emphatic tones, and the Marquis de B—— immediately hurried towards

him, and shook him cordially by both hands.

"After so long an absence, how happy I am to see you again, my dear count!" said the latter. "How long have you been in Paris? I am angry with you for not coming to us sooner—I must present you to my wife."

Hand in hand they crossed the saloon, at one end of which Madame Helene de B—— was standing. After making several profound courtesies.

"My dear," said the Marquis, "permit me to make you aquainted with the Count Julio della Chiara-Selva, an old and valued friend, whom I have most unexpectedly recovered. We are to have the pleasure, I trust, of seeing him very often; therefore dismiss all useless

ceremony as soon as possible, I beg of both of you."

In this tone the Marquis went on for at least five minutes; and he was right, for Cerroca was so astonished that he was utterly incapable of improvising the most trifling compliment. He had come prejudiced and preoccupied by the anticipations that would be naturally suggested by so strange an engagement; and he had traced beforehand a hideous portrait of the woman he was bound to look upon and treat as charm-His active imagination had painted her as overwhelmed with infirmities, and overlaid with ugliness; she had been described to him as young, but of that equivocal, insipid, and repulsive kind of youth, which only renders deformity and sickness more disgusting and unnatural. Now the Marchioness Helene, then twenty-two years old, was one of the most justly admired ladies in Paris. Every gesture was stamped with an ineffable grace, and showed the nobility and purity of her descent. Her feet, her arms, her neck, were rather long, speaking anatomically; but nothing could surpass the gradual and almost imperceptible contour of her white shoulders, and the flexibility of her waist, which Redschid Pasha compared to a silken scarf floating on the breezes of evening. Her eyes were hazel, and rays of gold seemed to dance in their liquid lustre; her hair was marvellously abundant, and

of that delicious blond without shades which the eye delights to dwell upon. The expression of her entire features and figure was pious and gently melancholy, like those thoughts and images with which the imagination is peopled after reading certain German ballads—an evocation of the poetical times of Almaine, of Chriemhelde the Blonde, or

Siegelinde with Long Arms.

Cerroca, or Chiara-Selva (it is all one now) stood for some moments like a person stupified; and if he did not fall in love at once it was only because because such things never happened. Without meaning any offence to the romancers of the primitive times, we take the liberty of saying that the intensest passion never yet pierced the heart so rapidly as a pistol-bullet could. Cerroca was electrified, and devoured with his eyes the surpassing beauty so unexpectedly presented to them; he then became conscious that there was an unbecoming twist in his cravat, which he adjusted by an imperceptible and careless movement. At the same moment the marquis, who had not ceased chattering, observed—

"The dear fellow will talk over all Italy with you, madame; he

knows it as well as you love it."

"One instant," thought Nicolo, foreseeing the danger of such a promise, and interrupting his awkward introducer. "You are aware, my dear marquis," he continued, negligently, "that it is now ten years since I left Italy to reside in Corsica; I can therefore have but very little of interest, and nothing new, to communicate to madame respecting the first of these countries; but if the latter should inspire the same feeling"

"I am quite ignorant of it," replied the marchioness, who was slightly tinged with blue; "all I know about it is gathered from the

novel of Mateo Falcone. Have you read it, sir?"

"I read very few books of fiction," answered the philosophic Nicolo, with a faint smile. And he spoke truth. "Indeed," he added, seeing that his answer might do him mischief with the lady, "my time is necessarily occupied by more serious studies."

This was false.

"Bravo," thought the marquis; "my young friend has the use of both hands—he will get on."

The few words last uttered by the marquis had put Nicolo on the true track: he stalked away with a grave and majestic air, and was

soon mingled with the crowd in the salon de dance.

When Helene again perceived him, he was standing in front of her, leaning against a curtain of crimson velvet, which contrasted admirably with, and gave great effect to, his pale features; his long and dark curls hung upon his forehead like the mane of a young lion; and his contemplative eyes were fixed upon some Egyptian figures placed upon a gueridon by his side.

"Doubtlessly you admire antiquities, Count?" asked the mar-

chioness.

Nicolo's whole frame quivered as he raised his eyes to the fair speaker. In a few moments, during which the lady had to undergo the embarrassment caused by his steady gaze and his silence, he said, slowly, Never mind what he answered; but as he again

looked closely upon her, he was more strongly conscious of the inevitable influence of her ideal beauty.

"Briccone," murmured he to himself in Italian, "sei tu inamorato?"

CHAPTER IV.

LADY Mordaunt was punctual to the appointed hour. Any one who had met, at the corner of Stratton Street, on a cold winter's morning, a young woman in a cloak and hood, and holding a handkerchief to her mouth, would not have imagined that one of the haughtiest of England's peeresses was before him on foot, and in this humble dress. Nothing was less likely. Nothing was more true. The unfinished explanation which Elliot's strange manner had produced; the doubt and irritation which the conversation, suddenly interrupted, had left in his mind; Lady Mordaunt's alarm, who vaguely foresaw in the imperfectly understood events of the preceding night a certain injury to her reputation, the necessity of promptly parrying such a blow, and of stopping, at all hazard, the circulation of a calumny which could not fail of being repandue: - such were the motives which induced Lady Mordaunt to step beyond the narrow limits of her ordinary life, and suddenly to brave every thing in order to have with Elliot an interview which she considered indispensable.

The young lawyer, on his side, had scarcely less to reflect upon. The violent love he felt for Lady Mordaunt, and which he had kept to himself for many years; this love all at once, and in one night, avowed, shared; and then, on the following morning, deprived, like an empty dream, of all its value; the remorse which he felt for the treachery—at least, intentional—with which he had repaid the long-continued favours of his noble friend; the fear of having for ever compromised the woman he adored, and of having dishonoured the husband to whom he was indebted for everything;—these different emotions gained by turns the ascendancy in the internal conflict to which he was the prey; and under their torturing influence, he had passed a miserable night; so that in the morning he was still suffering and nervous, and unable to move

from the chair in which he had seated himself the night before.

He had but little expectation that Lady Mordaunt would keep her engagement—so little, indeed, that he did not, at first, recognise her; but when she threw her hood back upon her shoulders, and he saw her noble features pale and contracted, he was seized with a violent agitation, and urged by irresistible impulse, notwithstanding his previous weakness, he threw himself at her feet.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" he repeated, and his whole heart was in

the words.

Had Lady Mordaunt known how much passion and devotion those words conveyed, her position would have been an easy one; she would have accepted the generous feeling, and her young admirer would not have recoiled from any danger to protect her. But women who are sometimes so sharp and adroit, are remarkably short-sighted at other times.

"Sir," she said, "I have nothing to forgive; or, at all events, I am not aware to what extent. Will you have the kindness to rise, I

beg?"

These words, and the disdainful but saddened smile which accompanied them, soon brought Elliot down from the loftiness of his enthusiasm. Without being himself exactly aware of the alteration of his feelings, the thought of his personal position, and the peril he might incur from any resolution incautiously taken, put him on his guard against any sudden emotion. And, first of all, like a cunning trader who wishes, at the commencement, to ascertain the value set upon the article in question by the person with whom he is bargaining, he made up his mind to wait Lady Mordaunt's propositions. So, when in a very few sentences she had explained her fears, and mentioned to him the fearful consequences that might ensue from the indiscretion of the modiste, Elliot exclaimed,—

"Ah, I perceive. Our position is, certainly, most awkward. But what can be done? If the woman were not rich, and a thousand gui-

neas would purchase her silence-"

"Purchase her silence!" interrupted the countess. "Do you not

see, sir, that would be admitting I was in fault?"

"And what reason have you to think that she has not already given

utterance to this infamous falsehood?"

Elliot made no reply.

"No, no, sir," continued Lady Mordaunt; "it is impossible. I have already thought of everything that can be tried; and I can see only one resource. I will not conceal from you that it is a desperate and an extreme one, and that it requires no ordinary courage."

"Is it murder, suicide, or abduction, that her ladyship will propose?" thought Elliot to himself, while the countess was thus preparing herself

for the disclosure of her intention.

"Besides," she added, "there is no other means; and this is the only one compatible with my honour and quiet."

"Tell me what it is."

"It will ruin you," remarked her ladyship; "and I tremble while I propose it."

"Only speak frankly and at once," said Elliot.

"In two words, then-the real truth must be known."

"In what way?" asked Elliot.

"This very day I shall call my family together, before whom Miss Morris must appear, and confess her fault. This day she leaves my house, and, if she chooses to live in some retired spot in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, she shall be provided with the means."

"Very well, Madam; while I . . ."

" Must admit that you were misled by Miss Morris, and . . "

"I shall pass, not only for a presumptuous fool, but an ungrateful scoundrel, whose intention it was to disregard the most sacred obligations."

"Or rather, an accomplice of the trick . . ."

"And that, in associating myself to it, it was my intention to ruin your reputation by the aid of a servant girl; and to make the world believe'I was your lover, while I was only the favourite of Miss Morris;—is not that the real sense of the case?"

" Yes, sir . . ."

"I shall be infamous in the first instance, infamous in the second—for ever dishonoured—and shunned, not only by your husband, but by all who shall hear of my conduct, and see me bending my head under the ignominious imputation."

"I have already said that the course I proposed would ruin you; but, as one of us must be disgraced, who is it to be? You, certainly, for you are guilty;—not me, for I am innocent, and you know it."

"I know . . . Yes! . . . that is true; . . . but yet, what is my crime? . . . that of having first loved you, and then given myself up to the fond illusion; . . . and you wish that, for this love, so long suppressed in silence, for this involuntary error, which circumstances seemed to justify, I should give up more than life; that I should sacrifice my character, and forfeit all title to the respect I have hitherto enjoyed. Forgive me, madam," he added warmly, "but your selfishness has awakened mine; besides, it is not all selfishness on my part-I have the interest of another to defend. Here is a young woman for whom I had no affection, but who has attached herself to me; and who loved me dearly enough to obtain the illusion of my tenderness—the phantom of my love, at the price of her honour; on the other hand, I see a lady, who, in return for a strong and devoted passion, has not deigned to indulge me, I will not say, with a feeling of regard, but, with one kind and pitying thought; one who knew the anguish of my heart, and derided it, and would even have augmented it by her coquetry, if the instincts of the great lady had not overcome those of the woman, and if she had not deemed a poor lawyer a man of nothing-too much below her notice . . . Oh! my lady! I understand you. Now, when of these two persons, one is to be saved by the ruin of the other, I shall give the preference to her who loves me-who sacrificed herself for my sake."

"Whether you consent or no," said Lady Mordaunt, much irritated, "what I have said shall be . . ."

"Ah! Lady Mordaunt," resumed Elliot, with that slightly sarcastic inflexion of voice which is frequently the result of extreme anger, "allow me to hope that you will reflect twice before you risk, without my concurrence, the step you have announced. I am young, it is true; obscure, I do not deny it. But the whole tenor of my life is the guarantee of my character; and the weight of my evidence must be great. There are examples in history of women who have been depraved enough to hide their vices by the death of those they loved; if, therefore, I should persist in affirming, that you, Lady Mordaunt, only accuse Miss Morris and myself, your accomplices, to repair, as far as possible, the imprudences into which you were led by your passions, and that your persuasions were too great for my self-denial, believe me I should not state any thing but what the world would find extremely probable!"

"No one would be base enough to believe you," answered Lady

Mordaunt, with more affected than genuine haughtiness.

"Be not so sure of that," said Elliot, smiling. "It seems to me that such an explanation would be looked upon quite as likely to be true as the version you prefer. It would be thought very odd, that I should take such a fancy to your maid, as to sacrifice all my prospects for her."

The indignation of both parties was at its height; but that of the one was caused by love, while that of the other only proceeded from hatred and contempt. There was a minute's silence, during which they exchanged singular glances, indicative of a variety of thoughts. Suddenly, and when the result of the struggle was most difficult to be anticipated, Lady Mordaunt rose from her seat, rapidly untied the ribbons of her cloak, and flung it upon a sofa by his side.

CHAPTER V.

What follows is an extract from a letter witten by Nicolo Cerroca three months subsequent to the event we have narrated. The text was

Italian, and to the following effect :-

"Such a passion is a fearful thing, my dear Felix!—a love without greatness of soul, because without devotedness; and hopeless, because it is without greatness of soul. I could make this woman love me if I had years at my disposal, but I have only days. I could make her love me, if I could convince her that I share in her absurd notions; but I am hired to persuade her immediately to sacrifice that vesture which she prizes, not as others do, on account of its advantages, but for itself and its immaterial beauty. My employer distrusts me, counts up every hour's delay, urges me to conclude my undertaking, and complains of my slowness. Tell me, my good monk, my holy hermit, whether it be a sin to rid the world of such a wretch? But am I, who find fault with him, a lesser villain? Two years ago, when we hunted the chamois of Santo-Fiorenzo, I might, perhaps, without remorse, have sent this miserable creature to his congenial hell, and have considered myself as the executor of a heavenly doom; but now . . .

"Besides, even were he not here, I could never love this woman as she deserves to be loved. While I am writing this I feel towards her the fervour of a religious tenderness, because I am alone, and because I am speaking to you who have known me from a youth, and to whom I have neither pretended to be better nor worse than I really am. But yesterday, when I was by her side, what did I feel? and this evening, what will be my feelings when we shall be alone under bowers of lilies, in the moist and perfumed foliage of her garden? Will it be a devout ecstacy like yours, when in the choir of nuns you try to identify the voice of your beloved, to feed your soul with it as with celestial manna? No, truly, I am too old now, and my heart has lost its freshness for that. In the paintings of saints and Madonnas I can see nothing now but the Fornarinas who have served as models for the artist; in me the

idea of beauty is the same with desire.

"If I were a man, this is what I would do. When we should be alone this evening, I would avow everything to her—all, yes, all that you know; I would convince her by that how wild, desperate, mad, and blind my passion was; and perhaps—

"Yes, perhaps . . but perhaps, also, she would fly from me with

horror, without hearing me to the end, and despise me for ever.

"And what shall I do to-morrow?

"In the other system, this is what he proposes: a narcotic, like Lovelace! I had to turn savage, and show my teeth before he would renounce this triumphant idea. He clung to it, like a young poet to his first sonnet; he ought to take out a patent for guiding a woman's affections!

"Would you like to know why this thing hates his wife? and why at all risks, even of his own honour, he is determined to obtain a legal cause of separation? Last year, while travelling in Italy, he met at the foot of Monte-Rotondo, near Sienne, a sort of travelling gitana, who agreed to accompany him wherever he chose for a few handfuls of pazzi-duvi. This creature by degrees has entirely subjugated the husband of Helene, no one can tell by what artifices; but hers he is, body and soul, and if to-morrow she were to tell the marquis that she wished Helene's death, I believe he would . . . Should such a thing happen, however, Felix, I would find means of letting them know the real nature of a vendetta!"

A few nights after this letter was despatched, the marchioness retired to her own apartment about midnight, and dismissed her women shortly afterwards. On rising from her prayers she happened to cast her eyes upon a large mirror in front of her, and there, to her mortal horror, she perceived . . .

CHAPTER VI.

"I SHALL stay here," observed Lady Mordaunt, to the astonished Elliot.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Such is my intention," she replied. Do you think me capable of returning to my home now, when I shall be looked upon by the world in whatever light you may please to represent me? Certainly not. On leaving this house, the glance of the first person I might meet would annihilate me . . . I shall stay here."

" But"

"What would you have, sir? Things have so turned out; what occurred yesterday must disgrace one of us. You prefer my dishonour to yours. Be it so. Here I am. Ring; send for your friends and servants; they will see Lady Mordaunt, thus disguised, with you; and certainly, after that, no one will doubt your assertion, when you speak disrespectfully of her."

"But if your ladyship remain here"

"I know what you are going to say; that if I stay here I destroy all hope; that I bid farewell to my rank, my name, my existence. That

I close the world upon myself, die,—as it were, in advance, and just live long enough to see my infamy established, and my memory stamped with disgrace. This is your work, sir; therefore I stay where I am.

"It is impossible that . . . "

"After all, perhaps, you are right; for if I return home with erect and confident brow, it can only be in the certainty that Miss Morris will be ruined, and you too; two persons instead of one. Although the conquest of Lady Mordaunt may deprive you of her husband's patronage, the celerbity which will result from it will abundantly compensate for the loss. Do you know, sir, that in two or three days hence you will be quite a lion; and Miss Morris will be looked upon as the most prudent of English lady's maids . ."

Elliot knew not what answer to make to this torrent of irony; with downcast head and throbbing temples he felt himself impelled to one of those extremes, the consequences of which are incalculable. Lady Mordaunt perceived his irresolution, and saw in an instant that she

might yet succeed.

"Is it possible, good Heaven!" she exclaimed in an impassioned

tone, " that this can be love?"

Words like these, in such a discussion, were like the throwing of a rope to a drowning man. Elliot clung to them convulsively.

"It is true," he answered. "You cannot doubt it."

"I should not otherwise have come here. You know I had to cross

the Thames to reach this place."

At this observation Elliot raised his eyes, and gave Lady Mordaunt a look that would have disconcerted the sang froid of a Parisian grisette or a senorita of Xeres. But when a woman who is unused to the manœuvres of coquetry, puts them suddenly in practice under the pressure of an absorbing interest, she plays her game with great advantages. Lady Mordaunt's eyes were unmoved, and her cheeks were not flushed with the slightest increase of colour.

"You could not," he remarked with visible hesitation-"you could

not have come here to trifle with me."

Lady Mordaunt shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "Your ladyship knows that I love you—is it not so?"

"I do know it. "Well then?"

" Have I not told you that I stay here?"

Elliot felt his veins quiver, and was on the point of throwing himself at her feet; but the manner in which the contest commenced had excited a multitude of doubts in his mind which were not yet satisfied. He had a glimpse of the point to which Lady Mordaunt wanted to lead him; and although she had clearly changed her course, he still felt himself impelled by an exterior action which excited his resistance. He determined upon a last experiment, and Lady Mordaunt fell into the trap he prepared for her.

"No, my lady," said the young man, taking her hand; "you shall go satisfied with my devotion to your wishes. I will do what you wish; for, though your threats could not bend me, one word of kindness has moulded me to your will. Go, Lady Mordaunt, and feel con-

vinced that your plan shall not be thwarted by me."

The excess of her joy deprived her of all presence of mind, and she had hastily removed her hand from Elliot's grasp to resume her cloak, when the steady gaze of the young lawyer recalled her to herself. The bitter and curious raillery of that look convinced Lady Mordaunt that her real position towards Elliot could only result in a dilemma just as rigorous as she had at first conjectured. Her soul was agonized for an instant by a dreadful struggle, although her resolution had been previously taken; but no outward sign of the internal emotion was apparent. All that was now left her—and she felt it impressively—was to fall nobly, like the gladiator in the arena.

"I shall go," she said, and a slight trembling in her voice was per-

ceptible; "I shall go-but-not directly."

Elliot was on his knees, placed her hand upon his heart, and all the bitterness of his glance disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, leave me!" screamed Helene, bursting from his arms by a violent effort, and hurrying to the end of the room, where she stood gathering round her the disordered folds of her night-dress. By her attitude and agitation, you would have called her an exquisite statue of Fear.

"Helene! Helene!" exclaimed Nicolo, stretching his clasped hands towards her.

The marchioness had recovered, by degrees, the faculty of speech, but her horror was still unmitigated.

"It is very bold of you, sir, to call me by that name," she said, "to address me so here, and at this hour."

"Yes," resumed he; "now and here; it must be so. If you have any pity in your heart, Helene, listen to me. This is a solemn hour."

"I will not listen to you for an instant—not for a second. My life and honour are at stake. Go, sir."

Nicolo's only answer was to fasten the inner bolt of the window; and when Helene, in the extremity of alarm, ran to the bell-pull, he stepped to her, took the rope, and pulled it so violently that it gave way in his hands. The brazen sound of the bell broke sharply upon the silence of night; but no sound was heard in reply, and no one answered to the peremptory call.

"Mariette! Mariette!" shrieked Helene.

"Mariette cannot come," said the impassioned Cerroca, in a cold and calm voice.

In fact, no stir was heard in the chamber where the marchioness's women usually slept.

"You see," he added, that you must listen to me."

Overcome by fear, Helene, with her eyes fixed upon Nicolo, who stood motionless and with crossed arms, had no alternative but to hear what he chose to utter.

The young Italian's confession was a strange one to the pure and modest ears of that unhappy lady. It was, truly, a strange avowal; for it was

After having said every thing, Nicolo held out his hand, that she might, at least, evince some symptoms of pity. The lady drew back hers, and shrunk from him as if she had been listening to the hiss, and

now saw the approach, of a venomous reptile.

A score of stabs from a poinard would not have pained Cerroca so deeply as this simple gesture. He forcibly took the hand thus refused him, and said, in profoundly impressive tones,

"Do you wish to consign me to perdition?"

"I hate you, and despise you!" was her only reply.

"Ah! is it so?" he ejaculated.

"And I had no idea," she continued, "that a man could be so degraded, infamous, and odious, as you have described yourself."

Nicolo gnashed his teeth, and a convulsive smile contracted his lips.

"Infamous and odious! infamous and odious!" he repeated, sorrowfully; "and that is all now, is it not so?"

"Now," she added, "if there be any thing human about you, leave

this house, and never appear in it again."

"Leave this house!" and a savage satisfaction lit up his features; "no, truly; infamous and odious as I am, I will not betray those who have confided in me."

"Tis false !- you lie !- my husband could never"

"If not he, who else could have made my path to you so easy? If not he, who else could have removed all assistance from you? Shout, scream for aid and protection; and when you are convinced that you are alone in this vast hotel, alone with me, say again that I lie"

A silence ensued, during which the marchioness, like a deer in the hunter's toils, ran over in her distracted mind all the points of her dreadful situation without finding any chance of a favourable issue. Thus, crushed and overwhelmed by the conviction that she was lost, she sank upon her knees and wept bitterly, with her face in her hands.

There are times when a woman's beauty is so miraculous, and glorified with such dazzling rays, with such an impress of ideal grace, that its empire is irresistible. Cerroca, with a soul all ulcerated and embittered, could not preserve his composure when he saw this fair and fragile creature writhing at his feet in all the abandonment of her just and innocent grief. Insensibly, while his delighted eyes traced the harmonious lines which were everyhwere developed, owing to the scantiness of her dress, and while he admired the voluptuous undulation

which agony gives to the shoulders and bosom of a female, when weeping or sighing, all the rage and mortification of his heart was at an end.

At this moment the clock struck one.

"Listen!" and as Cerroca said this, he fell on his knees by the side of Madame de ———, and took her hand; "minutes are now worth years—listen. Your ruin or your safety depends upon me . . . I hold your fate in my hands as I might grasp a poor bird . . . If I choose, it will open and the bird will escape; if I contract my hand, it dies. I know that I am infamous—you have said it; that I am odious—you have told me that too. But, such as I am, you have now to choose between me and misery, me and shame, me and a future of gloom and danger. If, in a quarter of an hour, I am found here, your husband, who will come accompanied by lawyers and witnesses, will be the arbiter of your destiny—and you know what that is like to be. . . . Now, Helene . . . it will not take me a quarter of an hour to fly from hence."

Helene raised her head: "Speak-at what price? what would you

have?" she eagerly enquired.

"Can you ask?" he answered, fixing his burning eyes upon her.

"You forget who I am," was her only answer.

"But I . . . I am misfortune—I am infamy, and I remain . . . or I go . . . as you please, madam," replied Nicolo.

She made him no response, but the continued motion of her lips

showed that she was engaged in earnest and inward prayer.

Nicolo walked up and down the room in a constantly-increasing agitation.

"Remember." he said, as he once stopped before her, "they are

"Remember," he said, as he once stopped before her, "they are coming."

She was silent.

"They are coming . . . listen!" he said, a minute afterwards.

In fact the sound of the iron gate, turning upon its hinges, announced the arrival of the marquis, followed by several persons, who ran up the garden towards the house.

Helene rushed to the balcony, and attempted to shriek; but Nicolo

dragged her back, and put his hand upon her mouth.

"Wait," said he.

The door of the hotel was opened, and the marquis and those who were with him entered hastily. The garden, which was overlooked by the balcony of the room where Helene and Nicolo stood, again became silent and solitary.

Cerroca led the lady to the balcony, and there holding her with one

hand, he said, in a low but clear voice,

"Lean your forehead towards my lips, and promise you will be here to morrow at midnight—will you?" His attitude showed that he was prepared to leap into the garden.

"Never! never!" screamed Helene, flinging away from him.

"Curses upon you, heartless woman!" he muttered, as he tore away the shawl with which the lady had covered her naked shoulders, when she first felt the fervour of his glance.

At this moment the marquis and his attendants burst open the door.

"Very well," remarked the friend to whom I read the foregoing; "I know very well the end to which you are working; you need not go on."

"Why?" I asked, rather disconcerted at the interruption.

"You would proceed to prove that Lady Mordaunt, who sacrificed her honour for her consideration, the reality of virtue for its appearance, and her own self-respect for the opinion of others, is now living in all splendour; adored by her husband, and admired by every one. By way of contrast, you would, of course, represent your virtuous marchioness universally decried, and pointed at as a living scandal and stumbling-block for the prudence of others to take warning by. But may not this double history be taken in a wrong sense? and may it not be inferred from thence that a woman had better sacrifice her honour than suffer her character to be compromised?"

"Such a deduction," I replied, "will only be drawn by those who wish to justify their error by the unfortunate choice of one victim of the Dangers of a False Position, and who blindly shut their eyes to the admirable conduct of a person similarly situated. Those who would recommend the conduct of Lady Mordaunt and blame the mar-

chioness . . ."

"I understand," said my friend, "you allude to those qui ne croient ni à Dieu ni au Diable."

J. P.

STANZAS TO LIBERTY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"PLACE me where winter breathes his keenest air, And I will sing, if Liberty be there; And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet, In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat."

COWPER.

I ALWAYS loved the mountain maid,
And woo'd her in my youth;
In many a sylvan grot and glade,
And vow'd eternal truth:
And never have I broke the vow,
Or been as many be;
I never loved her more than now,
Mine own sweet Liberty!

I'd rather be the meanest thing,
A poor unletter'd hind,
Than sit enthron'd the proudest king,
With fetters on my mind:
I could not brook companionship
With courtly slaves that be,
Or cozening knaves, with oily lips,
Dire foes to Liberty.

I'd rather sit by cottage hearth,
And list a gossip's tale;
Or join the village urchin's mirth,
And set his kite a-sail;
Than sit in gilded palace hall,
Where courtly feastings be;
Such scenes but hold the soul in thrall,
That loves sweet Liberty.

My heart can warm to honest friends,
With nature's summer heat;
But nought so much my mind offends,
As falsehood, or deceit:
And how can men that cling to gold,
Or worldly greatness, be
So true, so honest, or so bold,
As souls at liberty?

I love the touch of kindly hand,
The glance of loving eye,
And cannot for my soul withstand
The voice of sympathy:
But all the courtesies, that flow
From modish life, to me
Are but as melting wreaths of snow,
That chill sweet Liberty.

Which ever way I turn mine eyes,
I envy few I see;
They have no kindred sympathies
With spirits that are free:
The monarch in his jewell'd crown—
A very slave is he;
He least of all can call his own
The sweets of Liberty.

The courtly dame, with zone of pearls,
And gems that brightly glow,
Like living stars, amongst her curls,
No liberty doth know;
The statesman, scholar,—all, in brief,
In worldly trammels be;
And thus the world, turn'd arrant thief,
Robs all of Liberty.

But Time will play the thief at last,
And rob the world of all;
And when the dream of life is past,
That holds us now in thrall—
Then Liberty, no longer tied
To this dull earth, will fly,
To roam with Faith, the spirit's guide,
Through all Eternity!

RICHARD BIDDULPH;

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XVI.

RICHARD BIDDULPH HOLDS A CONVERSATION WITH THE GHOST OF HIS MOTHER.

THE boy was taken from the steward's office, and safely deposited by Mister Hockey, the beadle, in one of the small rooms over his lodge, in order that he might wait the result of the governors' deliberation.

Upon reaching the place, he sat down upon a small box at the side of his bed, and communicated to the beadle some points connected with his personal history, beginning with his first remembrance of childhood. and explaining how Mr. Howard had taken charge of him when he was left an orphan, and had placed him within the precincts of the He then told something about his first impressions of the school, and laid particular stress upon the conduct of Dr. Frampton, who had used brutality instead of kindness, as a mode of education, which the boy thought was the sole cause of his present degraded moral and intellectual condition. Furthermore, he recounted the idea which made him-so the boy expressed himself-yes, made him steal the money, in order that another, Mary Stone, might not be penniless like himself; and concluded a kind of surly wobegone lecture about the best intentions being frustrated by canes and rods, by declaring that a time would come when even his old master should bite the dust which he had trampled on; ay, and tremble at the sight of his-no not his, but his system's-victim. The boy planted his feet firmly on the floor, whilst he continued his story; and the beadle, who was perched upon the bed, sat in an easy attitude, rolling about his eyes in a variety of directions, just as though the subject was any thing but new to him, or at all interesting. No, there was no manifestation of surprise or astonishment on the part of Mister Hockey, for he was a man who said "I know" to every thing; so that if stories the most improbable, or fancies the very opposite to truth, had been retailed to him, he would have said, "I know," just as though it were the mere affirmation of his name, or of the beadleship he was fortunate enough to inherit. fact-no, not in fact-Mister Hockey knew every thing, political, theological, and biographical; he was down to the sciences, and he was up to the dead languages; he was acquainted with botany and zoology; and he was particularly intimate with genealogy. Yes, he had the arts

¹ Continued from page 34, vol. XLL

hanging to his button-hole, and the whole study of nature in his left waistcoat pocket. Then, Mister Hockey knew the laws of dominoes, and the rules of nine pins, and the first letter in the Greek alphabet, and-but why particularize? Mister Hockey, the beadle, knew everything; so that it was quite proper of him to listen to the boy's statement as though it were ail familiar to him, even as his household goods. However, at the conclusion of Richard Biddulph's explanation, the beadle screwed up his face sagely, and began, "Yes, yes, yes, young un;" he laid a particular emphasis upon the last yes of the three, did Mr. Hockey. "Yes, young un, it's all very interesting to them as don't know nothing about it, but to such as do, it ain't. Now, what you've been talking about's all alphabet, I may say, all a b c to me, becos I knew it all before; and, moreover, I told Missis Hockey of it no later than yesterday. I might a' told her afore, but, says I, no I wont-'women know enough,' says I, 'and sometimes they know too much, says I; but, however, I know'd it-yes, and I know'd more too."

"What did you know?" asked the boy, beginning to catch the drift

of the beadle's reasoning, and where it might carry him to.

"Why, young un, I know'd your whole history."

"Did you, sir?"

"Did I? to be sure I did; and your father's and your mother's too, I know'd, that I can tell you."

"Did you, sir?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Why don't ye hear I say I did? I know its rum—very rum—singularly rum—but for all that, I know'd it. Why, your father was a gentleman's butler, your father was; and your mother was," he continued, as the boy sprang upon his feet impatiently, "your mother was a—what do you call it?"

"What, sir?" asked Richard, eagerly.

"Why, a what do you call it?"

"What's a what do you call it, sir?"

"Why, a what do you call it," repeated the beadle, as the boy seized his throat violently, and reiterated his question, "A what Tell

me, or I'll strangle you."

"Why, a lady to be sure," chucked out Mister Hockey, through his pinched windpipe; and upon being released, he explained that the late Mrs. Biddulph was descended from real ancestors, and had before her death, noble blood circulating about her heart, and through her "vains and harteries."

Soon after this the beadle made his escape out of the presence of the surly boy, but not until he had forewarned him that he would either be expelled or he would not; and if neither the one or the other should happen to be his fate, he would remain in the school until the very moment that he left it. When the beadle had left him, and after he had said "Fool" three times, he partook of the bread and water which had been left for his exclusive and particular use, which went down sweetly in the absence of curried meats, brought up on silver dishes; and he then walked up and down the small room in order that he might drown his expectations.

The boys who were placed outside the door as sentries, talked in whispers as to his character, which they could determine, and as to his fate, which they then supposed to be next to certain, whilst his old school-fellows ran about the play-ground with smiling faces, just as

though there were no prisons or unions in the wide world.

To be sure, one or two stopped, for a moment, as they ran, and looked up at the barred window within which he was confined, and said one word or so upon the subject of punishments; but their sympathy -if it was sympathy-was soon amongst other matters better fitted for the play-ground: so that he heard nothing except joyous and happy voices, which sounded harsh and discordant to him in his present forlorn condition. The sun's rays forced themselves through the small space left for the light to enter, but the boy tried to shut them out entirely, in order that he might be alone with his feverish imagination and thoughts as to his future fortune, as well as the eventful circumstance which he felt certain was about to happen to him. Full of expectations, his mind grasped one subject after another without resting long on any; whilst he paced the room over and over again, in order that he might think aloud as he walked; and he did think aloud such thoughts as prisoners usually think when they are confined in solitary apartments away from the sight of their kin and kindred-thoughts about revenge, and anger, and malice, and deadly hate towards the whole human family, but more particularly towards those who first lighted the candle, and led the way towards their eternal destruction. Quarter after quarter passed until the old clock over the writing-school -which, by the bye, was an antiquated building-bellowed forth to the world that another hour had entered into the capacious jaws of Time, and the sound rattled through the atmosphere, and penetrated through windows into every species of domicile; so that, whilst young ladies who had to make up dresses for that evening's party complained of its going too fast, poor weary, toil-worn, yellow-faced, spine-contracted dress-makers thought-mind, only thought-that the quarters were too long and the hours too procrastinating by half. Some of the sound expended itself against bricks and mortar; some of it ran through and startled the quiet cloisters; and some penetrated the small room where the boy was confined.

The hours told, one after another, one, two, and so on, until the hour of nine reminded the light that it was its turn to go off duty, and to leave its dominion to the influence and command of night. It was at this time that the boys turned into bed one after another, until they were all fast asleep, when the monitors, the servants, and the nurses, followed their example soon afterwards, as also did the steward and the beadles. Nevertheless, though many slept, the sentry who guarded Biddulph attended to their duty on the outside of the doorway; whilst he still paced up and down his room with measured steps without being weary with having done so so long. As the last stroke sounded the hour of ten, the boy stopped all of a sudden, and caught hold of the bed-post to save him from falling; whilst his eyes came far out of their sockets, just as though they wished to penetrate some hidden and desperate mystery without having the power of doing so.

"Am I awake?" he asked of himself as he stood bolt upright, and stretched forth his neck as towards an object. "Oh! am I awake?" he continued as he put forth his hands tenderly, just as though he

wished to grasp some fond and gentle remembrance which had been absent from his memory for years, and was now smiling upon him.

"Oh! am I awake?" he gasped with difficulty as the ghost of his mother came nearer and nearer still, until it appeared to surround him on every side, and to clasp and embrace the creature who had, during

her lifetime, occupied the whole of her heart.

Now as ghosts appear in every fashionable novel which issues from the press as ethereal, vapoury, smoky kind of personages, it must be fully understood that this particular ghost was altogether of a different character, and, in fact, was what may be called a very particular one, and not of the same character, kind, or kidney with any other that ever

appeared in the world.

Richard Biddulph stood staring at the figure, and trying to push his eyes into its mysteries; but no, it was not to be construed without fagging; it was not about to reveal itself until it had effected its purpose. To the boy it was a real palpable figure, with eyes full of affection, and hands which were stretched over his head as though to invoke a blessing; whilst its mouth opened all of a sudden, and said, "Child of my heart, do you know your mother?"

"Yes, yes, yes, I do."

"Do you remember—" the ghost continued—" Do you remember the pleasure you felt as you read your Bible when I was in the world?" "I do."

"What then has turned you away from the path of honour?"

"Oh, mother! the rod."

"Richard, my poor child," it added in a whisper, "I know your situation; I have watched narrowly your conduct, and I pity you. But what can a poor wretched ghost do when masters inflict punishment upon their deserted children? What can a living mother do? Nothing, nothing, nothing."

"Oh, do not grieve for me, mother," the boy said earnestly; "I don't care for it now. They may flog, and flog, and flog, but they

can't touch my heart now."

"Alas! alas! it is too true, my child," the ghost soliloquised; "you are beyond reformation now; but, oh, pause ere you take one -the first-step upon the pavement of the world. You will be turned out

of this school; you will be expelled; you will be "

Here the words seemed to stick in the throat of the ghost—if it had a throat—and it appeared to fall on one side from exhaustion, when the boy tried to raise it up again, but found that he played with the chilled air, although he felt a warmth about his heart just as though some visionary being—some idea was all around and about it, pressing it into

its smallest compass.

Richard Biddulph did not go to bed the whole of that night, but paced up and down the small apartment, wishing and wishing, as the long hours passed, that the same ghost would return, in order that he might explain what he intended doing when he entered the very outside of society. It is better that the history do speak for itself, which it shall, if you, my dearest companion, accompany him through one or two vicissitudes of fortune. But, first of all, see if the ghost spoke truth about the expulsion; and, if you like to do so, read about it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

RICHARD BIDDULPH IS TURNED NECK AND CROP OUT OF A WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

It is the intention of this chapter to be exceedingly particular in describing a custom which exists in many of our public foundations, to the great detriment of our common every-day society; and the chapter appeals for confirmation to the whole bench of bishops, as well as to every gentleman who has had the good fortune, or the bad fortune, to get the first rudiments of his educational and moral character implanted and firmly rooted at any of the many public schools which abound This custom enforces that throughout our many-coloured country. when a boy has lived for many years under the eye, the mind, and the rod of the master, if he shall turn out to be anything but what a boy ought under, it says, such advantageous (?) circumstances-i. e. if he gets hardened and rebels, or callous and dishonest, or stupid and runs away, he shall be forthwith, without asking society's permission, thrust out or expelled from the institution, and cast, with all his faults stuck to his back, upon the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday world. Now as to making an inquiry as to the policy or justice of such conduct, that's out of the question, for they are bound to act, and they do act, up to the rules of this or that noble foundation. Mind this, though, - the whole fault of the matter rests upon the school; for after all that can be urged, it was the school which educated the child, and it alone ought to be-although it is not-responsible to the parent or to the world, who is a wide-faced fellow, and is the parent of all orphans whatsoever. Why, the school undertakes to educate just in the same way that Pestalozzi undertook to educate; and if it undertakes to do too much, why not give up a portion of the contract, and do well what it does at The school takes the child with all his former character, and it is bound to suppress the rising immorality of every one of its scholars. But, no! these ingenuous gentlemen cut off the pimpling limb, rather than, like good surgeons, try, and try, and try, and try to heal and eventually cure it altogether. Besides, if the limb is bad, why they helped to make it so, for they tore up its skin with a bundle of rods. Now no apology shall be asked, as it is legitimate, and no digression from the subject; but rather to impress the matter upon the mind, only watch how large by comparison the following words are printed-

This System shall be Reformed.

With the morning's light came some bread and water to the boy; who had just finished his meal, when another beadle—not Mister Hockey—entered the room, and presented him with a paper, upon which was written in a weak, trembling hand, these words:—

"To Richard Biddulph, late of No. 4 ward: —I am sorry to communicate to you the following resolution which has been come to by the governors of the school, and which I shall put in force to-morrow

morning. 'Resolved, that as the boy Richard Biddulph has been found unworthy to associate with the other children, he be expelled from the foundation, and in such a public manner that his fate may operate as an example to others.

" Signed in behalf) Josiah Alsoul, of the rest, Chairman."

The beadle watched the boy narrowly as he ran his eye over the communication, and even he looked melancholy, as though he pitied his forlorn situation, which is a very uncommon thing for beadles to do; so that he was surprised—the way to surprise a beadle is to give him a shilling instead of half-a-crown-so that he was surprised when he heard the word "Bravo" escape out of the mouth of the boy, and more so when he saw him tear the paper into a thousand pieces and stamp it under his feet. Still this beadle had a little good sense about him, so he turned up his nose as near the ceiling as possible, as well as showed the white of his eyes-at least as much of it as he could-and forthwith left the boy to his fate, as well as to the following earnest kind of soliloguy :-

"Bravo! bravo! What, do they think to spite me in this way? Why, I'm sick and sorely tired of the walls of this school, and soon I shall be free-free-free-free," he continued, as he tore the buttons off his coat, in order that it might fly open, and release his swelling and anticipating heart. "Oh, when I am out of these gates, within which I have had no joy, but much, much sorrow, I will do, I will do, I will do. No, no, they don't know me, for I'll do something that shall surprise Dr. Frampton- I will, that I will," he exclaimed passionately, and clenched his hands firmly at the same moment, which denoted some deeply-rooted intention that had fixed itself in the boy's mind, and was not to be taken out of it in any other way than by its accomplishment.

Whilst Richard Biddulph reasoned thus with himself, the sonorous tone of the bell resounded through the cloisters in a melancholy manner, and appeared to imitate the clang of a neighbour who counts the short moments which are left to the convicted criminal just previous to his last appearance upon any steep in this world of punishments. the bell tolled the boys left their wards in clusters, and walked to the hall full of expectation as to the sight they were about to witness, and the steward went with a quick and anxious step up to the top of it, whilst Mrs. Pettigrew patted the children's heads, and looked sad and uncomfortable. The meal which was spread before the boys appeared to have lost its usual relish, and passed off in the same way that a farce does at one of our theatres, when it is to be followed by a new tragedy or ballet, so that in a short time the loud "amen" wound up the prayer of the Grecians, and all eyes were fixed attentively upon the door through which the culprit was to enter. The matron left the hall, as also did the nurses, when sure enough Richard Biddulph was marshalled into the presence of his school-fellows between two officials, who walked as though they were the sole objects of attention, although in reality they were but what the cat-o'-nine tails or the gibbet are before a gaping and expecting crowd. The boy's step was firm, and his eye was full of determination, whilst he went straightway between his

two keepers up to the place occupied by the steward. One of the beadles carried under his arm a bundle, which he deposited upon the table, and then joined his fellow, whilst Richard Biddulph stood alone by himself, with every eye fixed upon his movements; but he did not betray any kind of feeling save that of fearlessness as to future consequences.

Previous to the commencement, a short conversation took place be-

tween the two beadles in a whisper, to the following effect :-

"He's rather hardened, an't he?"

"To be sure he is; why, I told Mrs. Hockey how it would be."

"Have you got the rods ready?"

"Why, that jest is a good un, as though I didn't know they'd be wanted."

'It's a nasty job, an't it?"

"Why, in course it's nasty. Jest ask the young un if he don't think so?"

"But come on, we shall be put in request presently. Now jest see if

we an't, and mark me if what I say don't come to pass.'

The steward now caught hold of one corner of the table, knocked upon it three times, which immediately increased the boys' attention, when he thus addressed them—

"Boys—and I address myself not to one, but to the whole of you—the boy who now stands before you has disgraced not only you, but also the noble foundation by which he has been clothed, fed, and educated. I shall not say much to you, boys, as you must see how very badly he has acted; and I trust the punishment he is about to receive—which, no doubt, is a dreadful one—will act as an example to all of you, as well as aid in the redemption of the boy's future existence. Come, sir, strip," continued the steward, turning round to Biddulph, when he added to the whole of them, "He will first of all receive that punishment he has so richly deserved, by being flogged, and he will then be turned out of the gates of this hospital. Now, beadles, do your duty."

The boy took off his coat, and threw it from him in a fearless manner, and he also smiled as he looked at his old school-fellows—the rods—which were ready to be used by the beadles. When he was stript all but his trousers, one of the beadles took him on his back, whilst the other took a large rod firmly in his hand, and laid it on the back of the helpless boy apparently without mercy, whilst the rest of the children looked on in stupid amazement. Whish, whish, went the rod as it passed through the air to his back, and even bounded back again; but there was no other noise save that, for Biddulph received the punishment without a single groan: and as he took up his shirt to cover the sores so recently created, he was stopped by the steward with, "No, no, don't put that on. Boys, you have seen a portion of the punishment which follows guilt; but that is not all. Beadle, open the bundle."

When the bundle was opened, those amiable functionaries helped to dress the boy in a suit of corduroy and a glazed hat, which had been provided for his especial service; whilst he appeared to feel this more

than all he had before been subject to.

"Boys," continued the steward, when Richard Biddulph was dressed;

Boys, you now see your late school-fellow divested of those clothes, which his bad conduct has disgraced, and the only duty I now have to perform is to see that he be turned out of the gates of this school; and may he, in his after life, repent of the ignominy he has brought upon you, as well as upon this noble institution. Now, Richard Biddulph, you are expelled. Beadles, do your duty."

He was now taken hold of by the officials, and, as he walked mechanically along, he could not help—hard as he was—feeling a loneliness and misery, more especially as he saw that his look was not returned by

a single one of his former play-fellows.

"Will you give me a drop of water, sir?" he asked of Mr. Hockey, who immediately supplied him with it, when he drank it off at a draught, which allowed him to hear the door slam immediately he had passed through it without betraying much emotion, when the steward concluded his speech by saying, "Now, boys, you may go, and show your feeling of that boy who has disgraced you."

your feeling of that boy who has disgraced you."

Oh, is it possible? Yes, yes, but it was actually possible and perfectly true, that some of the late school-fellows of Richard Biddulph were cowardly enough to run in a body after him as he was led through towards the gates, which stood wide open, in order that he might go through them and out of them into the wide world—ay, and actually

hissed and hooted the despised, persecuted, and forlorn boy.

As he passed along, he looked at the old buildings, one after another, for the last time-walls, curiously-built houses, antiquated lodgeswhich had been familiar companions when nearly all the other children were at home with their parents; and he also gave a sidelong glance at the window of the ward in which Mrs. Pettigrew nursed and protected him, but there was no familiar face—no, not even one of her children's -at it. Every object which met his eye appeared to be a blank, whilst his own heart was throbbing, and wanting to meet with oneonly one-sympathizer; but no, it appeared to him that he had not a single friend in the whole school. Amidst the hisses from the boys and the laconic observations of his two companions the beadles, he made a bold effort and passed through the gates, which were instantly slammed after him, when he turned round suddenly and gave one look at the foundation he had left for ever, and said in his mind, which spoke with the rapidity of lightning, "Why, if I had been placed upon a dunghil, I could not have met with worse treatment; but, never mind, I am out and away from you. Yes, I am free, and I can, and do, spit upon

you with impunity. There—there."

After this, the boy, without turning his attention to those who stood watching on the outside from curiosity or otherwise, walked with as firm a step as he could assume up a small kind of court, so that he

might escape vulgar observation.

Now, dearest reader, watch him as he walks; his eyes have lost their original lustre; his heart is callous as to consequences; his mind is dreadfully diseased. Is he?—oh, no, he is not the same boy he was when he first entered that noble foundation; for he has received an education which he may exemplify in the world. The boy had no money, and he thought he had not a single friend. He was in the centre of a magnificent city full of large houses; but he had not a garret to go to—no, Feb. 1845.—vol. XLII.—No. CLXVI.

not even a beggar with whom he might claim relationship. In a word, he was alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OUTCAST HAS A FRIEND WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

Richard Biddulph was expelled! The clang created by the closing of the iron gates, and the hootings of his late schoolfellows were beginning to die away; when the excited boy cast a parting glance at his old habitation, and by the time he had turned into a court, both noises were entirely dead, when he went upon his hopeless way. The court was a dull, mirky kind of place, with a wall upon one side, and small contemptible looking shops upon the other, which were full of the bare necessaries, and none of the luxuries, of life. Its people too were plain humdrum sort of creatures, with nothing like fire or excitement upon their countenances, more like contemplating of dead walls, and counters of old bricks, than good healthy, animated flesh and blood, with minds to direct its steps and work about its muscles. The boy went along through thisdead-and-alive place, as fast as he was able, and did not know that he was watched and followed; but in good truth he was though, for there was some one else heard the uncharitable shoutings of the school-boys, and felt as bitter a pang, and had more acute sorrow at his old heart than even Richrad Biddulph himself. The boy was under the influence of the flogging, as well as his change of dress and expulsion, to observe a curious old brown-coated, muffled-up personage leaning against a post, and rubbing his long hands one against the other; but, for all that, he was there. Yes, Mr. Howard, his old despised governor, watched with the whole of his little eyes, the effect it had upon the boy, as well as heard the unfeeling shouts of his late "Poor wretch," the old man muttered to himself, "what companions. will he do now, eh? Why how fast he walks, but never mind, I'll follow him." After which short soliloquy the old man toddled away as fast as he was able, in the same direction the boy had taken, and cried out at the top of his full voice "Boy!" as Biddulph reached the noisy racketty street which contrasted most singularly with the court he had just emerged from. The poorly-dressed man now put one leg before the other, and got into a trot, whilst he continued to call out, "Boy! boy!" louder and louder, until he awakened the sympathy of a sleepy inhabitant of one of the quiet, unbusiness-like houses, who,

• In order that kind, meek, and gently-disposed young ladies may not exclaim, "Impossible!" and so on, here follows an extract copied verbatim from a work by one of the classical masters of a noble foundation, whose authority is not to be questioned by young ladies or young gentlemen either:—

"In crimes of great moral turpitude, and specially if a boy elope from the school and change his dress, the steward does not take upon himself the responsibility of punishment, but he is required to bring the party before the committee, and a public expulsion is sometimes, though seldom, the result, and only under circumstances of great moral depravity. On such melancholy occasions, the boy is stripped of the Hospital dress, which his conduct has disgraced; his school-fellows are cautioned against following his example, and, after the infliction of the appointed castigation, he is discharged from the Hospital."

after trying and trying to comprehend the object and meaning of the old gentleman, at last went forth in pursuit of—as the excited governor described it—"a poor helpless boy," whilst the old man paused from over-anxiety, and, also, lest he should betray his feeling to the abandoned child when he encountered him face to face. "No! no! I will be stern! he shall not see that I feel for his situation. Oh, no, no!" he muttered, as he waited impatiently the return of the sleepy inhabitant with the boy he had placed within the school. The old man put his antique features into a placidly stern shape, and was fully prepared to meet the boy, when the unsuspecting shopkeeper presented to his notice a sad looking badly-dressed boy; but he was not Biddulph, for his countenance was too lamb-like, and had not the expression of the outcast.

"No! no!" cried the old man, petulantly; "No! no!" he continued, in a milder tone, as he eyed the boy, and saw his skin peeping through his rags.

"Why, I thought," urged the inhabitant of the court, "Why, I

thought you wanted a poor helpless boy?"

"Yes! yes! but not any boy, only one," returned the old gentleman.

"Oh! only one; a particular one. Oh! I see; some one by the name of——?"

"Biddulph," replied the aged man.

"Oh! that's it, is it!" continued the slow personage. "Oh! I thought you wanted a poor helpless boy, so I went after one, where, sure enough, I met many. Oh! yes, very many; and brought this

one from amongst them."

Now, during this last speech, the worthy old bone had been contemplating the tattered clothes of the boy who was before him, in the same manner that a connoiseur looks and prys into the merits of a picture, which contemplation seemed to awake a new feeling in his heart; for, after a while he nodded to the shopkeeper, and having put his aged skeleton kind of arm within the attenuated limb of the beggar, he said, "Come?" when to the surprise of both shopkeeper and beggar, they walked away together. As they went away, the dull shopkeeper looked with his eyes full of astonishment after them; and when they also turned the corner, he began to reason about the matter in the following manner—

"What a strange—I may say—a singular coincidence, that that old man, and that that young lad, should ha' formed so intimate an acquaintance in so short a time. How to account for it I really don't know; and as to what his object could be, I must confess that I can't tell any body, because I don't know myself. But I suppose it will be all the same a hundred years to come; although for the life o' me, I must state that it is very singular, and unaccountably funny—aint it?" he concluded by asking himself for a ratification of his former reasoning; and upon a "yes" following instantly, he took about three minutes to turn round upon his heel, and about the same time to enter into his any thing but move-a-head habitation.

The old man began to be fidgetty, when, after toddling up and down the busy street, first of all on one side and then on the other, without meeting the outcast from the royal foundation, so that he feebly grasped the arm of his companion, and kept moving every muscle of his frame; from those about his heart even, to those which acted upon his spare nose and his little eyes, which appeared to be even further back in his head than usual.

"Come, look sharp lad; can't you see him?"

" No, Sir."

"Then why don't you run up Holborn, eh?"

"I will, Sir.'

"Do! do!" exclaimed the old man, with emotion—and tell him I will protect and love him if he will come down Holborn to me. D'ye hear, lad?"

The youth was just on the point of starting in pursuit, when he

hinted-" But I don't know him, Sir?"

"Ah! true, true, my lad!" said the old man, sorrowfully, "I really don't think I should know him myself. But come lad, come?" he continued, as he again put his arm within that of his new companion; and after walking hither and thither without seeing anything of Biddulph, they went into a coffee-house, and partook of a hearty breakfast. The beggars eyes expanded as he beheld what was placed before him; and his heart tried to find its way through his ragged waistcoat, as he looked at the old man and said—"Ah, Sir, God in heaven will bless you, as I do now."

"Puff a nonsense; don't talk, but eat, will you?" replied the governor, as he fell into deep thought for a time, when he ejaculated—"So he ran away from me, did he? Never mind; I'll find him; I'll hunt for him; he shall never escape; he must, he shall be looked after!" Saying which, he swallowed his coffee, and then departed

with the beggar.

THE ITALIAN PAINTER'S SONG.

THE old tower gray
Bids purple day
Paint the grave mosses with that Tyrian hue,
And fine-toned night
Rounds with soft light
Each crumbling stone into proportion due.

My tinkling lute
Converts the mute
And humble silence into golden singing;
The sweet warm air
Rich scents doth bear,
Around the ruin vase-like odours flinging.

The tower's round song
Dances along,
Like a brown gondola through the still sea;
Its shadow sings,
My love-note brings,
How liquid art thou, night, in my own Italy.

THE NATIONAL CURRENCY.

Among the wills registered in Doctors' Commons, is one dated March 10, 1837, proved the same year, and disposing of the property of a gentleman of one of the learned professions. making some munificent bequests to relations, to public institutions, and to his college companions, the testator made a provision for the disposal of his landed property for the purposes of his will. In the latter arrangement he gave two years for a beneficial disposal of his property, and assigned the following expressive reason for this extension of time:-"Considering that great loss of property must unavoidably arise from the hasty conversion of land into money in these times of great and undue depression, through that most unjust, impolitic, and most swindling of measures, restoring, as it is called, the current medium, or rather, as it should be called, a measure to compel debtors to pay their creditors double,"-the testator then proceeded to convey the requisite power of delay in realizing. This, be it remembered, was the solemnly recorded opinion of a sensible and learned man in the prospect of death, as recently as 1837, and while it shows that the testator did not consider the bill of 1819 had at that time worked out its effects, it represents the views of many both deceased and now living.

It is a very common resort of the bullionists in defending their impracticable scheme of resolving the immense interchanges of this highly-taxed country into the measure of gold at its natural value, to assert that though it is very true a great error was committed upon the debtor class of that day by the bill of 1819, yet the trial has now passed, and to revert to the former symbolic currency system would be to inflict another injury in the opposite direction. To this argument it is a very obvious reply, that in dealing with questions of this nature, the operation is not "on individuals who die, but on classes who can never die." The property has changed hands, but the right or the wrong in legislation upon property and the wages of labour remains, for it is of

daily and hourly operation.

It might also be shown that it is the real interest of the fund-holder, if a wrong were committed in former years that it should be corrected in the existing generation, or the security they appear to possess at present may be materially impaired. If the present currency laws be continued, they leave but a very for-lorn hope for the fundholder that he will ultimately be paid. At the close of the war in 1815, the national debt amounted to more

than eight hundred millions; during the twenty-nine years that have since elapsed, a diminution of about ten per cent. only appears. Taxation had so far reached its limit, that the government have been obliged to resort to a property tax—a war tax in the midst of peace—and with this the surplus of the year amounts

to less than a million and a half.

The Prime Minister in giving his reason for the completion of the measure of 1819, by the Bank Charter Bill, announced plainly his intention of preventing prices in this country rising above the level of gold—the continental level—and seeing the effect of this measure on the present price of wheat as a representative of all other national commodities, there appears every probability that his intention will be realized. Wheat at 45s. even, with the late harvest, is twenty per cent. below proper remuneration, as admitted by Sir Robert Peel himself, in propounding the

Corn Protection Bill of 1842.

The country bank circulation having been restricted, it is found that several of the provincial banks have already reached their prescribed limit, and that they have been already obliged to resort to Bank of England paper, which will, of course, very soon curtail the accommodation they can afford to their customers; the effect will infallibly be felt on prices, reducing them still Besides this, there is a loan contracted for France, as well as railroads for the same country; how many millions of these may be subscribed by Englishmen has yet to be known; but it behoves the Directors of the Bank of England to watch the fluctuation of gold most carefully. Already two millions of the specie accumulated up to May last in the Bank of England at the costly sacrifice of the proper remuneration of British industry, have disappeared; and it is of the most critical moment to ascertain at what sum the coffers of the bank will stand on the 1st of July, 1845.

We are no alarmists, and we point at these probable tendencies only to call timely attention to the subject, and in order that the public mind may be prepared for the determined advocacy of right principles. We have no confidence, we confess, in the system confirmed by the Bank Charter Bill; in fact, we are prepared to show-and we will do it more fully on a future occasion -that not only was the plan then adopted fallacious in respect of the adoption of a currency based on bullion at all, but even granting, for the sake of argument, that adherence to a metallic currency were right, we are prepared to show that the theory adopted by government is untenable, even on bullion grounds. If the state of taxation in this country were such as to admit of a currency of the precious metals according to the ancient standard of value-silver was that ancient standard-and the gold coin should be made accordant with it. There is between the price of silver adopted in our circulation by the last Act, compared with gold at £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce, the mint price—a difference of more than ten per cent.; and this difference operates over and above the considerations connected with other views we have advanced, amounting to a constant inducement for foreigners to take our gold in payment for their produce rather than our manufactures.

These statements are advanced to show on what insufficient data even bullion opinions are founded, and how little sound information enters into the opinions of those economists who at present have the confidence of government. But we return to the unqualified assertion, that the exclusion of gold from our national standard and a resort to silver cannot avail for correcting the tremendous evils under which our producing classes are suffering at the present moment. Gold, at its natural price, is totally unfit as a circulating medium of a country into which Wheat can be imported at 18s. or 20s., to meet the home grower.

Sir Robert Peel, in his advocacy of the Corn Law of 1842, admitted that, on account of the taxes bearing upon agriculturists, they ought to be protected up to 56s.; which was, in effect, admitting all for which we contend. By his monetary bill, however, he has practically struck from the farmer the protection he had accorded him by his Corn Law. He has accomplished all the objects contended for by the Anti-Corn-Law League, and has proved, to demonstration, the complete antagonism of the money law with that relating to the produce of the soil.

In illustration of this view of the law in question, we quote from one of the tracts * issued by the "Society for the Emancipation of Industry"—a society established in London, at the beginning of the last year, by a number of gentlemen whose attention had been drawn to the subject of the currency for the purpose of circulating and diffusing information on this all-important question at a moment so critical to the nation:—

"An interesting question yet remains to be considered:—Is the farmer, or even the landowner, now receiving that protection beyond other producers which the preceding table of prices admits him to have been receiving for the twenty-one years ending with 1839? The average price of wheat per imperial quarter was, for the year 1843, 50s., which is equal to 48s. 6d. Winchester measure. The present price is nearly the same (or rather, now some shillings less). Now, as the corresponding price of ninety other articles of general consumption allows, at this time, 48s. for the Winchester quarter, it follows that sixpence per quarter is the whole sum at present received by him beyond other producers. But, whatever it be, whether 6s. or 6d., it is certain to cease in a short time altogether; because whatever price may be de-

[.] Tract No. 5-" An Appeal to Farmers and Landowhers."

manded for any kind of goods, that price which the people cannot afford to pay will not continue long to be paid. (This predicted

result has been too fully verified.)

"The distress consequent on the alteration of the currency in 1819, reduced, as we have seen, the farmer's protection, for the following seven years, to 1s. 10d. a quarter; and a similar cause being still in operation, will ultimately bring it down to nothing. Seeing, then, what has taken place, and observing farther that, in 1836, the average price of wheat was only 39s. 4d.—equal to 38s. Winchester; that this price is lower than the price of any year since 1770—with the exception of 1779 and 1780, the two worst years of the American war, when wheat in the former year averaged 33s. 8d., in the latter 35s. 8d.—it seems impossible to withstand the conviction that the Corn Law is now inefficient as a means of protection; and, judging from the experience which the country has had of it since its first enactment in the reign of Charles II., it may with safety be predicted, that it never can be rendered of real benefit to the farmer, if gold is kept at a fixed

price.

"The farmer indeed is now plainly told that henceforth he must look for his remuneration to the more successful cultivation of his land; that, by improved management, by properly draining and manuring his fields, he must endeavour to grow a greater quantity of corn per acre. This is the advice of many landlords at the late agricultural meetings, and of Sir Robert Peel among the number. But what encouragement has the farmer to follow such advice, when he sees that for the greater part of the last century, during which we were a corn exporting country, the price of wheat was 32s. a quarter; and that so lately as seven years ago, when we had corn to export, the price fell to 38s. Winchester? If, indeed, Sir R. Peel and the landlords generally would consent to allow government paper money again to return the farmer his taxation prices, the case would be different. He would then, independently of the Corn Law, be at once restored to a prosperous condition, and be in no fear of losing his reward by increasing the produce of his soil. If he grew so much corn as to be able to export a large quantity, he would be able to sell it abroad at its untaxed price in gold or silver; but that price would return him in government paper money, a sufficient increase to enable him with comfort to support his family, to pay his rent and taxes, to discharge his tradesmen's bills, to give to his poor labourers at all times adequate remuneration, and have something left at last for the improvement of his capital."

Taxation on commodities, as it so extensively exists in this country, requires a symbolic currency to express prices uniting taxation with natural value; while such taxation exists with a gold-equivalent currency, incapable of representing more than

natural value, it is impossible for the producing classes to obtain the remuneration due to them as the first payers of the taxes indirectly levied, as they cannot, in such currency, obtain them back in price from the consumers. Hence the producers who employ capital and machinery are unwillingly obliged to drive down the wages of labour; and when they have done this, they are frequently themselves ruined. Those who retain their standing are constantly perplexed when they sum up their annual results; they find the reasonable profits on which they had calculated have disappeared; and year after year, they discover that their property has undergone the most unaccountable depreciation; that, in fact, their calculations on the old and honourable principles of business are abortive. Manufacturers are driven, as a last resort, to a deterioration of quality from which their predecessors would have shrunk with disgust; and manufactures and commerce, as well as the operations of agriculture, are reduced to a state little short of gambling. The immense losses on imports during the past year, resulting from the lowering effect of our currency on prices, will verify what we have here advanced. Messrs. Buchanan and Sons, an eminent firm in Liverpool, in their circular of this month observe :-

"We must, however, remark, that whilst the manufacturer has been accumulating wealth, the mercantile business has been profitless, to an extent which, under the circumstances, it is perhaps difficult to account for, unless to be found in the operation of the recent government measures, such as the tariff, the corn bill, and All these measures seem to tend to one the new bank charter. result, namely, to depress the value of most articles, for the benefit of the consumer, and to check speculation; so that capitalists have deserted the produce markets, and gone to the share mar-This tendency has been prejudicial to importers at home. Foreign producing countries hitherto have not suffered as the buyers have done; because, from competition, and in order to get returns for British manufactured goods, there have been too many buyers; and thus sellers have been enabled to realize good prices for their productions, and the losses have chiefly fallen on the British importer. On this account, and for the reason before named, as likewise because our markets have always been well supplied, there has generally been a downward tendency."

The manufacturers for foreign markets, as represented by the League, have, in consequence of this condition of things, been contending for the removal of all protection on corn—having no respect to the fact that their agitation of so unreasonable a scheme, has alarmed the upper classes of the country, who have been accustomed to consider protection as the admitted and established principle adopted in Great Britain; and they have thus paralyzed the home trade, comprising nearly nine-tenths of the sum of our

national industry. On the other hand, the farmers, from the proper sympathy they feel for the owners of the soil, considering the heavy charges upon estates, have refrained from pressing for reduction of rents, and have been driven almost to despair. Seeing the distress of those beneath them—the farm labourers reduced to two-thirds if not one-half of what they ought to receive as wages—have begun seriously to look at their condition, and are now about to approach the government for an entire abandonment of the malt tax; and it will be impossible, with other demands

of fiscal reduction, for the prime minister to give relief.

The representatives of the other labouring classes are beginning to turn their attention to those forms of indirect taxation that affect them under the rigorous monetary system, and encouraged by the evident tendency of government to free trade, they are casting a jealous eye not only on the duty on cotton, but the sugar duties and the large impost on tea; so that by the time parliament re-assembles, the minister will be infallibly driven to the alternative, either of a rapid abandonment of all indirect taxation, and the substitution of an enlarged property tax; or he must make up his mind to a reconsideration of the whole question of the

currency.

It is fortunate for the country that a school of monetary economists has arisen in the capital, who have turned their attention expressly to the latter subject—we allude to the Society for the Emancipation of Industry. This Society have, after mature deliberation, adopted the profoundly-conceived opinions of a gentleman who had written extensively on the subject-Mr. John Taylor, the author of "Junius Identified." This writer maintains, that the adoption of a paper currency, under the administration of Mr. Pitt, in 1797, was the result of necessity arising out of the nature of our taxation, and the impossibility of longer expressing the taxed prices of Great Britain in a currency of intrinsic value; and if so, at that period, when our national taxation amounted to about twenty millions, much more is it necessary now, when it amounts to the enormous sum of forty-seven millions. Mr. Taylor contends most powerfully, that it is impossible for the commercial affairs of this country to proceed with just remuneration to the producing classes, except with a symbolic currency, until the public debt is reduced to a much smaller amount; and argues incontrovertibly, that, unless we revert to a circulating medium, suited to the artificial state into which we are brought by the obligation of the national debt, there is every reason to fear a national crisis to be inevitable. The following extracts from Tract No. 2, of the Society, will confirm the opinions we have expressed, and will inform our readers of the views taken by the members of the Society, both of the disease that afflicts our industrial system, and the remedy to be applied.

^{. &}quot;The Case of the Industrious Classes Stated."

"It is Taxation, and especially that part of it which comes under the head of Customs and Excise, which causes the productive classes to require higher prices than can be represented by gold or silver: it is calculated that the Customs and Excise contribute 72 per cent. of the whole revenue; the Stamps, 14 per cent.; the Assessed and Land Taxes, 9 per cent.; and

the Post Office, 5 per cent."

"It is well known that in the course of the year ending the 5th of January 1798, the Bank Restriction Act was passed; by virtue of which the Directors of the Bank, being protected from a demand for gold, were encouraged to issue their notes in greater abundance; and, as the gold previously in circulation was soon withdrawn, they then also, for the first time, made an issue of one and two pound notes. By the facilities thus afforded, taxation, which could not be increased beyond twenty millions at the commencement of 1797, and which had been raised with difficulty only two millions in the four years preceding, was suddenly and with great ease advanced to thirty millions for the year ending the 5th of January 1798.

"The reason why taxation could not be carried further than twenty millions in 1797 was, that the gold-equivalent paper currency then in use, precluded the addition of further taxation to prices, by causing a demand of gold for exportation whenever goods had advanced (since gold was not permitted to rise); and thus every attempt to increase prices being attended with this effect, led to a contraction of the currency, which speedily brought

them down again.

"But if the industrious classes, who in the first instance paid the greater part of the taxes, were thus prevented from charging them by increase of prices to the rich consumers of their commodities, they could not afford to pay them at all; nor could government raise the revenue beyond the amount at which it had arrived. In this dilemma, the Bank proposed, Mr. Pitt approved, and Parliament, being appealed to, sanctioned the principle, that Bank of England notes should be inconvertible into gold, except

at the market price.

"By the aid of this protected paper currency, the industrious classes were again enabled to recover, by increased prices, that portion of taxation which was due to them from the rich and unproductive. They accordingly paid with renewed willingness the further demands of the state, which henceforth advanced with great rapidity. In the course of the twenty-two years, from 1798 to 1819, the same items of taxation supplied on the average no less than £45,704,454 per annum to the revenue; and in a proportionate degree, as might be supposed, the price of all commoditie was enhanced."

The writer proceeds to prove by tables, that Wheat, the standard of all value, kept pace with the increase, till on an average of 21

years, from 1809 to 1820, it stood at 89s. 9d. per quarter, and for the 21 years, from 1797 to 1808, at 90s. 3d., and shows that prices increased with the increase of taxation, whilst he proves also, that they did not differ materially from the proportion in which they ought to have increased. The writer adds:—

"Thus there is evidence of a contract having been virtually entered into with the industrious classes by government, which was sanctioned by parliament, and continued in force twenty-two years, on the faith of which the industrious classes undertook to pay beforehand to the revenue those taxes which they were empowered to recover afterwards, and did recover, in a sufficient degree, from the rich and unproductive, so far as they were the purchasers of their commodities. It was a contract of the utmost importance to the state, -without it the war could not have been carried on; to have broken it at any period of the struggle would have brought the administration of the affairs of the country to a sudden stop. It was uniformly acted on till the war was over, and then, when there was no further need to keep terms with the industrious classes, it was violated,-violated when the taxation of the country, under the heads before mentioned, was higher on the average than it had ever been. It was violated by the repeal of the Bank Restriction Act, which restored that gold-equivalent paper currency, which would not allow taxation to be carried higher than twenty millions in 1797. It was violated by those who, to silence opposition, told the people that it would not cause a reduction in prices of more than four per cent. In getting rid of the property-tax, the wealthy had relieved themselves from a heavy claim; but by this last stroke of policy they bade fair to emancipate themselves wholly from the taxes imposed during the war, if such could have been their intention.

"There are two modes by which an alteration may be effected, -one, by renewing the property tax, which, if it could be made to yield twice as much as it did in its best days, would produce the sum required: the other, by restoring a protected paper currency. In the latter case it would be an improvement, as it would certainly effect a greater saving if Government were to issue small exchequer bills, not bearing interest, instead of large ones bearing interest, to the amount of the unfunded debt, which is composed of the latter; or if it were to draw cheques to the same amount on the Bank of England, which might be paid in notes of a peculiar kind, receivable in payment of taxes at the Exchequer. The Bank should not be paid interest for these notes as it was during the war; for they do not imply the retention of a corresponding fund of gold and silver, being of themselves a legal tender; it should be recompensed merely for the service which it rendered the state by performing for it a useful office.

"The power to charge taxation to prices is our RIGHT, as it was the principle on which our consent was virtually obtained

the additions made to taxation after 1797. In reliance on the continued possession of that power, we did not object to a weight of taxation nearly thrice as heavy as that which could not otherwise have been increased. We were told, when the Bank Restriction Act was proposed to be repealed, that it would not cause a difference in prices of more than four per cent., whereas it has reduced them fifty per cent. We are willing to believe that a mistake has been committed, and that we have been wronged unintentionally; but we ought not on that account to bear any longer the loss imposed on us, now the error is discovered. The present taxation of the country is more than fifty millions per annum; and as we consented to its increase beyond twenty millions on the understanding that we should possess the power of which we are now deprived, we are, as regards the extra thirty millions per annum, taxed without our own consent, which is contrary to MAGNA CHARTA. We ask, therefore, most respectfully, but firmly, to be placed in that condition in which we were previous to the passing of the Bank Restriction Act, or in that which we occupied after it came into operation. If the former alternative be granted us, we shall have twenty millions per annum to pay with a gold-equivalent paper currency: if the latter, we shall have fifty millions to pay with a protected paper cur-We leave the choice to parliament, indifferent which is conceded us, but resolved by every lawful means to protect ourselves and our children from being any longer victims of an ERROR IN JUDGMENT, which has, we verily believe, ruined more fortunes and destroyed more lives than any war or pestilence with which this country ever yet had the misfortune to be afflicted."

This is a question that most vitally affects the whole of the United Kingdom. Scotland is raising her voice most powerfully and effectually to prevent the application of the system locally to her. If the minister yields to the opposition of that portion of empire and of Ireland, he will practically confess that he has been wrong in his policy toward England. But Scotland does not yet see, as she will one day see, that it would be far more consistent with her real interest to contend with her southern fellow-subjects for obtaining a reconsideration of the currency of the whole empire; for her prices are kept down by the effects of the system in England, her best market. If Scotland were to contend as she ought for a just settlement for all parts of the empire, she would cease to present the melancholy aspect she does in the condition of her labouring classes and would be relieved from the deplorable pauperism so grievously exhibited by the recent evidence produced before the Commissioners of

Poor Law inquiry.

T. M. C

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NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Gitana. A Tale. In 3 vols.

It has often been disputed whether or not the writings of authors bear the impress of their own character—whether the personages they depict are not more or less marked with their own individuality—stamped by their own mental and moral lineaments; in short, whether or not the children of the brain may be likened to a gallery of family portraits, all descending from one parentage, one genealogical tree, and, as coming

from a common stock, all sharing a general resemblance.

Now, though this doctrine has attached to it a certain amount of pains and penalties, which may make us somewhat careful of receiving it to its full extent, inasmuch as it exceeds the limits of the most suppositious justice to attribute the crimes of an author's characters to himself, yet, nevertheless, when we consider that a writer must necessarily draw upon the exchequer of his own heart and brain; when the tastes, the sentiments, the fancy, the imagination, are all his own; when just in the same degree that a man can only see for himself, so only can he think and feel for himself—up to this degree, we say, must it be admitted, that an author's works are indeed a transcript of himself. Thus, then, it follows, that the quality of an author's mind marks also the quality of his works. The masculine, the stern, the energetic, characterize the pen of the man of thought; taste, sweetness, elegance, fine fancy, and refined sentiment, the woman of feeling.

And these last are the qualities which characterize the "Gitana." In its pages the most redundant imagination, the most fanciful invention, and all the poetry of a warm and glowing spirit, have been suffered to

overflow in rich abundance.

Much of our enjoyment of any work of imagination must result from the tone of feeling with which we approach it. If we read poetry, we must open our book in the spirit of poetry. The most exquisite conceptions of the poet's brain would fade like withered rose leaves, if we brought them to the test of a stern utilitarianism. And let not the plodder plume himself upon his own blindness. Poetry is a part of nature. Every country has its own poetry. One land has its fairies, another its second sight, all some of the pictured thoughts scattered from Fancy's urn; and who would weigh and measure the bright dreams of nations by its own commercial calculations? Who ever read the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with any idea of objecting that it was not, forsooth, a fair delineation of our every-day experience?

And it is with feelings thus attuned that the "Gitana" should be read. Let the world with all its cares be laid aside, the mind, for awhile at least, take a holiday from the homely drudgeries of life, and

just with the same tone of heart and expectation as some fine poem

might be approached, so let the "Gitana" be opened.

Yet we should be unjust to the graceful merits of this work, were we not to particularize a little further; cautiously, however, lest we trench upon its fairy fancifulness, or dissipate its rainbow colouring. Emanating from a feminine poetical mind, it partakes of the nature of its origin. It is, in fact, a reflection of that mind-a mirrored portrait. The course of the narrative is marked by a fine perception of the beauties of nature, a sense of luxuriation in the haunts of her loveliness, a sweet and thrilling "babbling of green fields," of mossy dells, and winding streams. The tale of the "Gitana" is not told amid the footworn ways and hackneyed haunts of man, but in those sylvan scenes which are the very heritage of the imaginist, and in which romantic adventure seems but natural to the place. A tale of deep domestic interest is fitly unfolded in the feudal halls which rise up in the midst of some of England's fairest scenery, and in which the power of the authoress has had a field for its development most favourable to its own felicitous and touching character. Proud lords and gentle ladies tread these noble halls, and people these fair scenes at a time when England knew troubled days, and trembled in the convulsions of civil war; and partly because our land was distracted by internal tumults, and partly for home's nearer sorrows, the personages of our drama are made to feel the scourge of sorrow. We have here hearts open to our gaze, torn by contrary emotions, distracted by opposing interests, desires, and hopes. Not the calm and placid natures which find peace in submission; but beings whose impulses are unsubdued as the elements. Thus, in the most forcible dramatic juxtaposition, we have a father and a daughter brought prominently before us. Their very similarity makes their differences come into fearful collision. The crimes of the heart have a species of poetical justice in the retribution which they receive. The lofty spirit of the spoiled and petted heiress wages a not unequal war with the stern severity of a parent whose unbending and jealous pride has wrought the misery of a mother. Flashes of the spirit of this bright and joyous being, ever tempered by the gentleness of a better nature, animate these scenes. But, perhaps, in the deeper tragedy in which Lady Walsingham takes her part-a woman who, having had the nerve to commit a heinous sin, is yet left nerveless after its commission -we have one of the most effective of tragic positions. Not having been led on by those slow gradations which gradually sear and harden the heart, but surprised into the perpetration of crime by a sudden temptation, Lady Walsingham's abandonment of herself to her own remorse, is a triumph of the genius of the authoress. Not less powerful, though widely differing, is the character of the "Gitana"-the hapless outcast, the stolen scion of a noble house, condemned to herd with the roving tribe who have made her one of themselves. The inborn refinement, the native delicacy, the unquenchable spirit, the passion, and the sufferings of this singularly beautiful and ideal being, place her in front of this stirring history; and amidst an assemblage of characters all powerfully marked, through scenes of deep pathos and intense interest, it is still impossible for the reader to separate his thoughts from the "Gitana."

Jealousy and Revenge. Tales by ELIZA PEAKE, Authoress of "Honour."

The passions of jealousy and revenge are perhaps the most fearful and formidable of any that distract the heart of our unhappy race; poisoning his existence, whilst they inspire his actions with such malevolence of purpose as may be supposed to instigate the dark intents of fiends. It may, indeed, be said with truth, that the excess of any and all the passions is but a form and species of insanity; but more especially must it be acknowledged, that the frenzied ravings of jealousy, and the dark workings of revenge, outstrip them all in the hopelessness of their utter madness.

It is not from the pulpit only, or from the grave forms of reprehension and instruction, that society may be threatened or shamed out of its vices. Often where least expecting reproof or condemnation, the mirror may be suddenly upraised, and a "still, small voice" heard to proclaim, "Thou art the man!" And thus it may be that he who would have shut his eyes and turned a deaf ear on the graver forms of admonition, may be startled into a recognition of himself when least of all expecting to be so confronted. And this is one of the best purposes of fiction; it embodies truth under a pleasing, beguiling, and amusing fable; we receive instruction when we thought only of seeking recreation. We are beguiled by the charm of some graceful narrative, the sprightliness of some delightful tale, some busy, stirring, bustling drama, full of energy, action, and vivacious dialogue; and while these attractions rivet our attention, we behold by degrees some hydra-headed vice unveil its own deformity on the one hand, while turning to the other we see how fairly its opposite virtue shines out from the contrast.

And thus it is with these two tales of "Jealousy and Revenge." They are not fanciful feasts of the imagination, but powerfully drawn The first is most essentially a domestic pictures of home and truth. tale; for jealousy is, unhappily, the canker of the household hearth, the curse of the heart's core, from which there is no escaping. It is an undoubted truth, that women usually perceive the workings of the passions with a clearer ken than men, following their insidious subtleties and windings on the closest track, and painting their volcano-like eruptions with a more truthful and graphic touch; and this because the happiness and comfort of their own lives are more under the influence, and more affected by the operations, of these fiery elements, than those of the stronger sex. It is in the violated sanctuary of home that the tempests of the passions are usually let loose; abroad they must be curbed and restrained. Thus it is that tales of the heart are usually best told by a lady's pen, and most powerfully do the volumes before us uphold this doctrine.

The construction of the first of these tales, "Jealousy," is admirable. A young bride and bridegroom, blessed with affluence and an unbounded love for each other, commence their married life under the happiest auspices. The world without is bright, but home within is brighter, irradiated with the joy of their own hearts. Are they not all to each

other? Wealth, friends, and loving hearts, might well make this world a paradise; but, as of old, and as throughout all time, the tempter comes, the slime of the serpent marks his track, jealousy broods in the heart of the husband, and the gentle wife droops like a blighted flower. His frenzied passions, his wild and unwarranted surmises, the puerile trifles on which he seizes, and which are, to his blinded mind, "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," are all firmly and finely The clear-headed, true-hearted sister, who acts throughout as their better genius, has also an inspiriting influence throughout the whole tale. Her womanly tenderness, and her constitutional vivacity, as well as that cheerfulness upon principle, which, wherever it is to be found, ought to be accounted a high virtue, admirably diversify and enliven a narrative which else, notwithstanding the felicity of its denouement, might be found almost too trying to the feelings. Perhaps of all our thanksgivings to a bountiful Providence, cheerfulness is the highest and truest gratitude, proving that the largesse of which man is the recipient has not been wholly diverted from its purpose of contri-There is therefore a high principle in cheerbuting to his happiness. fulness, and with this cheerfulness our authoress has invested the character of Edith Curzon, which to us appears one of the happiest por-

traitures of womanly worth that we have long met with.

But turning from "Jealousy" to its still darker sister, "Revenge," our authoress has shown her possession of higher and more enlarged powers. Opening with a picture of stern and almost paralyzing horror, the reader is led through a succession of scenes, all drawn with the unwavering lines of masterly skill, to a climax of the deepest tragedy. The leading character in this tale, the true heroine, that we are compelled to follow throughout the recital with a rivetted attention; the petted, spoiled, extravagant, capricious, wild, beautiful, tyrannical girl, the daughter of a doating father, the heiress of a nabob's wealth; this dazzling, fearful, energetic being, after receiving such deep injury as might well infuriate both wife and mother, throws her whole soul into the one sole passion of revenge. To this intense feeling are all others immolated; for this she endures life and devotes all its energies; for this she thinks and lives; to this one master-spirit she sacrifices every Even the love of a mother is counted as affection of our nature. nothing, so that her soul may be satiated in this fiendish indulgence. We believe it true, that a lost woman is only next to Satan in degree of Most happily these instances of consummate crime are rare, both because its height of infamy requires the attributes of strength, energy, and power in their highest degree, and because-far happier reasonthe feminine heart, full of the gushing tenderness of its own nature, recoils from the distant thought of this atrocity, save in a few infrequent instances, which have been permitted as warnings to show the curse of crime. These suffice to prove that the fearful portrait is true to nature, and we contemplate the finely depictured features, just with the same species of interest as we gaze upon those of a Lady Macbeth.

Contrasted with this passion-breathing woman, no greater opposite could have been found, than her own gentle, timid, touching child. It often happens that the vices of the parents foster the virtues of the children. Violence sometimes generates gentleness; fierceness elicits

meekness, and so on. Our authoress has seized upon this truth to draw a contrast of character most true to nature. The dove-like girl is a fine relief to the haughty and revengeful mother. These twain, the one full of deep tenderness and love, too gentle for anything but submission—the other, with a soul on fire with its master passion, passing on her way like the whirlwind and the pestilence, present us with one of the finest studies of the sex, and one that will scarcely find its parallel in our literature.

In conclusion, we can only say, that the powerful elements of which this work is composed, rivet the attention of the reader,—that deep pathos, most marked incident, nervous strength of language, and characters singularly original, are merits of a class that cannot fail of appreciation, and such as must make "Jealousy and Revenge" in the highest degree acceptable to the reading world.

Nothing! in Rhyme and Prose. Dedicated, without Permission, to Punck. By George Bolton.

The wise economy of nature has decreed that no waste can possibly be effected in the material creation, and in like manner has our moral world been framed and governed. No action or sentiment can stand neutral or indifferent, but must, at once, take its place on the side of either warning or example. On this divine principle it is that evil is often the enforced minister of good; since looked upon as a determent from the one, it has all the efficacy of an incitement to the other. It is not alone from the beautiful and peace-breathing aspect of virtue that men are induced to follow in her righteous train, but because they are repulsed by the stormy and hideous features of vice, that they are made to feel their safety to consist in rallying under her banner. A right-minded man has brighter and higher views of the perfection of goodness when he studies the coarse aspect of crime, than even when gazing on her perfect lineaments; and thus it is that evil is constrained to become the minister of good as well by warning as by contrast.

It may appear strange that this eccentric book, with its eccentric title, should have led us into these grave reflections; but assuredly this "Nothing" is a something which touches the strings of serious thought. We might almost call it a gay guide to gravity. Its contents are the ardent ebullitions of an excited temperament—the effusions of a spirit kindling at every turn. One, perhaps, too indignant at the sorrows of the world, because forgetting that they are chastening ministers; but yet of one honest in his zealous wishes for the happiness of

his fellow-men.

We know not whether designedly, or if on the mere impulse of an excited mind taking opposite views of the same object; yet has our author changed his position from the grave to the gay, from life's dark shadows to its gladdening sunshine, with a reckless sort of versatility. No bounds has he put on the caprices of his fancy; no class of his fellow-creatures has he considered too humble for his delineation; no scene of sorrow too intense for his depicturing. There is a bent in the

literature of the present day towards exploring the haunts of those whose condition might sink them into obscurity, did not their crimes drag them into the notice of society; and our author has indulged in this license to its utmost extent. Sometimes, indeed, the breadth of his descriptions so realizes the actual that we could almost have wished that he had been less true to nature; and sometimes, in his ardour, he appears to forget that necessity is not always the parent of crime. we must remember that, in our own immortal dramatist, there are many lines we would gladly have blotted out, and that perfect liberty is essential to the life of genius; the shackle that brings one feather of his wing to touch the dust being his death warrant. No such feathers, however, has our author worn. He has luxuriated in the Englishman's liberty-the liberty of speech, and has thus claimed for his inventive faculties their most full and ample range. That reckless eccentricity of mind of which we have already spoken is stamped upon every page of his production; and the daring of his pen is so much like the throwing down his gauntlet, that he must not be surprised if he have a tilt or two in the literary lists. Nevertheless, as fame is of two kinds, he must remember that even gaining the world's attention, and the mere fact of his candidateship being put to the vote, is, in itself, no mean popularity. For our own part, leaving his more mettlesome and dramatic pieces for the diversion of the gay, and the amusement of the student of nature's coarser handwriting, we give the preference to the sadder gravities of life which he has depictured. There are lines of sorrow traced over our world which it is impossible to read without sympathy, and the author who can make the invisible ink of the heart appear upon the surface has a power of which the recognition is admiration.

In conclusion, we can only say that this strange and eccentric work—strange and eccentric in title, in dedication, in diversity of matter, in thought, in feeling, in prose, and in verse—will elicit from every new reader a new opinion. It is like one of those stones through which the prismatic colours are for ever playing, and no two persons will see it in the same point of view. Let every one, therefore, form his own judgment upon it, and deliver his own verdict. But we cannot close our notice of it without condemning, in the most decided terms, the frequency with which the author indulges in coarse language—language so improper, that he feels, in many instances, the necessity of giving only a few of the letters in particular words.

Remarks on Sir James Graham's Medical Bill. By an OLD PRACTI-

An old practitioner in a profession so arduous as that whose function it is to alleviate and minister to "all the ills that flesh is heir to," has, on this ground alone, an indisputable claim to be heard. He has necessarily been a spectator, and, in some sort, an actor, in some of the most tragical scenes of life; and he has, not seldom, had occasion to complain of the want of due consideration, or of the absolute ingratitude of

many to whom he may have rendered the most inestimable service. We are quite willing to admit that, in a vast number of instances, an unthinking public are apt to expect and to exact far too much, in the way of alleviation of suffering or of personal attention, from the medical attendant; and, again, are too prone to neglect or forget him when his services are no longer required-more especially in the matter of remuneration. Nevertheless, believing, as we do, that there is no higher function, save that of him who is appointed to administer consolation and monition to his suffering and sinning fellow-mortals, and no source of gratification more real and self-rewarding than that of combating disease, and restoring health and comfort to the afflicted, we confess ourselves not quite prepared to concur in the view of the case here presented. That the public, who have no means of previously testing a man's capabilities, should prefer an established practitioner to a very young man who may have suddenly made his appearance in a neighbourhood, is nothing more than a natural and safe precaution; and, as it is a principle which ultimately turns to the advantage of all, it seems surprising that an old practitioner should urge this as a grievance. We cannot but express a firm hope and belief, however, that, in the present day, notwithstanding the apparent encouragement of empiricism of various kinds, assiduity and ability will find their reward; and that, if the practitioner in medicine, or in any other art whatsoever, will only be true to himself, and just and liberal to his fellow-labourer in the same meritorious field, he will find himself neither ill-used nor neglected.

We should not do our duty to our readers or to the author, if we did not recommend the perusal of this temperate and well-written, though perhaps lugubrious, statement of the case as it stands at present, and as it is likely to become under the extensive organic change contemplated in Sir James Graham's new act—to the especial attention of those who either propose entering, or devoting their children to the profession.

Life of Baber, Emperor of Hindostan. Written by Himself. By R. M. CALDECOTT, Esq.

This work, which is brought out under the bibliopolic auspices of Mr. Darling, of the Clerical Library, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, cannot fail to meet with a cordial welcome from all who have resided in the East. Baber was an extraordinary man, and his name is as well known in India as that of Luther, with whom he was contemporary, is in Europe. The authenticity of the book has never been questioned. Every line of the work is known, or at any rate believed, to be from Baber's pen. If there be not the same candour in Baber's autobiography as there is in Rosseau's "Confessions," it must be owned that there is more of that quality in the work than is usually to be met with in autobiographies. The work is one of stirring interest. Were it not for the frequency with which we encounter Indian names, which, owing to the European eye not being accustomed to them, have

somewhat of a repelling effect, the autobiography of Baber would be one of the most attractive books of the kind with which we are ac-

quainted.

Mr. Caldecott appends to the autobiography many pages of interesting matter under the title of "Observations on the Life and Times of Baber." We do not always concur in the views of the writer, but his "Observations" evince a cultivated intellect, a well-informed mind, a mature judgment, and sound moral principles. To us, indeed, this is the most attractive part of the volume. In some parts we are struck with the philosophic spirit which Mr. Caldecott's "Observations" display.

The autobiography of Baber is brought down to the year 1529, where it terminates. Mr. Caldecott supplies us with an account of his hero's death. Our readers will probably wish to see an account of the last illness and death of one whose deeds occupy so large a apace in

the annals of the East. We therefore quote the passage.

"During fifteen months after this Baber declined in health, and Humaioon, wishing to be near the seat of empire, of his own accord left Badakshan under Sultan Weis Mirza, and started from Cabul. Upon which the Khan of Kashgar invaded Badakshan, and it was reported to Baber that he had subjugated the whole of it. This intelligence preyed upon his mind and aggravated his disease. He ordered Khalifeh to attempt the recovery of that province; but that nobleman found a pretext for remaining at court. Humaioon also declined the mission, saying that affection for his father forbade him to be so far away. When he first came to Agra, though he left his province without leave, he was received kindly by his father; his offence was overlooked, and after some time he was sent to the government of Sambal. It is probable that the mother of Humaioon suggested to Baber the idea of sending Khalifeh to Badakshan, and that owing to her influence also Baber treated Humaioon leniently on his arrival. After he had resided at Sambal for six months, he fell into a dangerous illness, and in that state he was conveyed on the water, by order of

his father, to Agra.

"All hope of his life was given up, when Abul Baka, a man venerated for his knowledge and piety, remarked to Baber that in such a case Heaven had sometimes deigned to receive the most valuable possessions of a man as a ransom for the life of his friend. Baber exclaimed, that next to the life of Humaioon, his own life was what he most valued, and that he would devote it as a sacrifice for his son. The noblemen around him entreated him to revoke the vow, and give the diamond obtained at Agra, reputed to be the most valuable on earth; since ancient sages had said that it was the dearest of our earthly possessions that was to be dedicated to Heaven. But he declared no jewels were equal in value to his life. He walked thrice round the body of the dying prince—a solemnity similar to that used in sacrifices and heave offerings; then retiring, he prayed earnestly to God; and after some time was heard to say, 'I have borne it away; I have borne it away.' The Moslem historians affirm that Humaioon immediately began to recover, and Baber proportionally to decline. Humaioon was young; and the expectation of death would accelerate the progress of disease in his father. The last instructions of the Emperor were communicated to Khalifeh, Kamber Ali, and other beys, commending Humaioon to their protection. He earnestly besought the Prince to be kind to his brothers. Humaioon promised to act as he desired, and kept his promise faithfully. Baber expired at the Charbagh, near Agra, in the forty-eighth year of his age, on the twenty-sixth of December, 1530. His body was conveyed, in compliance with his desire, to Cabul, where it was buried in the hill that bears his name. The grave is marked by two upright pieces of

white marble, and in front of it there is a small mosque in a simple and chaste style of architecture; near it are interred the remains of his wife and children. All around there is a profusion of anemones and other flowers."

The work is tastefully brought out, and will, doubtless, find its way into the libraries of the curious.

The Pilgrim of Beauty; the Cottager's Sabbath; and other Poems, now first collected. By SAMUEL MULLEN.

Our readers are not unacquainted with Mr. Mullen's merits as a poet. The "Cottager's Sabbath," which we noticed at the time of its appearance, a few years ago, brought him before the public under very favourable circumstances. The present volume will increase his reputation. The idea of the longest and greatest poem in the volume, is as happy as it is original. It is that of an admirer of moral, intellectual or physical beauty, making a pilgrimage through the world, and luxuriating amidst its abounding excellences. If there be nothing in this poem to dazzle by its brilliancy—if there be but few conceptions of its originality—there is a sustained interest in it which is not often to be met with in a poem of equal length. The versification is remarkably harmonious, easy, and flowing, while every page displays the cultivated taste of the author.

The shorter pieces are, with few exceptions, scarcely equal to the two principal poems. As a specimen of the Pilgrim of Beauty, we give the concluding lines—

"Beneath this urn a Pilgrim's dust remains,
Who in his God all beauty sought and found;
His heart well knew our common nature's pains,
And thrill'd beneath its own peculiar wound:
Yet deepest griefs with highest joys were crowned,
His blackest night emerged in brightest day;
And here he sleeps with death's dark trophies round,
In certain hope that these shall pass away,
And Life and Beauty shine with everlasting sway."

The book is beautifully got up; and is illustrated with twenty-three vignettes executed in the first syle of pictorial excellence.

The New Year's Gift for Little Boys and Girls who are learning to read. By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Tales," "Ornaments Discovered," &c., &c. A New Edition, Revised.

This is a very excellent little work, emanating from the establishment of Messrs Darton and Clark, to whom the juvenile community are under the deepest obligations for the numberless charming works which they have published. The fact that this is a new edition, is the best recommendation that could be given it. It is pleasingly written, and inculcates amiable feelings and unexceptionable morality. The little volume is beautifully illustrated with coloured plates.

THE GLEE-SINGERS;1

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER V.

I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans;
Ran over all my thoughts, despis'd my fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise.

Ford.

THE autumnal sun as it set over Florence left behind it a deep ruddy glow that still sent a radiance between the heavy stone frame-work of the gothic windows on the western side of the Palazzo Amidei. These windows belonged to an apartment ap-

propriated to the use of Amidea.

The high vaulted roof was ribbed with dark walnut-wood, carved in flutings; and large roses of the same material decorated the slender terminations and sharp centres of the arched ribs. The walls were panelled with the same dark wood; and one panel was enlivened by a copy of the Saint Peter and Saint John, by Piervolino, of Sienna, then the famous picture of Tuscany. There was a chimney-arch frowning over a hearth, on which, between two and-irons, lay a log of wood ready for kindling.

The furniture was simple and scanty: a heavy table of dark walnut-wood, with curiously carved legs, a few high-backed carved chairs, and a large kind of press or "armoire," in which Amidea kept the few manuscripts that then constituted a private library, and some articles that she prized as objects of curiosity or antiquity, such as foreign shells given to her by a merchant of Livorno, some of the engraved stones often found in Italy, ancient ornaments and coins, and some of the Etruscan medals that are so tantalizing to the antiquarian, bearing neither date nor inscription, but only a simple device—a cornucopia, a dolphin, or a flower.

On carefully-secured brackets were placed some of the ancient vessels dug up at Arezzo (once so famous for them), those beautiful Etruscan vases of a white, black, or red ground, with figures of one of those three colours (but always different from the colour of the ground) representing Larvæ, the Penates, marriages, triumphs, funeral rites, &c. Among them were two smaller vases of blue and yellow, which kind were the most rare and the most valued.

At the end of the room was a large recess lighted by a high gothic window, and occasionally separated from the rest of the apartment by a heavy curtain of painted leather, now drawn aside, and displaying the interior of the recess, which served as Amidea's private oratory. Under the windows was a small altar-shaped table covered with a crimson cloth, and supporting a crucifix of white marble, on each side of which was a bronze sconce affixed to the wall, and holding thick wax tapers. A book of devotion, bound in slight wooden boards, covered with stained vellum, and closed with brass clasps, lay on the table. On the floor lay a small, thick, square mat.

At one of the windows of the room stood Amidea, reading intently a small parchment book. Her figure was majestic. Her dress was the gown of green lawn then customary in Florence, with short upper sleeves, open, and showing beneath tight long sleeves of white lawn. The autumn evening was chilly, and her scarlet mantle trimmed with minever was hanging on her shoulders. Her fine black hair, parted and smoothly braided on her forehead, was gathered behind in a full knot; and a small square white veil, bordered with green ribbon, covered the back of her

head.

Amidea could not boast of the higher order of beauty, but her face possessed a peculiar sweet and intelligent expression, of which the eye was never weary, and to which it would often turn with pleasure even from the faces of celebrated beauties. Her oval countenance was of the clearest olive of Italy, and her cheeks had bloomed with a rich carnation; but that, since her visit to Arezzo, had faded to a faint tinge; yet her dark eye was still animated, and her air, though thoughtful and calm, was no longer dejected.

She was so intent upon the book she held, that she did not perceive the entrance of a venerable man in a black monastic habit. Though time had furrowed his pale, mild visage, and silvered the thin hairs of his tonsured head, his tall figure, still unbent, did not seem to need the assistance of his slender staff.

When he had come close to Amidea, she looked up, and gladly

perceived the Padre Severino.

"What is it that engaged you so closely, my child?" asked the

She coloured a little as she replied: "A small collection of poems, some in German, by the Minnesingers, and some in Sicilian, by the Emperor Frederic."

"And Ciullo d' Alcamo?" asked the Padre.

"No, I do not like Ciullo. His celebrated 'Lover's Dialogue,'

'Roa fresca,' seems to me long and tiresome. The lover sues in a dll, obstinate st rain, and the lady's refusals are rude, and coarse, and ridiculously emphatic, when we see how abruptly she surrenders her heart at the end. The Emperor is a superior poet to Ciullo; there is a manly tenderness in his sonnets."

"But, my child," said the priest in an earnest tone, "I wish you would relinquish that book. I know too well who gave it to you; and I greatly fear that the sight of it, and the touching nature of the poetry itself, will only keep alive remembrances that ought to perish. Dear daughter, give that book to my care."

"Would you destroy it?" said Amidea, with an alarmed air. "That would be a pity; many of the poems are rare; and see! it is so beautifully illuminated. Look at the trophy of arms heading this lay of chivalry, and the chaplet of roses at the beginning of this sonnet."

"Fear nothing, Amidea; I am not Goth enough to destroy a work of literature or art. Would I break those Etruscan vases, though they were found at——Arezzo? I will keep your book safely, but out of sight. Many things may awaken painful remembrances, but nothing half so feelingly as a book, in which we have read with some one—the changed, the dead. The sentiments appear as if actually addressed to us by the lost one; they assume in the ear of fancy that voice, till we almost look round and wonder he is not beside us. Then, dear child, for the sake of your peace, give me that book."

She relinquished it to him with a sigh.

"I thank you, my daughter, for your compliance; I will not call it your sacrifice, for I hope the time when it would have been

such is past."

"I hope so," replied Amidea; "nay, I believe so. Yet but for your exhortations I might never have been able to say thus much. You know how wayward I was particularly while he lived. Then I could not silence the whispering hope that he would yet have come forward triumphantly acquitted; but he has sunk into a dishonoured grave. I could have conquered misplaced affection; my woman's pride would have taught me how to do that; but even still my early dream, without your admonitions, would have had such influence over me, that my wounded heart would have desired nothing but seclusion—a life concentrated within itself."

"And were not such concentration selfishness?" said the priest; "especially in one who has active duties to perform, and who, by the surrender of her own wishes, can secure the welfare of others. We deceive ourselves when we imagine that we can or ought to pass through life without making sacrifices. No one is born to live wholly to himself. The humble man has frequently to make sacrifices to his family and to his Creator; the nobler

man, besides these, must often sacrifice to his country at large, and to posterity. And if he feel it rightly, he will know it is a privilege so to do. And you, Amidea, the daughter of a leading house in Florence, you would not, you dared not, before Heaven and before man, refuse to knit with your hand, even at the sacrifice of your heart, the bands of peace between your jarring countrymen. When I use the word 'sacrifice' thus, I speak humanly of what we yield up for the sake of our brethren. In a Christian sense, when we speak of what we renounce for religion's sake, the word is improper. What are we that we should talk of sacrifices to Him who gave us all?"

"I will no longer call my engagement a sacrifice in any sense," replied Amidea. "I deemed it one at first; but I have been fortunate in the person selected by my countrymen. Giovanni Buondelmonte is so frank, so generous, that he has won his way to feelings I once thought barred for ever. He acts so delicately the part of a voluntary suitor, that—shall I confess it?—were any chance to part us now, it would grieve, nay, deeply wound me."

"My daughter, you delight me with these words. It is like your own noble nature to give Florence a boon divested of all that

might make us feel the obligation a weighty one."

The light faded from Amidea's eyes, and she looked thoughtful as she said: "I have told you, dear Padre, my waking thoughts; but oh! I cannot control my sleeping fancy. My dreams constantly transport me back to Arezzo. He stands beside me, and breathes some Suabian or Sicilian lay that finds an echo in my heart. We are again within the grey ruins of that old amphitheatre; Padre, do you remember? Again I live over that one bright sunset; again the evening fragrance of the wild flowers breathes on my senses; again the birds sing their vesper hymnings. And he looks so guileless in my dream—ay, as he ever did; and again my ear receives his sweet clear tones. But why do I say 'he?' why do I shun to name him?—Florestan!—Yes! I must learn to say that word, and to say it, without emotion."

Yet it seemed that the effort she made to pronounce the name overpowered her. She covered her face with her hand, and tears trickled through her fingers. The Padre was grieved, but not surprised, for he knew the inconsistencies of the human heart. But as he was about to address her, he was interrupted by the voices of the Glee-singers immediately under the window. They warbled a prelude, and then burst into the following

SONG.

Lives there a thought of him whose brow, Felt all its wreaths of honour broken? Is there a name so painful now, It wrings the heart to hear it spoken? Ah! let it rest within the grave,
That not one simple stone revealeth;
'Tis mercy to pale misery's shade,
When o'er him cold oblivion stealeth.

Forget—renounce the blighted past!

'Twas but a night-dream's fearful vision;
A brighter hour shall dawn at last—
A summer morn of peace Elysian.
See! smiling hope to greet thee bends;
Her beck'ning hand a wreath discloses,
Where Lethe's poppy meetly blends
With myrtle sprays and op'ning roses.

The voices ceased, and the footsteps of the Glee-singers were heard retreating.

Amidea, whose countenance while she listened showed strong

emotion, broke silence with a deep sigh:-

"Father! is not that strange? Surely these mysterious singers have known the unhappy Florestan; their song plainly alluded to him."

"Possibly it did," replied Padre Severino, "for his story was, unfortunately, too public. And yet it may be but the lay belonging to some old legend. But be it what it may, it counsels well—oblivion for the past, hope for the future."

"Forgive me," said Amidea, "if, with the sickly fancies of an indulged invalid, I earnestly desire to speak with these men."

"For what purpose?" demanded the priest, surprised.

"Nay, I hardly know myself," she replied. "I told you it was but a sickly fancy, yet it has taken firm hold of me. Indulge me once, dear Padre, once, before I become the wife of Buondelmonte, for afterwards I must not even wish it."

"Well, well," replied the priest, "I will think of it. But even if the singers did allude to Bastiani, what can you learn from them but the old tale of guilt and death. But, in good time, here comes the noble Buondelmonte to banish such melancholy themes."

As the handsome, spirited-looking Guelph entered, it must be owned that Amidea greeted him with a smile of welcome; for he was one whom a lady's eye could not but view with pleasure,—and with pride, too, when she whispered to herself, "and he is mine."

And here we leave him to render himself as agreeable as best he might, with all the advantages of his character and person against the disadvantages of his mistress's early prepossession in favour of another.

CHAPTER VI.

I am lodged within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments.

Edward II.—Marlowe.

At some distance from Florence lay a wild and solitary spot, which was partly shaded by clumps of lofty trees, and partly covered with rugged and scattered fragments of rocks, among which sprung up low bushy shrubs and spreading plants. The ground rose considerably all round this scene, and inclosed it into a very sequestered valley, in the roughest and most solitary part of which, between two cleft and wild rocks, stood the remains of a rude old hermitage, which, from its situation, and from the luxuriant growth of shrubs and rock-plants, was not discernible to any but a very close observer. It had, however, been discovered by the Glee-singers in their searches for an asylum; and now, repaired as well as their skill and the materials on the spot allowed, it formed their habitation.

The hermitage was of rough and unhewn stones, covered with moss and lichens, here and there entwined with straggling sprays of ivy. The roof, which had long before fallen in, was now replaced by the Glee-singers with branches thickly covered over with brushwood and coarse dried grass, fastened neatly down with pegs of wood and strips of bark. The door, made of thick boughs of trees cut into lengths and closely and strongly nailed together, was still nearly perfect. Two or three square openings in the walls served to admit air and light, and breaches caused by time

were filled up with loose stones.

Within, the floor of the hermitage was strewed with dry rushes, except at the part used for a hearth, where lay the embers of a nearly-consumed log, the smoke of which found vent through a hole above. There were the immovable stone seat and table of the former occupant, the hermit of long ago years, and his equally immovable stone cross, cut in a part of the living rock. On a kind of projecting ledge of rock, lay two or three trenchers and bowls of maple wood. Upon the floor were spread two pallets, or thick and long straw mats, the manufacture of the Glee-singers, covered with the dried skins of goats. On each bed lay a small bundle, with a scrip and staff. In a dark recess of the cell, partially screened by a curtain of skins, was another pallet similarly furnished.

More than half-a-century having elapsed since the hermitage had been inhabited, the memory of it had been gradually lost in Florence; and the situation being a sequestered, wholly unfrequented spot, it formed a safe retreat for those who desired to live exempt from the intrusions of curiosity.

The hermitage was dull and cheerless enough within, except when the sun was suffered to stream warmly and brightly in

through the opened door.

The clear, vividly-blue sky, without a speck of cloud, and glowing with the radiance of an Italian autumn noon, cast a look so warm, so enlivening, even on this savage solitude, that it had attracted the Glee-singers forth to bask in the genial sunshine. And they grouped by the side of a little springlet that swelled from one of the rocks, and stole away murmuring through a pebbly channel.

At the foot of the rock, on a large stone shadowed by an old ash-tree that grew in a cleft, sat Valdo, the bass-singer, with his arms folded, and his eyes cast downward to the boy Antonio, the treble-singer, who sat upon the moss at his feet, but half averting his countenance, and leaning with both hands on a short stick.

Brunetto, the tenor-singer, lay near them stretched on the ground, resting his head on a moss-grown fragment of rock, and shading his eyes with one hand as he watched the upward flight

of a bird.

Their appearance was not that of Florentines. They were all habited alike in a very dark-green hose, and short tunics of the same colour, fastened at the throat with a broad black band, and confined at the waist by a black leather girdle and large brass buckle, and they wore on their feet a kind of black leather buskins. A coarse straw hat with a very wide brim was on the head of Valdo, and similar ones lay near his comrades; and dark-green mantles of coarse serge bound with black, hung on a low bush.

Valdo was a military-looking young man, apparently about fiveand-twenty, tall and robust, with the Italian complexion, very quick black eyes and a restless air, and his forehead marked with a slight habitual frown, that seemed to have been contracted from

continued vexation.

Antonio was rather short, but of a form the most slight and symmetrical. His complexion was very dark, but the features were beautiful and extremely youthful. His eyes were languid, and his bright brown hair, that fell in natural ringlets, was studiously clustered over his forehead and shaded his face. His hands were small and emaciated, and his whole appearance was strikingly interesting, as well from an air of extreme delicacy and even weakness, as from the expression of a melancholy so settled and so deep, that he looked like a living image of patient misery.

Brunetto was tall, graceful, finely formed, and strikingly and uncommonly handsome, His head, shaped like that of a Grecian statue, was adorned with luxuriant wavy hair, jet-black and shining. His features were beautiful; his forehead high and

meditative; his dark eye soft and thoughtful; his complexion clear and but slightly bronzed; his face was somewhat thin and pale, like one recovering from illness, and his air was sorrowful, but very serene; forming a contrast with the profound anguish of Antonio, and the restless vexation of Valdo.

They had remained some time in silence, when Brunetto said,

as if speaking to himself-

"How often do poor mortals resemble you bird that soars rejoicing and reckless of the fowler's snare, into which it may descend from its ambitious height."

"You seem to speak feelingly," observed Valdo. "Yet pardon me the remark, good comrade; I do not seek to pry into your

history."

"It is but a sad one," replied Brunetto, " and I may not relate it. Forgive my apparent want of confidence, Valdo, but I have strong reasons—nay, even the command of my imperial master to

remain quiet."

"Nay, comrade, returned Valdo, "why should I be displeased at your withholding a confidence I have no right to seek? I who am unknown to you and to Antonio, except in my person and my Ghibelline politics? Are we not three strange beings, Brunetto? We have all united our fortunes for a time, we are linked in amity, we are all employed in the same service, and yet we are all utter strangers to each other."

"It suffices that our sovereign, Frederic, knows us, and has thought us (at least you and me, Valdo) fitting comrades for the

service he requires of us."

"The Emperor neither knows me, nor has employed me," observed Antonio; "and though willingly I join you in his service, it is, I confess, only that I may have the comfort (the last one

now left me) of remaining with you, dear Valdo."

"My dear Antonio," cried Valdo, pressing his hand, "share my fortunes, fallen as they are, and I will never forsake you. I promised you protection when I found you perishing in that desert spot of the Appenines; and now, though your history should remain unknown to me for ever, I promise you I will not forsake you."

Antonio threw his arms with animation round Valdo's neck, and

xeclaimed-

"You know not how these words, 'I will never forsake you,' penetrate my heart—how dear they are to me. Yet, Valdo, recall your promise, if you think you may ever repent it."

"I cannot, I will not," replied Valdo; "you are unhappy, you

are desolate, you need a friend."

"But," said Antonio," I have told you my sufferings are merited; though I may not tell you my fatal story now, I have not deceived you, I have ever acknowledged that I am a guilty person."

"But you have also told me that you are penitent, and repentance conciliates. Besides, in one so young as you are guilt could

not have attained any very great height."

"Alas!" replied Antonio, "mine is as a mountain, but I repent, deeply, sincerely; and my life is, and shall be, one of undeviating penance while it lasts, which I feel cannot be long. One everlasting thought that preys upon my brain undermines my existence. And, Valdo, dear Valdo, when I know that my last hour is approaching, then I will unfold to you my secret; for I know that you will not then upbraid the dying, the repentant."

"Woe to me if I could!" said Valdo; "and keep thy secret while thou wilt, poor boy. I would not seek from thee anything

that would be painful."

Antonio bent his head, while his tears fell fast on the ground. Brunetto, who observed his emotion, rose and approached him, and kneeling down beside him endeavoured to soothe him.

"Do not, dear Antonio, give way to such deep and incessant grief. Remember that resignation is a Christian virtue, which, if you have it not, you must strive to attain. No one is afflicted

beyond what he can bear."

"Yes," said Antonio, "no one is afflicted by *Heaven* beyond endurance. *Heaven* has mercy in its trials and its judgments; it is we that have no mercy on ourselves when we bring about afflictions by guilt. *These self*-inflicted sufferings make the burden

that is too heavy to be borne."

"You say truly," rejoined Brunetto; "and ignorant as I am of your history, I know not how to apply the consolations I would wish to offer. But if, as it is said, companionship in misfortunes lightens grief, look at me, your brother in affliction. I have learned to bear with patience unmerited obloquy, separation from all I love, and exile from my native land."

Antonio looked up at him. "You are, you say, an exile from your native land; but beyond its limits you may dwell in peace. I am the outcast of the whole earth—there is no asylum for me

but in the grave."

A short silence ensued, which Valdo broke by remarking-

"I marvel why that Florentine noble whom we met some time since requested us to sing the praises of beauty. The theme was much against my taste, for I like nothing now that alludes to woman."

"I hope you are not a woman-hater," Brunetto observed.

"If I am," replied Valdo," it is not without cause. My best, my purest, feelings were all treasured in a woman, and she poisoned them all. Fool that I was, to feel so deeply for her! The cause of all my misfortunes is one false woman."

"In one respect, then," returned Brunetto, "our fates are

similar, for a woman is the cause of all my sorrows."

"But I," said Antonio, "have been the artificer of my own."

"I marvel much," said Valdo, "that some woman did not destroy you also; for surely I think that from the date of mother Eve woman has been the cause of every mischief that has ever

since occurred,"

"Nay, Valdo," interrupted Brunetto, " spare us a laboured invective against woman; that is a vulgarism unworthy of you. It is the stale jest of small wits unable to appreciate unostentatious virtues; and when the virtues of woman are purest they are least showy. Women are capable of a deep, self-abandoning devotion, which is really more heroic than the devotedness of men, because it affects no heroism, and courts no applause. Man acts for the world, and looks by instinct for its plaudits. But woman's scene is in the privacy of home; often not only with none to applaud, but even with much to discourage her. Often in the undiscovered trials of a home of poverty, sickness, or unkindness, she is a daily martyr in spirit, with no chroniclers save the angels of God-no comforters but heavenward thoughts. Women, too, are capable of long and generous attachments. How often do they wait for years, with unwearied constancy, for the absent one; while men forget, or change? How do women bestow on love alone their wealth, their advantages, while men make their advantages subservient to ambition. Be not unjust, Valdo; have you not known such things?"

"I am too splenetic, I own it," Valdo replied; "but, good Brunetto, a woman has left an indelible blot on the hitherto stain-

less name of my house."

Antonio, who for some time back had covered his face with his hands, and held down his head, now looked up, and fixed his gaze on Valdo with such an air of misery, that both his comrades started, and inquired if anything in the foregoing conversation had wounded his feelings.

To this he replied, that a heart lacerated like his found something in the merest trifles to irritate its wounds. Valdo clasped him in his arms, and protested he would rather be dumb than say a word to give him pain; and as he dried the tears from Antonio's eyes, the boy seemed to struggle with an hysterical agony.

Brunetto, who saw that his comrades were deeply affected, kindly endeavoured to compose their thoughts by turning them into a new channel. He sat down upon a stone beside them and began to sing. His earnest, gentle manner soon attracted their attention; and his rich, sweet voice succeeded in calming their agitation before he concluded his lay.

THE SONG OF PEACE.

The gurgling of the chrystal rill,
It has a peaceful, lulling sound;
The music of the wild bird's trill,
It chants the song of peace around.

The happy hum of laden bee,

The whispers of the passing air,
The rustling of the aspen tree—

How much of peace is breathing there.

Ah! human heart! mid nature's choir
Why shall thy tones discordant be?
Come, be thou tun'd, like willing lyre,
And blend thee in her harmony.
But things of earth may change or die;
The bird may be the fowler's prey;
The tempest swell the zephyr's sigh;
The rill be chok'd, the leaf decay.

Then turn where change can never come;
Look up where Heaven's transplendant bow
Still spans undimm'd the azure dome,
And speaks of peace to all below.
The stars that hail'd creation's birth
With chorus glad, shall they decrease?
No! glorious still they tell to earth
"The music of our spheres is peace."

CHAPTER VII.

Show me the piece of needle-work you wrought.

The Maid's Tragedy.—Beaumont and Pletcher.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course," and the persons of our tale were not floating inactively down its stream. The Glee-singers every evening visited Florence, and sang in its streets Ghibelline songs, calculated to animate their own party, and to attract the attention of the excitable portion of the Guelph faction. now remarked that the vocalists began to mingle more than formerly with the groups that gathered around them, and listened attentively to the remarks and sentiments uttered by their auditors at the close of each song, whence many conjectured that they were emissaries of the Emperor Frederic II., employed not only as party singers, but also to collect information for him as to the temper of the Florentines towards him, and of the course of events, that he might watch a favourable crisis for some decisive movement to regain the city. It was even surmised that the strangers must have a connexion with some Ghibelline noble; yet no intercourse between them and any such noble could be discovered.

Valdo, meanwhile, with his quick eye, marked every feminine listener at the windows or in the streets; and in a restless manner frequently asked the same kind of questions as those he had before put to Buondelmonte, concerning some female of whom he appeared to be in search.

Carlo Donati and his kinsmen were actively employed in keeping alive in Florence the theme of Imma's beauty, and of the

many advantages an union with her would secure to some fortunate man. And they took care that every word should reach
Buondelmonte's ears by different channels, and excite to impatience his desire to see her; an indulgence which was studiously
withheld from him by the crafty mother, who desired to add keenness to his wishes by delay, determining he should wait till she
could display her daughter set off by every enhancing circumstance, in the midst of all the assembled beauties of Florence, that
Buondelmonte might see at a glance how much Imma surpassed
them all.

To stimulate the curiosity of the young Florentine cavaliers, and to make them speak of her the more, Imma had been carefully secluded from the sight of all except her own kinsmen, and one or two connexions of the Amidei, whom the widow thought it prudent to conciliate; and particularly Mosca Lamberti, because as she knew he intended to seek her daughter's hand, he would be the more likely to spread the fame of that beauty and those advantages which he hoped to appropriate, to the envy of his compatriots. Mosca, therefore, was permitted frequent visits at the Palazzo Donati, where the conduct of both mother and daughter (the former intentionally, the latter unconsciously) tended to de-

ceive the usually lynx-eyed Florentine.

Imma had purposely been brought up in seclusion at Livorno. and Mosca was the first man who had paid her any particular kind of attention, and who made himself agreeable to her by insinuating how agreeable she was to him. Imma was, therefore, always glad to see him, and received him with all the pardonable pleasure of a flattered novice never before presented with that nectar that intoxicates older and wiser heads. Yet he entirely failed to inspire her with even the dawnings of attachment. But Mosca saw how cheerfully she met him, saw her delicate attempts to please him, dictated by politeness, and even by gratitude for his attentions, which she had not yet learned to regard as only the homage actually due to her charms. He was flattered in turn, and blinded for once by male vanity. He imagined he saw in his admission to Imma's society, to the exclusion of others, a tacit encouragement from her mother; and the wily man outwitted for a time by a wily woman, but only for a time, aided her designs by adding eulogiums won from his self-complacency to the general

Amidea had been among the few who formed an acquaintance with Imma, whom she found to be of an innocent, confiding, and affectionate character, and for whom she conceived a warm regard. Amidea was so thoroughly devoid of anything like feminine jealousy, that she greatly and sincerely admired the superior attractions of Imma, and strongly eulogised them to Buondelmonte, who was thus completely beset on all sides. Those who had seen

Imma could not help praising her wondrous beauty, which was so great that even female envy could find no pretence for detracting from it; those who had not seen her took her perfections on trust, and besides, she was the daughter of a rich and powerful house, and sycophancy has great faith, it can believe without occular demonstration.

Buondelmonte listened to the endless praises of Imma's charms with a beating heart and a kindling eye, and became enraptured, like Ixion, of a cloud, or of less than a cloud-mere description, mere words; sighed, felt uneasy, thought of his engagement, experienced, but instantly repressed, something like dissatisfaction -was angry with himself, tried to check the conversation on Imma's attractions—then returned to it; wished he had never heard of her, and immediately after longed to see her; then wished that Amidea was as beautiful: but when he thought of the latter, his generosity triumphed for a time, he thought how sharp a pang he should inflict by his desertion of her, tearing open the scarce healed wound that Florestan had made. He called honour and patriotism to his assistance; he thought of Amidea in all her excellence, blushed at his mental treason, banished awhile the shadowy Imma, and hurried away to imbibe fresh fidelity in the Palazzo Amidei; and there he exerted himself to discover new And so well did he look the lover in charms in his betrothed. his flutter of spirits, his nervous anxiety, and his real honest wish to be honourable to Amidea, and to marry her as cheerfully as he could now induce himself to, that he succeeded admirably both with himself and Amidea, and he returned from her presence in good humour with himself because he had been behaving well; and in good humour with Amidea, because his good behaviour had had the merit of being successful with her.

But he was again assailed by the rumoured beauty of Imma; his imagination was again excited, his wishes again aroused by the broad insinuations of the Donati, that were he unfettered Imma might be his. And these fluctuations of feeling kept his mind in such commotion that he paid no attention to the Gleesingers, (though their voices often struck his ear) and began to flag in his interest for the reputation of the deceased Florestan.

Buondelmonte had succeeded in winning the regard, and interesting the feelings, of Amidea, who began to entertain for him the sentiments of second love; that Autumn of the heart, with its still warm though declining sun, and its still lovely though fading hues. How different from that young fresh spring—first love.

She was prepared to wed him freely, willingly; when present she looked on him with pleasure and with pride, and listened to him with interest; when he was gone her animation vanished, and amid her silent musings, even while she thought with tenderness of Buondelmonte, still a remembrance of the lost Florestan stole across her mind, and, like a note out of tune in a strain of

music, marred all its harmony.

That there be some feelings of the heart which at first seem paradoxical, but which, nevertheless, will be found perfectly consistent with human nature, no one will deny. But there is one of these seeming paradoxes which few, if any, lovers of romance will be inclined to admit as possible to exist at all; it is that the heart can feel attachment such as the little blind god inspires for two different objects at the same time, and be unconscious which is preferred until some sudden circumstances decide the question. The degrees of attachment must, of course, be different, though the heart remains ignorant of the extent and nature of that difference, until some accident discovers the true feeling. For while days pass on unvarying in their ordinary course, the heart rarely finds an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its real sentiments. It is only upon some unusual occurrence, when every feeling is brought into play, that the existence of preference between the two is clearly discernible. For previously both objects might have been able to render themselves equally interesting.

In Amidea's case she never pretended to herself that she loved Buondelmonte better than she had loved Florestan, but she persuaded herself that her feelings for Buondelmonte superseded those she had experienced for Bastiani. The human heart is subject to self-delusion; what it wishes to do it often persuades itself it can and does do. She knew she ought to banish the remembrance of Florestan, and to transfer her affections to her rival; she wished to fulfil this duty, and she believed that she did fulfil Besides, Buondelmonte had daily opportunities of interesting her; Florestan was removed; all pride, all hope connected with him was dead: but in connexion with Buondelmonte, hope and pride still lived. Thus she imagined that a second love had displaced the first; but she was in fact cherishing at once two different degrees or kinds of attachment; and it remained to be proved by circumstances which preponderated, first or second love, the dead or the living.

Meanwhile the ladies of Florence found a source of employment, and the gay cavaliers a source of amusement, arising out of the contract between Giovanni dei Buondelmonte and Amidea degli Amidei. An idea had struck the lady of Forti dei Gondi, then one of the authorities of Florence, that all the ladies of both parties should unite in working a magnificent banner, to be borne in the nuptial procession, and to be displayed from the highest pinnacle of the church of San Stefano at the moment the marriage ceremony between the affianced pair was concluded.

The suggestion was eagerly adopted by all, and a huge frame for the embroidery was placed in a spacious apartment of the Palazzo Gondi; whither the fair Florentines hastened at an ap-

pointed hour every day to their gaudy task.

The design for the banner was made by the most skilful draughtsman Florence could produce. In the centre appeared Hymen, uniting at the altar of Concord two figures representing Buondelmonte and Amidea; while Peace was seen driving away the Genius of civil discord, trampling on his torch, and breaking his weapons. All round ran a sort of border composed of the crests of the Guelph and the Ghibelline families of Florence alternating with each other, and linked together by true-love knots composed of the party colours of the Guelphs and Ghibellines intermingled. In each corner were the initials G. and A. (Giovanni and Amidea) interlaced and surrounded by emblematic flowers.

During the hours that the ladies were at work, it was but natural that the Signori, who were politically as much interested in the approaching marriage, should ask permission to see the progress of the banner. The usual formalities of society were relaxed, and the young Florentine men found happy occasions of playing the agreeable to fair damsels who improved their opportunities for a little quiet coquetry. Guelph dames with laudable courtesy taxed their skill in embroidering Ghibelline crests; a compliment which Ghibelline ladies repaid in kind; and the younger fair embroideresses found a secret gratification themselves, and imparted it to their lovers, in tracing with their needles the crest of the favoured one, or some emblem flower to which a glance or a blush gave double meaning.

The embroidery room was a cheerful scene; but though containing an assembly of aristocracy, not what we should call a For at this period the dress of the Florentines was splendid one. characterized by extreme simplicity; nothing indeed could be plainer than the ordinary habiliments of even the nobility: heavy boots, small leathern caps, leathern girdles with ivory clasps fastening a dress of murry colour, or some dark hue, were usually worn by the men; gowns of green lawn, or some other simple material, scarlet mantle dyed with minever, white wimples, and girdles and clasps similar to those of the men, formed the costume

of the ladies.

It had been a distinguishing mark of the Ghibellines to wear a small plume in their caps on the left side; the Guelphs placed theirs on the right. But party symbols were now laid aside by mutual consent; some discontinued the use of the plume altogether; those who retained it wore it in front of the cap. in the embroidery room all promised harmony. And it was a cheerful scene; there were the stately, the graceful, the lovely embroideresses, and the animated and noble-looking young men affecting to assist in sorting and unravelling the brilliant-coloured silks and bright gold thread. Among some groups were the tale and the anecdote, the sprightly dialogue and the brisk repartee; among others the low earnest voice and the answer half looked,

half spoken. The elder ladies worked much more assiduously than the younger, who feared that the banner would be too soon

finished, and those pleasant days too soon ended.

Only two ladies were absent from the work; Amidea withheld by delicacy, and Imma prevented by her mother, with whose policy the production of her daughter's charms so publicly at present would not have comported. But the widow Donati thought it necessary to take her own place among the busy matrons, and affect to be earnestly employed; though in fact she was doing all she could covertly to retard the progress of the work. And thus while the good-will of many was labouring to celebrate and honour a marriage propitious to the peace of their country, the selfish ambition of one was trying to render nugatory that labour of love, no matter at what cost, public or private.

A VESPER MELODY.

Amongst the Infant Sappho's melodies there is a sweet, simple air, which she has named, "The Thistle." In playing it over in the twilight hours, I have tried to embody its half-melancholy spirit in words. I wish the music of the poetry could equal the poetry of the music. The metre is adapted to the melody.

Wake no more those joyous numbers
So dear in life's first years;
Break no more sad memory's slumbers,
She only wakes to tears.
Friends surrounding,
Joys abounding,
Bliss was ours alone;
O'er our gladness,
By dark sadness,
Ne'er was shadow thrown!
But those friends, so faithful-hearted,
Our joys in days of yore,
Now are like those years departed,
And they return no more.

Tis the lot we all inherit,
Life's early joys decay;
Pleasures once that cheer'd the spirit
Fade one by one away.
Life's young morning,
Ne'er returning,
Leaves to silent eve,
Memory's treasures,
Long past pleasures,
Over which to grieve.
Wake no more, then, joyous numbers,
So dear in life's first years;
Break no more sad memory's slumbers,
She only wakes to tears.

THE STUDENT.

Pangbourne Cottage.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XIX.

LONDON DURING THE DAY-TIME.

THERE is so much life, bustle, and activity in the streets of London during every day of the year, whether it be bright and joyous summer, or pink-nosed, hungry-looking winter, that it is unnecessary to particularize the exact day of the month when Richard Biddulph was turned neck-and-crop out of the public school referred to, and placed, without any kind of protection, in the very centre of the busiest, blackest, and most unfeeling city upon the face of the whole world. Sufficient is it to state, that he was ejected during the day-time; and if the reader wishes to know more, he or she-she or he-must bottle all impatience, and follow the train of circumstances as they are related, which will all bear towards a fixed and already determined end. And here, by way of parenthesis, it must be stated, more especially as the word train has introduced itself in the previous sentence, that as the steam-carriage is to the other carriages, so is the author to the previous and succeeding chapters of this work, which may be said to contain a few personages from each class—as first-class, second-class, and third-class passengers. Now for once the engine speaks—yes, actually opens its iron jaws and says: "As I am the power that first gave life and motion to the whole, and as I have the power of stopping that motion upon the instant, as well as directing it towards any given object, may I beg that all those over-nice gentlemen, and fastidious young ladies, who cannot bear the society of the vulgar-whose eyes are too pure to peep into cottage windows or to look through the rusty bars of prisons-and whose hearts have never visited union workhouses, as well as the hovels of our industrious poor; may I beg them to leave the train immediately-ay, on the instant, or their weak, stupid, selfish nerves will be shocked not a little in less than no time. For let it be understood, and that finally, that the second-class passengers shall be treated with as much respect as the first-class; whilst the third-class-God bless and protect them! -shall not be neglected or passed by with contempt. No, no, no! the soul of society, the strugglers and wrestlers with poverty, the kind, meek-minded poor, whose hearts are old at sixteen, the brothers and sisters of great poets and deep thinkers, the exertion, and toil, and work of the land, shall be put upon the same train, and perhaps they may be mixed with the oily and marrowy rich, so that the comparison may be

drawn; but, at all events, let it be finally understood, my dearest dearest reader, that

Third-class passengers must and SHALL go by the same train.

So jump up, dropsical old woman, as well as vacant-faced paupers, and consider yourselves, as we consider you, worthy of sympathy and uncontaminated affection. The chapters are open, so jump up, lord mayors of London, duchesses with little dogs, governesses dressed in neat frocks without pockets, ploughmen having families living upon seven shillings a week, shirt makers, waistcoat makers, and stay makers; stale, sickly inhabitants of unions, as well as your fat governors; austere-looking masters of large factories, and children who are within working at looms; carriage folks who use starch to keep their heads up; kings, queens, emperors, potentates and magnates—dazzling paste-diamonds of the world-shall strip off their robes of office, and appear muddy personages; whilst Tears and Sorrows shall spring up and exclaim: "Look at us, we are clear enough to be seen through; but do not pity us; no, no! we would rather not have your pity, and as to your love, that is out of the question; but you must know and be aware fully, that we are part and parcel, kith and kindred, bone and bone, with you. Yes, although our blood is tame, it is blood; and though our minds are the worse for a bitter kind of education, we will thrust ourselves before you as you dream, and we will haunt you in the public streets. We are third-class passengers, still we are real men, women, and children for all that, and we will go in the same train with you, that we will." So you shall, my dear creatures; for as the power is with one who loves you tenderly, no other power shall control or stop the influence.

Now, as no apology is asked for this digression, it is not necessary that it should be granted; so the history shall be continued from the time when Richard Biddulph left the school, and found himself an outcast and a beggar in the busy streets of London; and it must be remembered that the old bone lost sight of the orphan boy, who did not

know that he had a single sympathizer in the whole city.

The boy was dressed like a vagabond, and the treatment he had received from the master of the school, gave his face a vagabondish expression; so that, as he walked along the streets, the people seemed to take advantage of his lonely condition by thrusting him about from one side to the other, just as though—and, in fact, he had not—the courage to resist, or the power to oppose them. He was told to get out of the way of one person, whilst he was nearly knocked down by another, in the frequented places which he kept to for a time; and when he passed into the quiet streets, those who stood at their doors looking out for country customers made themselves merry at his expense. He walked up one place and down another, without having any definite place to go to; whilst the school he had left for ever stood in bold relief before his apparently vacant eye; so that he saw it in pastrycooks' and jewellers' shops, and he saw it as he looked up at the fetters in front of the Old He wandered on, on, on, and passed thousands and thousands of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who appeared to be in deep conversation with one another as they encountered for a moment his sor-

rowful countenance; and he passed carriages containing beauteous girls, and young children whose skins were hid beneath silks and velvets. He saw great fat, burly, well-filled men and women refuse a penny to sickly, badly-dressed women in the streets, whose yellow eyelids were coffins for dead eyes which had once been as brilliant as the sun; he saw weeping children; he saw-oh! he saw many things; but what excited his sympathy the most was his own great and all-important sorrow-his vacancy, his positive loneliness in the world. He was in the midst of many, many persons, but he was like every beggar who is reduced to that state of mind by circumstances—a kind of desperation to do anything, ay, even to beg; he was like every other person who is poor-he was standing in the midst of a pitying (?) crowd, but he was Oh, yes! when the sun shines it shows forlorn countenances which have desperation, and "I don't care for the opinion of the world," fixed upon them, which may be read, and which sentiments are read, by a few, but which say, and say, and say without gaining the attention of the every-day world.

Now let Richard Biddulph wander about for a little, and feel as miserable and forlorn as every other child of Mistress Poverty who happens to have no kind of relationship whatever, and let us glance at old London, in order that some notion may be formed of it by the Chinese, as well as by the native tribes of New Zealand.

LONDON THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Well, then, it must be fully understood, that London was not, thirty years ago, what London is at the present moment; that's positive, certain, and not in any way to be contradicted. No; London had not its omnibusses and cabs in those days, but there were a few two-horse short stages to be seen jogging along the streets, either from Hampstead or Clapham; whilst upon the present cab-stands stood some broken-down carriages with broken-down bony horses attached to them, and great burly fellows—half waistcoat and half top-boot kind of chaps—were to be seen, more asleep than awake, upon the seat built expressly for the coachman. Now this complication of paradoxes was called a hackney coach, not because it went to, or came from, Hackney, but simply on account of the coach being a hack, the horses hacks, and the Jehu a stout sort of personage who went by the name, and was proud of being called a hackney-coachman. The great question and talk of the town in that time was as to how the wheezy horses managed to drag along the fat coachman, and also how the ricketty, shakey, unhinged, tumbledown kind of vehicle managed to support the four and sometimes the eight insides without going to pieces entirely. Some persons thought one thing and some persons thought other things; but it was the prevalent opinion, that the coach supported the weak horses, that the weak horses sustained and propped up the tumble-down coach, and that the coachman was a kind of centre of gravity between them, balancing and keeping them from flying off at various angles from his very ponderosity, acting as a kind of screw to the whole machine, without which screw it must have gone dead and been defunct from the face of the coach-stand. Well, after these worthy objects of attention came the houses, which were dark, old-fashioned, and comparatively antiquated

290

kind of places, with small windows, through which curious heads peeped out slyly, as much as to say, "I'm a funny fellow, ain't I?" and really, if the truth must be spoken, they were funny fellows in those days, and quite distinct, and separate, and away from, and altogether different from those we see now-a-days. Why the citizen of the year '10 was a queer sort of chap, with very small, sharp, twinkling eyes, which were generally behind large spectacles; and it really seemed as though his back had been modelled after the letter C, or the leaning tower of Pisa. He had buckles, ay, silver buckles, to his shoes, which were set off with dark-brown gaiters; and he used to walk along the street with a cotton umbrella beneath his arm, and a handkerchief of the same material within his capacious coat-tail pocket. Your old citizen never appeared in a hurry, and nothing whatsoever in the city article could possibly surprise him, for he was a clear-headed chap, and could see the rise or fall in the funds whole weeks prior to an alteration. citizen's clerk, too, was anything but what he is or was yesterday; for, imitating his master in the neatness of his dress, he always washed his hands after blacking his own shoes, and stepped lightly on the pavement for fear of soiling them. The clerk had brass buckles to his shoes, and a mighty respectful manner he invariably adopted towards those he was pleased to style his superiors; so that he always got to the office by the first stroke of the clock, and stopped late on post nights without extra salary; and if he did go to the theatre, which was not often, he took his seat in the pit quietly, without so much as looking up into the boxes. In accordance with the people so were the streets; for Lombard Street was an odd dirty-looking place then, with its mouldy banking houses and dull-looking insurance offices, -and there used to be crowds of cloudy, brownly-dressed young men about the court which led to the old Post-office. Then there was the Exchange, and the Mansion House, and the Bank, &c. &c., which really now are anything but what they were thirty years ago. No, the whole of London appears to have been whitewashed, or to have undergone some such change as dull-speaking young ladies effect when trembling with cold (because they are dressed like fairies) they command the scene shifter in the last scene of the pantomime to perform miracles, or what appear to be miracles to the imagination of children. Nor was this antiquity peculiar to the city, for the houses and people occupying the East as well as the West-end of London, partook of the same dingy and smoky character; when all of a sudden-for thirty years is but a short span for the mighty hand of eternity—the whole metropolis rose out of its ashes, and assumed a clear white or Edinburgh-like face, so that really if a coffined architect, or a builder, or even a bricklayer's labourer, were to strike off the manacles of death and to come forth out of their graves, they would not be able to recognize with their astonished eyes the designs they had poetized, or the bricks and mortar they had imagined would have stood until the very day of judgment. Biddulph walked along the then streets, and saw the tenants of them, who were altogether different from those who now occupy the same magic ground, which has got different houses, and essentially different men, women, and children, dodging about upon the face of them; for the quiet trader of thirty years ago is metamorphosed into a spruce merchant,

dressed in tight boots and trowsers, whose coat appears to have been made for a duke from its being of the same cut and material. He walks along at the rate of three, to three and a quarter miles an hour, and appears to be short-winded from doing so. He has no time, not he, to talk about a small order you wish executed, because forsooth he is so very busy; and after entering into a long rigmarole about what Lord John or Sir Robert said in the house in the past evening, he runs away, telling you he will send his clerk Mr. so-and-so, to talk the matter over. Now this Mr. so-and-so is no less changed than his master, for after knocking a loud rat-tat-tat at your door, which makes your wife run away in a hurry, he sends up his card with his own name upon it. and whilst you are considering who the devil Mr. Jackson can be, a stiff-collared young gentleman enters the room and asks you in a fainting voice how much champagne he shall say, "as we"-quite editorial is Mr. Jackson-" as we are sending our vehicle up this way to-day, sir." He then takes up and gives his opinion of a new book he finds upon the table, and leaves you with the understanding that he will do ourselves the pleasure of calling upon you again. Then the cellarman comes and demands in a wine-drinking voice, and with the fumes of wine in his breath, something for delivering what you were stupid enough to order of your modern merchant; when after all-and that's the worst part of it-the stuff, whether it be Burgundy, old port, or champagne, is not one jot the better, but really appears to be worse than it used to be. As with the wine so with the houses, the people, the ministers, the judges, and the friends of only thirty years gone by; there appears to be a great and wonderful-well, then, a miraculous change, which may be for the better, although some people think that it is not.

One point, however, ought not to be left out of the description, because it is emphatically a very important point, viz., that the great organs of intelligence, the vast educational powers, under the title of the public press, have continually progressed, not only in size but also in intellectual fitness; so much so, indeed, that if the editor of the "Times" newspaper, whose peculiar genius reposes in the library of the British Museum, with the figures 1812 upon its coffin—if he were to walk into Printing-house Square now he would not be able to button up the straps of the present conductor of that gigantic journal. And so on with the other great newspapers throughout the 1845 London.

Richard Biddulph walked, and walked, and walked along the old-fashioned streets, and amongst the singular occupants, who passed by the poor boy and glanced at him askance for a mere moment; for they were all wrapt up closely in their own warm and genial interests, which did not allow them to sympathize with his, no, nor with any other creature's misfortunes. The boy strolled on carelessly, and repented of some of his past follies as he walked; but he thought it was too late then to regain the position he had lost—his back reminded him of the punishment he had received: he was weary and hungry moreover, whilst the dust threw itself into his weak eyes as if to make him more miserable. He walked on—on—on, up and down several streets until the afternoon, when he felt very weary and dreadfully unhappy, so much so that his heart throbbed like the beating of a clock rather than

the common pulsation of a human being, and it was too full of misery for him to speak or soliloquise one single sentence, although as he went on one exclamation came from his mouth many times—"Oh! oh!" At last the boy went up a small court and sat upon a stone doorway, when he dreamed frightful dreams with his eyes open, and during the bright light's dominion over the whole of England—he tried to cry, but no—no, he could not. Whilst he sat pondering over his past life and his future prospects, the door of the house opened, and a smartly-dressed lady, as also a little dog, looked down upon him. She was attired for a walk, which the animal appeared to know full well; for it opened its dead-alive kind of eyes as wide as it could, and wagged its fat tail towards every direction of the compass, in order to express the delight and extacy it felt in being allowed to accompany its proud mistress. They both looked down upon the boy, who was too deep in mixed meditations to be aware of the presence of any one.

"Boy, boy, boy," began the lady, "do you hear, boy?" she continued in a sharper tone. "What are you sitting upon my step for?"

" I'm resting myself, ma'am."

"Ay, but you must not rest yourself here, boy; so go along, boy,

will you!"

"I'm tired, ma'am; and then again I don't think I do your step any harm, ma'am. Besides," the boy repeated sorrowfully, "I'm not very happy."

"Ah, well, boy, I don't know anything about that, boy; and, in fact, I don't want to know anything about it, boy, so you had better

go about your business."

"I've got no business to go about, ma'am."

"Go away, boy," the lady continued in a higher note still, "or-or I'll set the dog at you, I will boy; so you had better go at once. There, Kiss, Kiss, bite him, Kiss," said the lady to her little dog, who barked at the boy, and shook its corpulent, suetty kind of sides at the boy,—but no, it would not, it dar'n't attempt to bite him, for Richard stood with his foot in the air ready to crush it on the instant that it did But though the dog didn't, the lady did get into a passion, and called a plushed-collared and plushed-breeched menial, who tried might and main to turn the boy out of the courtyard of the lady. Biddulph suffered himself to be trifled with for a time, when all of a sudden he took hold of the yellow collar of the lacquey, and tripping up his heels, sent him sprawling upon the ground. He then took hold of the little dog by the throat, and threw it, eyes, sides, tail and all at the lady with such force, that after breaking her new bonnet it found its way into the kitchen through one of the windows. Both the lady and footman cried murder, but it was perfectly useless, for upon the arrival of the street-keeper one hour and a half afterwards, our hero was in another part of London, and the dog as well as the lady had recovered from a fit.

Richard Biddulph wandered on, when happening to pick up a penny which had been thrown down to a lusty beggar, he bought a stale loaf with it, and thrust it down his throat with no indifferent avidity, as he continued on his listless way.

CHAPTER XX.

TWO REALLY BENEVOLENT INDIVIDUALS.

You must not imagine, gentle reader, that when the boy Richard Biddulph, was turned out of the gates of the school, that every soul within them was hardened against him, for I now have the pleasing duty of proving that there were two personages who really did feel for his deplorable situation, although they had not the power of preventing it.

Mrs. Pettigrew left the hall with the other nurses, and went, with a sad heart, to her ward, where—not to say anything of her children, who might be supposed to be actuated by the same feeling as herself—she encountered the gaunt form of Rebecca, who was tearing one corner of her apron as she exclaimed,

"Yes, madam, I see how it is, that I do."

"Dear, dear me," replied Mrs. Pettigrew, "it is indeed but too true."

"Is it though, madam? Well, I'm so sorry."

"Yes, Rebecca, he is to be flogged first, then to be stripped of his clothes, and then he is to be turned into the streets."

"Well, well, if ever I heard the like; why it's very cruel, aint it

madam?" asked Rebecca, with deference.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Pettigrew, confidentially, "do you know, Rebecca, I feel so sick, and that I am so downcast, that I could cry, that I could. Suppose," continued this lady, in a kind of quiet reverie, "suppose one of my children were to do what this wretched orphan has done, sould I turn him from me?"

"No, that you would'nt, madam," cried Rebecca, in a tone which

expressed her astonishment at the question.

"No, no, no, that—dear me—no, I would try, and try, by kindness, to reclaim him."

"Ah, that I know you would, madam," put in Rebecca.

"Dear me, dear me, I really feel for that child, as though he were my own—that I do."

"And so do I, madam," rejoined Rebecca, which was rather bold than otherwise, on her part, considering that she was, in mind and heart, a spinster.

But their conversation was interrupted by the nurse's youngest daughter, who came running up to her mother, with tears rolling down

her blushing cheeks.

"Oh, he is being led between the beadles! and as he came by he cast up to the window such a look; but I was not cruel enough to let him see me. Oh, mother, mother! he is dressed in such bad clothes that he doesn't look like the same boy; and then he looks so unhappy."

Here the whole family, as well as Rebecca, stood still looking at each other, till they heard the shouts of the other children, when Mrs. Petti-

grew joined her tears to those of her children, whilst Rebecca mechani-

cally took up the poker and upset the teakettle.

"I have listened to that boy's simple story," began the nurse, "until I really pitied him, for indeed, indeed he must have been treated harshly in the country, and I have heard the other boys say so."

"But, madam," said Rebecca, "what will he do now?"

"Dear me, dear me-that indeed! and where will he sleep? what

will become of him?

Again they stood looking at each other, and suggested a variety of schemes, which not happening to be wise need not be mentioned; when at last the good lady made her daughter sit down and write, from her dictation, the following letter:—

"No. 4 Ward.

My dear Sir—When you settled my late husband's affairs, you told me you would do me every favour that laid in your power, for which I thank you heartily. Now I want you to find out and provide for a boy, by situation, or otherwise, who has been this very day turned out, or expelled from this very school—his name is Richard Biddulph; and by doing this you will and shall receive the hearty prayers of

Your very humble servant

HARRIET PETTIGREW.

To James Gentle, Esq., Attorney at Law, No. 99898, Staples Inn."

"There, that will do nicely," said the kind lady, as she looked over the writing of her daughter, "only put a scratch under Esq., Juley, and a capital H to husband—there, that will do. Now then Rebecca."

But the servant required no "now then" from the mistress, for she stood with her bonnet and shawl on, ready to start off upon the instant; which she did after receiving a notice as to the locality of Staples Inn. And here it is needless to state how many little children Rebecca knocked down first, and kissed afterwards, on her way; or the names of all the quiet-looking old gentlemen who turned their heads in admiration of her ancles, as she ran along through the busy streets, more as thuogh she were running for her life than on the fixed purposes of charity. But Rebecca did at last find herself at a door, upon the post of which she with some difficulty deciphered the name of the person she had been running after—James Gentle, third floor. She ascended three steps at a time, and after sundry windings, and twistings, and turnings, she arrived at a very black closed entrance, with a small pointing the way into the chambers of Mrs. Pettigrew's attorney. Rebecca knocked with a stone which she found there for the purpose; first she began a single, then a double, until she gradually rose into a real footman's announcement, when the door flew upon its hinges, and a form, with a face unwashed, and bright penetrating eyes in the midst of it, stood before her, who said, without speaking,

"And what the devil do you want here at this early hour in the

morning?"

"Please, sir, is your name Gentle, sir?" said Rebecca.

"Yes it is, young woman."

"Oh, sir, I've got a letter from your friend Mrs. Pettigrew."

"Just so, young woman. Will you walk in? There just sit down, will ye, young woman, whilst I read it?"

Mr. Gentle disappeared through a small door, when Rebecca could

not help hearing the following very edifying conversation.

"Who the devil's that, James ?"

"Oh, its only a client's slavey."

"It's deuced early, aint it?"

"Yes, it aint ten yet."

"I'll just dispatch her and then turn in again.

"Yes, do, for that - brandy of yours has given me such a

- headache that I shan't turn out these three hours,"

"Well, that is good; why, what do you think, Bite? here's a client of mine that wants me to . . . " and here they whispered one to another, and then laughed heartily; but the woman heard, plainly, "These --- considerate widows." "Do you know what I'd do?" " Leave me alone for that."

Whilst this was going on Rebecca cast her eyes about the room, and saw chairs turned topsey-turvey, with lemons, that had been well squeezed, lying upon the floor, near broken glasses, and other demonstrations of an over-night debauch.

"Well, young woman," said the lawyer, as he put on a grave and consequential air, "just tell your mistress that I'll attend to her instruction, will you?"

"Yes, sir; and you'll do as she says, sir?"

"Just so, young woman; and I will call upon her in a day or two."

"Thankee, sir," said Rebecca, as she curtseyed to the young man, and ran back to her mistress with the same expedition as before.

But the kind nurse and her daughter had not been idle during her absence, for, in pretence of going out for a stroll, they had been in pursuit of Biddulph, and after seeking him in many places without finding him, they were obliged to return to their duties.

"Dear me, dear me, Mary, where can he have gone to? we surely

must have passed him.'

"Oh, no, mother," replied Mary, sorrowfully, "I am sure we did not, for I could not have missed seeing his miserable face-no, not amongst 10,000 persons-no, that I could'nt."

"I've seen Mr. Gentle, Madam," cried Rebecca, as she returned, out of breath, "and he says he'll do everything he can, and act up to your

instructions."

"There now, did'nt I tell you, children? indeed, indeed he is a good man, and God will bless him for it. Why, do you know, Rebecca, after all the trouble, the anxiety, the sitting up o'nights he had, when settling my poor husband's little effects, he never once asked me for a penny-no, that he did'nt, Rebecca; although, to be sure," the kind lady continued, " he was paid his bill by your uncle Daniel-you know, Mary."

"Ah, madain, what would the world do without such kind creatures?"

asked Rebecca, as though she wanted information.

"Ah, that indeed!" replied Mrs. Pettigrew; "there is nothing like sympathy in the whole world-no, that there is'nt."

The duties of the nurse, as well as those of Rebecca, called away their immediate attention from such considerations; for, as she expressed it, "she had set the machine in motion, and she could not possibly do more;" but if the privacy of their chambers had been invaded the whole family, not forgetting Rebecca, would have been found at the bed-side of Mrs. Pettigrew, asking divine protection for the expelled boy, as well as for themselves.

Now, exactly three days after the boy's expulsion, a consequential personage made his appearance in their little parlour, who was none other than the attorney at law; or, rather, the friend of the whole

human family who are in distress.

"Well, well! bless me, Mr. Gentle, this is indeed kind of you to come away from your profession, and to leave the many interests intrusted to your care, and thus to visit so humble an individual as myself."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Pettigrew, I am busy-1 may

say, very busy."

"To be sure you must be, Mr. Gentle,"

"Yes, madam, but to business."
"Ah, now, that's very kind, now."

"Well, madam, after receiving your instructions I sent several men in pursuit of the boy, and I issued posters—that means, large-printed bills, madam; yes, I issued large poster about, in all directions."

"Dear, dear, that was very kind!"

"Independently of this, madam, I went in search of him myself—first to the Guildhall—then to the House of Correction—then to Bow Street—then to the Mansion House—and, to wind up all, madam, I looked in the newspaper daily, for suicides and pickpockets; but no, I did'nt find him; and up to this time I have not, technically speaking, made the discovery."

"Bless me! that is a pity; but you don't know how much obliged

I am to you, Mr. Gentle."

"Oh! not at all, madam. No, thank you, Mrs. Pettigrew," added the smiling attorney; "I never do take tea; besides, I'm so busy I can't spare time—indeed I can't," he concluded, as he put his hat upon one side of his head, and walked away as though he had a cigar in his mouth.

"Why, madam, he's give me a shilling," said Rebecca to her mistress, who held up her hands and eyes calling down blessings upon

the head of so perfect a philanthropist.

And now, my dear reader, as I am in the secret, you must not be surprised when I inform you that Mr. Gentle had rather overstated what he himself, as well as others, had done in the matter with which he was intrusted by the benevolent Mrs. Pettigrew, for, to tell the simple truth, the aforesaid attorney had not acted either one way or the other, but had put the note into his pocket and had not thought of it till about one hour previous to his visit; nor must you be astonished at the following note and bill, which was delivered to the nurse upon the day afterwards, by a sickly old parchment-faced young gentleman, whose eyes took an inventory of every article in the room, whilst he stood ready to receive an insult as an answer.

"99898, Staples Inn.

My dearest madam—Since seeing you yesterday I find I want a little cash, so that if you will give the bearer the underneath small matter, you will much oblige, my dear madam,

Your very faithful adviser

JAMES GENTLE.

Mrs. Harriet Pettigrew

To James Gentle, Attorney at Law.

To receiving instruction in case of Richard Biddulph							£ 0	13	4	
To speaking about having posters po		d, &c					1	9	3	
To visiting sundry places in pursuit							2	2	0	
To consultation concerning above	•	•			•		0	6	8	

To Mrs. Harriet Pettigrew, Nurse at No. 4 Ward, situated in London.

£4 11 3

"Bless me, bless me! this surely must be some mistake, sir," began the well-meaning and amiable lady. "This surely must be some mistake, sir," she continued, as she perused the items and took a glance at the amount.

"No, ma'am, it aint no mistake, I can tell you, because I see Mister

Gentle do it hisself," replied the stoical messenger.
"Well, well, well—dear me—why—but no matter. Ma

"Well, well, well—dear me—why—but no matter. Mary, give the gentleman the money, and thank God," she continued, "thank God I have it in my power to do so."

"What, you wretch!" cried Rebecca, in a perfect fury, "What-why I'll"

"No, not, Rebecca, it is not his fault, you know; but, oh, I am sorry, very, very sorry to find that the world contains those who can be happy when they do such acts as these—I am indeed," she concluded, in a sad tone, as the lawyer's clerk signed a receipt for the money, and prepared to depart; when, just as he was leaving the place, the old servant threw the shilling his master had given her at him, which he was not proud enough to refuse.

He put his hat firmly upon his head, buttoned up his pockets with decision, and, after grinning with satisfaction, he left the family of Mrs. Pettigrew—oh! it is to be hoped for ever—to pity his and his master's condition at their leisure.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD BONE AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

When the aged man turned away from the house which contained the beggar and his child, he took out his little cotton handkerchief and rubbed and rubbed at her little eyes as though he really wished to rub them out of their sockets, without producing a tear, or anything like one; upon which he blew his nose again and again. Not contented with such a demonstration of feeling, he pinched his shrunken arms one after the other; then he pinched his old shanks, then he hobbled

back to the old house in St. Giles's, and looked as well as his old eyes would allow him up at the windows, without seeing anything save dirty little rags hanging out to dry upon thick sticks and filthy blinds with large holes in the middle of them, which took them out of the denomination of blinds altogether. The windows, too, were exceedingly cobwebby, just as though the inmates were too poor to be cleanly, or rather to care anything about appearances. There were no flower-pots upon the window-sills, no bird cages hanging outside the windows. there was nothing like life about the place save the old bone, who was on the outside with one foot upon the door step ready to enter into the place set apart apparently for old bones, for the house looked like a large dirty coffin rather than the habitation of living flesh and blood. After waiting for a long time at the door, not having made up his mind as to a course of action, he all of a sudden lifted up his other leg, and pushing open the door which opened easily, he went into the abode of filthy poverty, and closed the door quietly after him.

The inside of the house was much more horrible than the outside, for it was filled with thick pea-soupy kind of breath which might have been cut with a knife, it was so thick and so dreadfully offensive; it appeared to be an amalgamation of disorders all mixed up in a pot and boiled together. Yet the old bone cared not, for after walking over the landing-place which was slippery from the accumulated filth, he ascended the stairs step after step until he reached the landing where a

rushlight was burning, and where an ugly kind of voice cried,-

"Where's your rhino, old 'un?"

Upon which the old bone presented the man with a shilling, who after biting it several times gave the old man tenpence back, and said,

"Don't kick up a row, d'ye hear? Come, make haste into No. 4,

d'ye hear?"

This last question was put rather as a rebuke than anything else, and was accompanied with a push from behind which sent the old bone into an apartment, the floor of which was covered with straw, only that it could not be seen for the human beings who were lying down asleep There was an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling by a chain, the light from which revealed a number of men, women, and children all lying down higgledy piggledy one against the other without any kind of distinction whatsoever; for they appeared to be all very dirty and badly dressed, which unfortunately makes people not at all particular with whom they associate. There were aged men with small persons and large bones, young men who had not washed themselves for months, mothers who were not wives, and girls who were not mothers; whilst there were children scattered all about the room, who although they were badly-dressed appeared to be just as dear to their parents. Amongst the many persons assembled together, the old bone singled out the poor beggar and her child from amongst the rest, and went and knelt down beside them. He looked at the woman tenderly, and patted her juvenile face, which did not disturb her slumbers; and then he gazed at the child with such fixedness and attention that the whole scene appeared as though it had been cut out of a solid block of marble, only that it was more natural and life-like. The child slept with its head resting upon the bosom of its young mother, and smiled innocently as it slept; as though little dreams were making their way into

its young mind, and leaving pleasure in their path.

"Hark!" thought the old bone, "Hark! what gentle dreams must these infants have when they are not aware of this world's ways, and have nothing to dream about in connexion with it. Oh, I should like to know what it is they do dream about? Surely it must be about heaven, or they would not smile so; and the Father would not-oh no, that he would not-torture them, by allowing them to dream of anything but love and good-will towards all men. And what can be happier than that?" Then his thin lips pressed the soft form of the smiling child, when he laid his weary oid bones by the side of the mother, after a short prayer, and was soon asleep. Beggar came in after beggarpatched—the lame, the halt, and the blind, and took shelter from the inclemency of the night in this twopenny lodging-house; and although they had laboured throughout the day-if begging can be called labouring—and after all it is hard work—they did not sleep sounder than the old bone the few hours that he rested himself, who did not dream about anything save little children, and they did not bother him very much. There was a great contrast, a mighty difference, a tremendous distinction between the withered, decayed, and partially-rotten old bone, and the little child lying upon its mother's breast, having just entered into a world which the old bone was fated to leave but too soon. The old bone grinned curiously as he slept, and had his small eyes partially open, whilst the child looked like the idea of pleasant dreaming, with a kind of smile upon it which remains upon the true Christian's face after his dissolution. As the morning advanced, the filthy bundles of rags went off one after another to take away the appetite of the gourmand, as well as to make elegantly-dressed ladies and foppish-looking gentlemen, tell great untruths with hosts of persons who really ought to be ashamed of themselves for refusing the beggar's petition with a downright flagrantly impudent falsehood, as "I have not got anything." The old bone rarely, if ever, gave money away publicly, but then he never told a lie-ay, that's the word, call it by whatever term you please-about it. Well, these villainously dirty people went out like whole candles, in order that they might come in again at night, only there was nothing about them like a wax-light, they weren't firm enough; nor a mould, for they were so very jagged; nor a sixpenny dip, no, not even like a farthing rushlight, for there was no light whatever in them; they were, after all, nothing at all like candles, they were so very, very dark. Besides, candles have a clean healthy appearance, and they were all exceedingly dirty, and very, very filthy. Soon it came to the woman's turn to awake, when she felt the feet of her child resting on her bosom, whilst its little arms clasped the wheezy parched up neck of the old bone, which made her shake her head to assure herself that she was really awake; when she looked at the child and at the old bone one after the other in perfect amazement.

"No, surely it can't be," she began; "yes, yes, but it is though. Why, it is the same wretch that ran away with my child this afternoon,

and that I cursed so-yes, that it is. Well "

At this time the little child moved its little arms close and closer round the neck of the old bone, which renewed her amazement, and the

aged man awoke; when gradually rising from his recumbent position. so as not to disturb the child, he encountered the fierce scowl of the woman with a mild yet penetrating glance, which had not its effect in an instant upon her iron care-worn features, for her heart unfortunately was turned into stone by circumstances, and her mind was morally as well as intellectually dead.

"Wretch," she began, "why do you haunt my child?"
"Woman," he answered feebly, "to save it."

"Oh, curse you, how can you save it, and from what?" she demanded, fiercely.

" From the world."

"Leave me alone for that, brute. Don't you think I know how to treat my own child?"

" No, woman, you do not; and not only you, but half the men and women about do not know how to treat their children. Woman, listen."

Here the woman reluctantly heard something of her own history; how she had been taken before every police magistrate in the metropolis, and also how she had given birth to that child whilst she was in the Penitentiary.

"Woman," he asked with emotion, "do you love that child?"

" I do."

"Would you like to see it happy." "Yes; that I am determined on."

"Now, suppose I give you ten pounds, will you part with it for ever?"

" No, monster; nor for ten thousand." "Woman, you have been in prisons?"

" Yes."

"Woman, you have worked at treadmills?"

"Yes; and what of that?"

"Woman, you have been flogged five times?"

"Well, I know it."

"Woman," said the old man earnestly, as he took the unfortunate creature's hand affectionately, "Look at your child, and let me ask you what will become of it if you educate it? Might it not arrive at your fate-might it not?"

"No, it should die first," cried the mother, as she smothered the small face of her darling with dirty kisses. How-how can I prevent

it?" she asked eagerly.

After a long pause, the old man answered, "My dear woman, I know a lady who has seven children, who is a kind good Christian, she will take charge of it, and nurture its gentle nature, so that it shall be an ornament to the world."

"Shall I see my child?"

"You shall. Come, leave this infectious place, and let that child see the light of heaven. Come," he continued, as they descended the stairs and reached the quiet streets, where they walked on together; and it really might have been supposed that some electricity had forced itself into the flesh and blood of the despised beggar, as she went along by the side of the old bone, smiling upon him as well as upon the great object of her life's solicitude.

"I've got it-I've achieved it-I've reached the object," said the old

man to himself. "Why, really what a little trumpery thing makes a man happy," he continued, as he buttoned up his waistcoat to the top, so that his heart might remain for ever so long a time in its then warm and genial condition; and he trudged on, lifting one of his thin legs after the other as though he were in a hurry to achieve some great and glorious object.

Now the truth is, he has opened his book in the pulpit, and has said

energetically to society:

Dearly beloved brethren, love the children of the poor .- So ends this chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARY STONE FINDS HER LITTLE HEART ALL IN A FLUTTER.

We-that is, both you and I, gentle reader, for you are both gentle and considerate to have been my companion for so long a time, that really we are getting quite familiar and communicative with one another, exchanging our sympathies as well as opening our hearts. Well, then, we left Mary Stone under the protection of the two young ladies and the two donkeys, where she did not appear to enjoy perfect felicity, although she rubbed and scrubbed with all her might and main, trying over and over again to give satisfaction to her mistresses, without in the slightest degree succeeding; for whatever she either did or said, seemed to produce an extra wrinkle upon the faces of the young ladies, who, as far as regarded Mary, seemed to act in unison. Poor little Mary Stone may be compared to a vast balloon filled with gas, and tied down to the earth with strings, and ropes, and chains, so as to keep it from ascending; only that the balloon looks forward to being released, whilst the child's only chance is to disengage herself, and to get up in the good opinion of masters and mistresses, whilst trying is not always successful. Mary Stone was only nine years of age when we last parted with her, since which time she has grown from a little girl with a round face into a young woman of fourteen; so that it is almost indelicate to speak of the little stays which were gradually discarded for larger ones, as well as the numberless etceteras, such as—but stop! Mary Stone had still a ribband around her neck, however, and a little brass locket containing a lock of hair attached to that ribband, and pressed to her innocent little heart. There had been no change whatsoever in that, although there had been several alterations in the position of the two young ladies, which it is better perhaps at this time to reveal.

After being asked in church three times, to know if there was any cause, there did not appear to be the slightest impediment why Jacob Death, of London, bachelor, and Jemima Stiff, of that parish, spinster, should not be joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony; so that, upon a day set apart for that especial purpose, Mister Death trotted down upon his hunter, which was much more lean and bony than formerly, to meet the two Miss Stiffs at the hymenial altar; where, sure enough, they arrived, being conveyed to the church-door upon their two donkeys, which had white cloths over their backs, white flowers

near their ears, and white ribbands all along their tails. Moreover, the Miss Stiffs were dressed in white, and Mister Death had on white breeches, as well as the clergyman who wore a white surplice, and read the service out of a white-cornered prayer-book; so that it really appeared as though white was created for the especial purpose of setting off the nuptials of the white-faced undertaker, as well as the white faces of the two young ladies and their two donkeys. It is not at all to be wondered at, that the whole town was in an uproar and full of commotion, as all towns are upon similar occasions; although what created more astonishment than usual, was the fact that the newly-married couple-that is, Mister and Missis Death-returned from church through the admiring crowds of the inhabitants of the town upon the two donkeys, whilst Miss Susan Stiff rode upon the old hunter behind them. The Miss Stiff that was not then actually Miss Stiff, didn't hold up her head a little, nor rein up the head of her donkey neither; for the truth is she erected her whole person into a kind of monument-higher and higher still—which was duly the theme of admiration or ridicule to all those who beheld her. Having gained their little snuggery, they gave the cattle into the charge of Mary, who was full of joy upon the occasion, and who, after turning them out into the churchyard, went back and waited upon the whole of them with such diligence and alacrity, that, strange to say, she got even upon the wedding-day more kicks than ha'pence; still, she did'nt mind it, but rubbed at the donkeys till their long tails wagged again. Well, then, the elder Miss Stiff was married, and went to a neighbouring village to spend the honeymoon, which was a sweet kind of affair, made up of sighing, and sobbing, and oh-ing, and crying, and sighing, and a great many other tender emotions which make up the spirit of honeymoons in general; only as Miss Jemima was past forty, she is not to be supposed to have experienced a wonderful quantity of youthful sensations. Let it suffice that they did spend the honeymoon, and started off to the town residence of Mister Death, in order that they might commence housekeeping together, and exchange their varied sympathies one with the other.

Now it so happened that Miss Susan was left all alone in the cottage, with no other companion than Mary on the one hand, and the remaining donkey on the other; so that she was obliged to keep up the dignity of the Stiffs by riding out continually, and perpetually upbraiding the gentle Mary, who lived on in her little back kitchen rubbing and scrubbing from morning till night, upon workdays and holidays; so that she did not know or mind about the world with its thousand and one interests, no, nor its ball-rooms full of misery, nor its prisons like-Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, yes, Mary Stone was fourteen-that momentous age in the history of girls which turns them all of a sudden into a different order of creatures as it were, transforming sweet, playful little girls into bashful women, with downcast eyes, and timid, frightened appearances. Mary Stone was fourteen, when she received a letter from London containing six half-guineas done up in a rough manner, with a single autograph to denote the sender, Richard Bidduiph, which was opened by Miss Susan Stiff, and taken possession of by that young lady; inasmuch as she expressed herself quite dissatisfied with Mary receiving money from any stranger,

although she did not appear to have the same scruples herself; for, having thrown the cover of the letter into the fire-place, she very quietly put the cash into her own pocket. Mary stared whilst this was going on, but as she did not know the value of the present, she simply picked up the paper from the grate, and went away into her own small apartment at the back of the house; where, sitting down before the fire and putting her feet upon the fender, she turned over and twisted the first letter she had ever received through the post, until she gradually fell into a reverie of a curiously-mixed character, which appeared to engross the whole of her attention. She looked stedfastly into the fire and saw many figures which appeared to smile at her with their curiously-constructed faces, and to wriggle about their bodies to every imaginable shape, which made her face assume a smile. Then she saw the kind old Mister Stiff extending out his thin arms, in order that he might call down upon her a blessing from his and her God, which made her smile Then she saw the parson of the parish, who appeared as though he was calling down upon all his congregation "that peace which passeth all understanding," when she smiled more and more. the two Miss Stiffs upon their two donkeys, urging them to run over her; but no, they would'nt, and as good as said so, which she seemed fully to appreciate as well as to understand. Then came a mere speck, a kind of pin's point, which gradually became larger and larger, until she thought the face—for it was a perfect face—looked larger than three churches, when it even got larger still; then it assumed an appearance she was familiar with in her dreams as well as during her childish reveries; and there was his-yes, her own Richard's-countenance, magnified to the size of a thousand giants' faces, with a large mountain of a tear rolling down it, which made her tremble violently, and stare more, and more, and more at the face, until she found words at the end of her tongue ready coined in her heart—having been there for a time all ready for delivery-which she gave utterance to: "Oh, Father! bless him! bless him!" when she awoke as out of a trance. Mary then looked again at the letter, and ran over the characters with a pin gently, when she smiled again and again. She then kissed the paper many times, and drew forth the little brass locket from its sacred resting-place, and kissed that also, until she began to get into another reverie, which she thought would not finish the work she had to do; so she wrapped the paper round the warm locket, and placed it, with a great deal of ceremony, down her gentle bosom, when she found her heart was throbbing, and heaving, and fluttering about in every possible direction, which made her put both her hands upon it at once, just as though they could keep it quiet, and then she rubbed and scrubbed on as usual.

Now just for the purpose of giving satisfaction to the reader, it must here be stated that Mary Stone may leave Miss Susan Stiff to do all her dirty work herself, and also that she may start off in search of another situation. Well, then, the spontaneous questions arise, "Will she start off for the great city? Will she walk, or will she be conveyed in a waggon? Will she get a situation, and will she be happy?" Then another question comes, "What will Miss Susan Stiff and her donkey do?" And another still, "What on earth is Richard Biddulph doing, and what will he do?" Then there's Mister and Missis Death, Mrs.

March, 1845.—vol. XLII.—No. CLXVII.

Pettigrew, and, above all, there's the old bone, Mr. Howard, what are they all about? Then there are others who want to put their noses into the picture; so that another and a great question springs up and asks, "Why the deuce don't you let them all say their various sayings and cut their sticks, without any more procrastination?" Why?

Why? Come, then, I'll be good natured enough to tell you. Simply because they all have to effect great and important ends—ends which must, which shall be accomplished. So wait a little before you jump into the mysteries of the next chapter, that's a kind reader, and in time you shall he made acquainted with some glorious secrets which run about and play before your eyes as you walk the streets of the great city of the world.

THE DYING BARD.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Sweep the strings to holy numbers; Strains of earth are discord now: All that's mortal in me slumbers; Take Fame's garland from my brow.

Beauty's smile and Fortune's favour Move not now as once they mov'd; Life has lost "its salt and savour" Since its nothingness I prov'd,

Talk no more, my friends, of pity
For my sufferings here below;
See the bright eternal city!
Let, oh! let my spirit go.

Chain me not to dark earth, telling How fond eyes will weep for me; Would ye close the only dwelling Where my weary soul would be?

Would ye, with a love mistaken, See my health again renew'd? See my mind with passion shaken— Passions all—yes, all subdu'd?

Would ye see me once more filling Pleasure's deep and deadly bowl, Every pulse to folly thrilling, Reckless of the undying soul?

Gentle friends! ah! why this anguish?

Is the mortal then so dear,
Ye would let the spirit languish
Hour by hour in exile here?

Mother! sister! wherefore weeping;
Are not these my golden days?
Though cold dews my limbs are steeping—
Though my pulse but faintly plays.

Health did never yield the lightness,
Sickness to my heart doth give;
All was false, delusive brightness,
Now alone I seem to live.

Sad farewells are nature's reaping,
From man's dark estate of earth;
All must pay their tithe of weeping;
All to tribute-sighs give birth.

Parting words, they must be spoken;
Parting tears, alas! be shed,
Ere the golden links are broken,
Ere the soul to light is fled.

Oh! how softly, bright, and tender Shines that Star to dying eyes Judah saw, in all its splendour, O'er her night of darkness rise!

Saviour of my soul, eternal!

What have I to offer thee,
But those gifts of grace supernal

Which thy blood first bought for me?

Take, oh! take my all of treasure,
All a sinner can impart—
Golden faith, a heaped measure,
Offer'd from my dying heart.

Farewell, world! thou troubled ocean,
Where my bark at random drove!
Farewell, nature! first devotion,
Of my young impassion'd love!

Farewell, fame! fond aspiration
Once of my deluded heart!
Fleeting breath of false creation!
Gladly now from thee I part.

All and each, farewell for ever!
Friends, too, dearer far than all!
From each loving tie I sever;
Hark! the herald angels call.

Glory, such as poet's dreaming
Never can on man bestow;
All around my couch is beaming,
Let, oh! let my spirit go!

TOURIST. TALES OF A

SECOND SERIES.

No. VI.

THE SYNDIC OF ST. NICHOLAS.

Look up, look up, sweet lady! Yield not so. By my immortal soul I Swear you shall have vengeance, deep and bloody, On the damned villain, for his hellish Treachery. You heed me not? Constance. (madly) There is a God! There is a God! There is a Breaks my heart to see her thus. What shall I Do or say to rouse her from the state of Black despair? Lady, dear lady, hear me,

Cons. (as before)

There is a God!

BERTRAM OF WYBERSLEIGH.

Verily, dear reader, it seemeth unto me, your humble scribe, that revolutions may, with propriety, be called studies of nations. They are, as it were, the periods of probation through which a people is compelled to pass in order to arrive at civilization, political experience, and liberty-rational, common-sense liberty, bien entendue. A sad and blood-stained lot, no doubt! beneath whose iron yoke they bend their noble brows for a greater or less time, according to the primitive form and vitality of their social constitution. France, for instance, in passing through the different phases of the republic, the consulate, the empire, and restoration—in order to reach the glorious days of July, took fortyone years to complete her revolution. Belgium, also, from the first troubles of 1718, to the energetic rise of '88, and that of 1836, has spent a little more than a century over making hers, hampered as she was in all her movements, by the mighty and jealous powers that surrounded her on every side. For more than four hundred years, to the disgrace of humanity, she seemed to be regarded as a rich and fertile garden, a sort of Naboth's vineyard, a territory to farm-let, whose ownership passed incessantly from hand to hand as the caprice of sovereigns, and the subtle distinctions of pretended rights of inheritance might dictate. Yet, ever since the reign of the house of Burgundy, at each foreign usurpation, the reunion to France, and the Mezentian alliance with the Dutch, she had never ceased to protest by the mouths of faithful witnesses in favour of her violated independence. At length, however, her efforts for freedom have been crowned with success, and on looking backwards to the glorious post, she may in this our day cite in her turn, like the free nation she is, heroic deeds, which console her for her long reverses, and shed undying lustre over her annals. The names of Horn, of Egmont, of Anneesseus; those of Vandernoot, Vouck, Vandermerch, and many others more recent, shine out as stars in her historical firmament, recall to her mind the lessons of the past, and prepare her for those of the bright future.

To the commencement of the 18th century must be referred the dawn of that lovely day, which has at length risen in noontide brilliance upon her destinies; and it is to that era, also, that the following sad but

veritable tale relates.

On the 14th of July, 1718, the whole population of Brussels was out in the streets, carrying branches of laurel, and filling the air with songs and patriotic cries. The standards of the corporations of trades, joined to those of the city council or member of the nine nations, as it was then called, had been displayed in sign of triumph on the tower of the Hotel de ville, at the foot of the gilded statue of St. Michael the archangel, and on the lofty pinnacles of St. Gudule, instead of, and in place of, the Austrian flag. In a word, salvos of artillery, fired by the intoxicated people, roared on all sides. This joyous uproar was owing to the burgesses having become absolute masters of the city, and forced the imperial troops to evacuate every post, and to intrench themselves near what is now the Place Royal, in the old alleys of the palace garden of the Dukes of Brabant, which has since been converted into the elegant shades of the park. Heaven bless the judicious brain that planned the grateful change, say I; but to proceed. Austria had become mistress of the low countries, since Spain, by the treaty of Utrecht, had ceded their sovereignty as a sop in the pan to her greedy maw. But far from using her power to the furtherance of Belgium's prosperity, she only busied herself, on the contrary, in making sure of the alliance of the United Provinces; and with that view did not hesitate to sacrifice the dearest interest of the Belgians, to effect her selfish purpose. Thus did she, by the treaty of La Barrière, cede to Holland the right to maintain a garrison in the principal towns conjointly with the troops of Austria; and, in pursuance of the same unjust and cold-blooded line of conduct, granted at her requiry, the closing of the Schelde, a base and suicidal measure, whose blind iniquity cannot be too strongly dc-In a word, the suspension of the powers of the Ostend East India Company, sprang from the same unrighteous cause.

These successive and ruinous concessions to a rival nation, humiliated and deeply wounded the whole population of Belgium. Already had murmurs, not loud but deep, menaces of hatred, circulated amongst the justly indignant burgesses of Brussels when in 1718, the Governor General for Austria, the Marquis de Prié, was rash enough to lay a heavy tax on mills, whose first result must of necessity be a rise in the

price of bread.

Then the hitherto smothered discontent of the outraged people no longer knew any bounds, and at that moment the deans of the trades forming the new municipal body, or member of the nine nations, were met together at the Hotel de Ville, of Brussels. Amongst their number was especially distinguishable a simple burgess, a chair-maker by trade, and Syndic of the corporation of St. Nicholas, an old man of seventy, Anneesseus by name, whose reputation for probity and patriotism had been long and honourably established in the city. The Mar-

quis de Prié had convoked the member of the nine nations in order to demand fresh subsidies, and require the council to take an oath after a new formula, in obedience to a decree dated the 12th of August, 1700.

That ordinance was no other than the complete annihilation of the municipal body to the advantage of the two other members of the city, the great council and the magistrature, which represented the clergy and the nobility; for it interdicted every member of the nine nations, from all right of remonstrance in relation to taxes. The deans of the corporation, who were the representatives of the forty-nine trades of the city, that is to say, of the people, had always refused to recognize the decree; they would only, they said, make oath according to the ancient form, which consecrated and upheld the ancient order of things. Grave difficulties had, in consequence, arisen upon the subject between the governor, the three members of the city, and the council of Brabant, and hopes had long been held out to the Syndics of the nine nations, that justice would be done to their pressing remonstrance; but it was only to gain time, and in short the governor, supported by the burgomaster, Gilles Decker, and the sheriffs, Caro, Visschee, Lesso, Clops, De Greeve, and Boot, who were all secretly sold to Austria, was now resolved to compel the consent of the deans of trades, and force on them the new and obnoxious oath. In fact, intimidated by the arrogance of the Count de Nollenz, first officer and favourite of the Marquis de Prié, the deans of trades assembled in the Hotel de Ville would perchance have submitted, had not old Anneesseus suddenly risen from his seat :-

"What means this, my master," he demanded, "is this what we were promised? This regulation, as it is easy to be seen, by interdicting us from all right of remonstrance in respect to taxes, effectually destroys the whole privileges of the member of the nine nations. We cannot, therefore, swear obedience to it, for it is a clear violation of the rights guarranteed the city by the Wallensian charter, and renewed at all the joyous entries."

"We will only take the ancient oath," said in their turn the Syndics, Vanderbrockt, cloth merchant (history has preserved their names and trades), De Haze, master coal dealer, and Francis Lejeune, master saddler, emboldened thereto by the courageous example of old An-

neessens.

"In that case, then, burgesses and merchants, I must take leave to inform you," retorted the Count de Nollenz, haughtily, "that his excellence the Marquis de Prié, Minister Plenipotentiary and Governor General of the low countries, Counsellor of State to His Majesty, our gracious Emperor and King Charles, sixth of that name, has obtained from the Council of Brabant, two new decrees, which authorize him to do without the consent of the Syndics in levying taxes, provided he has voices of the magistracy and great council. I have therefore to require all here, who do not wish to be considered traitors and rebellious subjects, to leave this member of the nine nations."

At these words the burgomaster and sheriffs arose and prepared to leave the Hall. Anneesseus cast on them an indignant look, whose expression of lofty scorn for a moment arrested their craven steps.

"We are all loyal subjects here, and faithful burgesses of Brussels,"

said the undaunted old man, "wherefore Seigneur Count, I may take on me to answer you in the name of the member of the nine nations, and the deans of the forty-nine quarters, which compose it, that the Council of Brabant in arrogating to itself the right to put an end to the disputes between the Imperial Agents and the members of the city, has exceeded its just limits, and attributed to itself a power we are not disposed to recognize. And now you may retire. Go, tell your master that the new Syndics are appointed, and that they are about to turn themselves without delay, to the important duties which the confidence and choice of their fellow-citizens had imposed upon them, however personally unworthy of, or inadequate to, the weighty responsibilities of their posts."

Never since their unwilling junction with Austria, had the municipal body shown such sturdy independence and firmness. Carried away by the energy and fire of Anneesseus, the Syndics of the trades enthusiastically voted a resolution to persist in not recognizing the offensive decree, and refusing the new oath. The burgomaster, Gilles Decker, and the sheriffs, were alone base enough to leave the member of the nine nations, and, without more ado, paid the illegal subsidy. Anneesseus, as eldest dean, then assumed the presidency of the Syndics.

Foreseeing the troubles which were about to follow, the municipal body declared its sittings permanent. In fact, on receiving the news of the trades' heroic resistance, and learning that the Marquis de Prié had caused the furniture of all the Syndics, who refused to pay the rent, to be seized, and that the goods were already selling by auction in the square of the Hotel de Ville, the people had flocked together, and begun to hoot at and insult those who were engaged in the sale, and the Austrian soldiers, who protected its continuance. In a short time an immense crowd had collected together. The Imperial troops were attacked, and being too few for resistance, were forced to give way, to evacuate every post in the city, and intrench themselves, as we have before said, in the alleys of the palace gardens of the Dukes of Burgundy. The young Count de Nollenz then returned in all haste to the Hotel de Ville; and, in the name of the Marquis de Prié, called upon the Syndics to use their influence in order to appease the people.

"The tax upon the mills must be first cancelled, and the ancient oath allowed to be taken," answered Anneesseus, inflexibly; "otherwise the burgesses will not lay aside their arms."

An hour after the new regulation was superseded by the governor, the tax abolished, and the members of the nine nations empowered to swear according to the old formula. Then was it that the people—masters of the city in consequence of the Imperialists' retreat to the Place Royale—scattered themselves throughout the streets and squares of the Basse Ville, uttering cries of joy, and waving aloft green branches and gay flags. At night the city was illuminated.

Anneesseus, at the head of the deans, harrangued his excited fellow-citizens, and urgently be sought them to give a proof of calmness and moderation in the hour of triumph. But the dykes once thrown down, how was the revolutionary torrent to be stayed? Anneesseus had no troops at his disposal; he could not then prevent the people, during the seven following days, avenging themselves after their own fashion for

the foreign oppression, which had so long and so heavily galled its neck. The houses of the burgomaster Decker, those of the sheriffs who had withdrawn from the member of the nine nations and consented to pay the subsidy, were sacked and pillaged. Yet no theft was committed during these scenes of devastation, which resulted from popular irritation alone, and a desire for vengeance. The Austrian chancery was also set on fire, and, despite Anneesseus's utmost efforts, every-

thing found therein broken, destroyed, and dispersed.

The troubles at Brussels had their echo in the rural districts, and in many parts grave disorders burst forth. The Marquis de Prié, meanwhile, lost no time in sending for Austrian troops from Namur and Tournai in order to reinforce the garrison at Brussels; and, after the lapse of eight days, everything fell into its accustomed course. A leader was required to command the excited populace, in order to their deriving any lasting fruits from their brief victory. The words" liberty" and "national independence," were uttered boldly and aloud; but a soul of fire and talent, a brain active and judicious, a will of power and authority, were wanting to the revolted multitude. The member of the nine nations itself, surprised at the prompt result of its resistance to the governor's orders, and perhaps alarmed by the disorders that succeeded it, which it could neither control nor prevent, now only bent their attention and efforts to obtaining the abolition of the tax on mills, and the retraction of the illegal decree of the 12th of August, 1700. The people of Belgium were not yet ripe for revolution. The inhabitants by degrees re-entered their houses, and Anneesseus, Vanderbrocht, De Haze, Lejeune, and the other deans of trades, each returned to his shop and business. Unhappily for themselves, they had either done too much or too little!

Once completely reassured, by the arrival of numerous bodies of Imperial troops and the moderated attitude of the member of the nine nations, the Marquis de Prié only considered how he might take the most startling vengeance on the inhabitants of Brussels.

"I'll make a terrible example! I will chastise these insolent burgesses!" he said to the Count de Nollenz, when the latter announced

to him the arrival of the Imperial regiments.

And, accordingly, the minister caused the different posts in the city to be occupied by large bodies of troops. Cannoneers with parks of artillery were stationed in every square, the meeting of the member of the nine nations arbitrarily suspended, and it was forbidden every burgess to leave his dwelling-house after eight o'clock in the evening, except on the most urgent business, and without carrying a lighted lantern. Numerous arrests took place. Many of the inhabitants were whipped and scourged in the public streets. Seven of the principal ringleaders, who had been remarked as most active in the work of pillage, and siezed by order of Anneesseus himself, were given up to an extraordinary tribunal, and hung in the square of the Hotel de Ville; others were banished. In a word, profound and universal terror reigned within the walls of Brussels.

Yet such was the well-known feeling of popularity and influence which the name of Anneesseus aroused in the breast of his fellow-citizens, that, although burning to do so, the enraged governor was long before venturing to avenge himself upon the aged patriot, or the other Syndics who had not feared to disobey his insolent orders. He did not, however, renounce his project, but dreading to excite the people to arise anew were he publicly to arrest the old dean and his colleagues,

he determined to employ a stratagem for that purpose.

On the 14th of March, 1719, that is to say, eight months after the before-mentioned disturbances, the colonel of one of the Austrian regiments in Brussels sent to request Anneesseus and the Syndies, Vanderbrockt, De Haze, Vouck, and Lejeune, each separately to pay him a visit, under pretext of giving them an order in their respective modes of business. Once at the colonel's quarters they were arrested, loaded with chains, and thrown by night into the prison of the Steen-Porte. Their trial was as rapidly proceeded with as forms would allow, but yet

dragged itself out to the month of September following.

The inhabitants of Brussels were struck with consternation on learning the arrest of Anneesseus and the four Syndics. The two members of state, the great council and magistracy themselves, although devoted to Austria, repaired, the clergy at their head, to the stern and cruel-minded governor, in order to intercede for the unhappy deans; the Marquis de Prié was inflexible. For six months already Anneesseus and the four deans of trades, groaned in the depths of the dungeons of the gloomy Steen-Porte, from whence they never issued but to appear before the fearful tribunal instituted by the Marquis de Prié. One morning the old patriot chanced to be alone with the Syndic, Vanderbrockt, who inhabited the same prison cell with himself. Both had but little hope to cheer their darkness and solitude, for they well knew the hatred and cruelty of the governor-general.

"Infamous Gilles Decker!" cried Vanderbrocht, as he sate on his stone bench, at the recollection of the deposition the burgomaster had not blushed to make the evening before against his fellow-countrymen,

"he will be the cause of our death!"

"He durst refuse the minister nothing," answered Anneesseus; "and to please our tyrants has not hesitated to betray the cause of the people. How can you be surprised at it, Master Vanderbrockt? At your age I had more experience. Gilles Decker is too base to merit our contempt. And after all what is the feeling which inspires him, but that which actuates the greater part of the men of the present day? Weakness, selfishness, and disunion, such are the hateful courses of Belgium's ruin, and will yet give us up for long, bound hand and foot, to foreign domination. Still we must not despair of our liberties; the independence of a central and intermediate state is necessary to serve as a counterpoise and equilibrium to the different European powers. Our Dukes of Burgundy seem to have foreseen that, when, in order to erect an extensive and formidable kingdom, they conceived the mighty thought of reuniting to their possessions all the fiefs of Navarre, Antwerp, Hainault, Brabant, and Limbourg. And if they did fail in their efforts sooner or later, the force of things must, notwithstanding, bring on the recognition of our nationality. In the mean time, master, let us not regret the fate which doubtless awaits us, should it hasten on our country's regeneration; but let us, on the contrary, take pride in sacrificing our lives to that great cause which the noble Counts of Horn and Egmont have already sealed with their blood."

At this moment the dungeon door was opened, and a young girl slender and graceful of form, whose features were enveloped in the Brabançon faille of black silk, a species of long scarf, less elegant 'tis true than the mantilla of Madrid, but which the women of Belgium have however borrowed from their ancient Spanish masters, was introduced by the jailor. She let fall the covering from her face when they were alone, disclosing the soft blue eye and fair round cheek of Flemish blood, now dimmed, alas! and pale with deep sorrow; and with a wild burst of sobs, tears, and smothered cries, threw herself into Anneesseus' arms. She was the dearly-loved granddaughter of the old Syndic of St. Nicholas, the last survivor of his family; for his only son had been long dead, and Anneesseus had concentrated on the child of his child all the warm and doting affection of his old age.

"Margaret," said the old man, trembling with joy, "they have yielded to pity then! They have consented to thy entering these abodes of misery! I shall die without regret, my child, since I have once more been able to see thee before standing on the scaffold."

She started convulsively.

"Oh! father," she said, "speak not thus; know, on the contrary,

that I have good hopes of obtaining your liberty—your pardon."

"How so?" said the aged prisoner, with a sign of incredulity. "It would be the first time that Austrians or Spaniards ever spared the blood of a true Brabançon, when they had it in their power to shed."

"I possess the favour of one high and powerful," she timidly replied, "on whose ability and willingness to save you I found all my hopes."

She paused.

" And he, my child?"

"Is a noble seigneur, dear father; the Count de Nollenz. He has promised me to intercede for you with the Marquis de Prié, whose favourite officer he is."

"And what claim, my daughter, have you on the Count de Nollenz's protection? Is his kindness to thee wholly disinterested?"

Margaret Anneesseus hesitated, blushed, and buried her head in her

grandfather's breast.

"Death is better than dishonour, Margaret," said the old man gravely. "Mistrust the pity of these strangers; ever does it conceal some treachery or perfidious purpose. But enough of this, my child; let me rather gaze on those beloved features, which my weary eyes have so often sought in vain in my dungeon's gloom. Why this paleness, Margaret, and the extraordinary change I remark in thy whole person? What has become of that bright blooming cheek which arrested the steps of every youthful passenger by our house in the Rue D'Aremberg? Thou givest way too vehemently to grief, my child. Take care, pretty one," he added, with a sad smile, "lest thy changed looks should lose thee the heart of Pierre Meerts, thy betrothed, and thou remain an old maid when thy aged father's help is thus suddenly about to fail thee, and the protection of a good and honourable man become so necessary to thy future happiness. Tell me, what is Pierre Meerts doing or thinking of now? When will the marriage take place, my child—my own dear Margaret? Alas! I had hoped to give thee away at the altar myself. Well, well, God's will be done!"

"Dear, dear father, do not give yourself unnecessary pain. Believe me, ever since the day when you were loaded with these cruel irons, I have received from Pierre Meerts and his whole family the only testimonies of interest and affection that could soften my despair; but as for me, happiness can never visit this heart of mine, whilst you are in this odious prison."

She wept bitterly.

Then the old man clasped the young girl, who had knelt at his feet,

more tenderly to his breast, and their tears mingled.

This interview, after so long a separation and under such distressing circumstances, had something in it at once so solemn and sacred, that the Syndic Vanderbrockt felt his own eyes fill fast, and ventured not to interrupt the whispered discourse of Anneesseus and Margaret. But a murmur hollow and prolonged was now heard resounding through the damp corridors which led to the dungeon; the bolts were thrown back with a harsh clang, the door opened for the second time, and armed soldiers entered loud and insolent, preceding two judges in long black robes, one of whom held a parchment, sealed with the arms of Austria, in his hand. They were followed by a venerable-looking priest in the dress of a confessor, and carrying a crucifix.

The prisoners involuntarily started. One of the judges broke the

momentary silence, and began to read the parchment scroll:-

"In the name and by the authority of his Imperial majesty. The supreme tribunal charged with——"

"Sir," interrupted the old man with emotion, "at least, spare my

child!"

Readily did he guess that his sentence was about being read to him. Rising, therefore, and pressing Margaret yet once more with tender emotion to his heart, he confided her almost inanimate to the care of a gaoler, who gently drew her out of the dungeon. She knew not that sentence was past, but the mournful preparation froze her young blood with fear.

When she had disappeared, the old man wiped away a rebellious tear, remained for a few moments silently contending with his grief, and then looked up serene and calm to hear his sentence read. It was a terrible one. Anneesseus was condemned to be beheaded as principal leader of the revolt; and the four Syndics, Vanderbrockt, De Haze, Vouck, and Lejeune, were banished for ever, and all their property confiscated to the state.

Despite his courage and stoicism, Anneesseus could not listen unmoved to a judgment so iniquitous. As he was accused in one count of having distributed money amongst the rebels in order to excite them

to pillage, he interrupted the judge with indignant haste.

"Enough, sir, enough!" cried the noble old man; "do not continue such a tissue of lies and calumnies. I certainly gave a trifle to all those who brought me the dispersed papers of the Chancery to my house—papers which I hastened to place in the hands of Monsieur, the councillor Vanderbrockt. This, then, is my reward for the care I took in saving the charters of the empire!"

"Put a little more moderation in your words, Anneesseus," said one

of the officials; "and remember you are before your judges."

"Here is my judge," cried the old burgess, taking the crucifix from the confessor's hands, and carrying it with respect to his trembling lips—he it is who adds or refuses his fiat to the decisions of every earthly

one. To him I appeal-judica me, Domine!"

"You may yet call his majesty's clemency, and that of his excellency, the governor-general of the Low Countries, on your head," added another. "Give the people a useful example; pay the subsidy, which hitherto you have so obstinately refused, and your submission."

"Pay a tax which has not been consented to by the member of the nine nations. It would be renouncing all the constitutions and privileges sworn to by the Dukes of Brabant at their joyous entries, and since confirmed by all our sovereigns; it would be recognizing the illegal regulation of the 12th of August, 1700. To save the small remnant of days that yet belong to me, I will not consent to dishonour myself and betray my country's rights."

"Be it, then, as your obstinacy wills!"

And the judges departed, leaving the confessor with the two prisoners.

In the mean time, having reached her grandfather's house in the Rue D'Aremberg, Margaret withdrew to her chamber, and falling on her knees before the cross, implored the aid of Heaven, and besought from it that succour which was at once so necessary and seemingly so hopeless on earth.

"What to do, O God! What to do!" she exclaimed in agony. What will become of me? Is it true that I can save my dear, dear parent, and yet hesitate? O God!" she continued with a movement of horror, "this trial is more than I can bear. If you would not see my ruin, oh! at least give me, weak and trembling as I am, strength to

endure, and inspiration to enlighten!"

She rose from her knees unrefreshed, unconsoled; it seemed as though God hid his face from her, and would not receive her prayer. Bitter, bitter hour! She paced to and fro in her chamber with hurried step; she threw the window wide, and leant far out to cool her burning brow with the sweet breath of evening; she pressed her hands upon her heaving bosom to still its painful throbs. In vain—all in vain; the arrow rankled still. There was no hope—only a choice of evils; each way she was lost. Her honour or her father, her dear old father—reft from her for ever! Horrible uncertainty!

"Pierre—Pierre Meerts!" she murmured, "must I lose thee then? Must we be parted for evermore, and that by my own act? Oh, no—no—no!" she shrieked; "I cannot—will not do it." Then the thought of her grandfather bare-headed on the scaffold, his white locks waving in the wind, flashed across her frenzied brain. She saw the executioner approach—she saw rude hands seize upon his aged frame he was forced to the block. That dear head was stretched out for the

death-blow-the bright axe gleamed on high.

"Never—never—never! it shall not be!" burst from her parched lips. "Father—dear father! let come what come may, you shall not die—you shall not die, if Margaret can save you."

And stung to madness by these last horrible images, the unhappy girl, stifling the voice of love that called on her to stop, violently re-

pressing the heart-agony that racked her every fibre, seized on a large dark mantle that lay near, wrapped it round her slight person with mad

haste, and hurried forth.

Night had fallen—onwards she paced, and dragging herself painfully along the streets, avoiding the frequented and well-lighted parts of the town. As she went, at every step there was as it were a voice that ever and anon buzzed in her ears, "Stop—stop, Margaret!" But she only pressed on the faster, and quickened her speed to a run, muttering "No—no—no; I must on—I must on. Get thee behind me!"

Alas! she thought it was the voice of the demon, and it was her

guardian angel that spoke!

Arrived at length, after as it seemed to her a walk of some hours, though in fact it was but an affair of minutes, at the place where stood the noble trees of the garden of the Dukes of Brabant, now the park, but the elegant buildings which now surround it were not then to be seen; she passed by the Abbey of Caudenberg, and entered the ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy and Brabant, then occupied by the governor-general.

Some instants after, in a richly-furnished and elegant writing closet,

she found herself in presence of the Count de Nollenz:

"So, so! here you are at length, lovely Savage," said the young lord lightly, unheedful of Margaret's paleness and affright. "Have I then subdued that little rebellious will of thine?"

"You promised me to save any farther," gasped out the poor young, girl "if" she stopped short. Her horrible internal suffering

was eloquently expressed in her choked and broken voice.

"You have been a very long time in coming," pursued the Count de Nollenz, with a libertine smile; "but, by my soul, it's never too late to receive a pretty girl in one's arms."

Margaret shuddered.

"And what guarantee shall I have," she said, in tones so hollow and despairing, that even the soul, the selfish, villainous, dastardly, cold-blooded soul of the Count de Nollenz was startled into unwonted attention, "that your lordship's word will be kept?"

"I give you my honour as a gentleman," he replied, whilst a peculiar and disagreeably-expressioned smile curled his upper lip, "that to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, your grandfather, or father—which

is it ?—shall leave his prison."

The last ray of a mad hope sparkled in the sunken eyes of the unhappy girl. But at that moment the Count advanced towards her, his base intentions sufficiently manifested by the detested fire of his warm glance.

Margaret trembled in every limb, her blood froze, her heart seemed to cease its pulsation, and her brain its faculties. The die, the fatal die

was cast

"God sees and hears us now!" she despairingly exclaimed, raising her still lovely eyes to Heaven; "let him decide between myself and you!"

And the next morning Margaret Anneesseus, paler yet, was still in the apartment of the Count de Nollenz. It seemed as though she could not

bear the sunshine of that day, which lighted up her heroical dishonour. But there was no frenzy now, no madness-all was cold, calm, passionless despair. Her heart kept whispering to her, "You are lost, Margaret-lost for ever, in this life!" And she only voicelessly replied, "Yes, I am lost, I know it. Well, I can die! but my father, my dear father is saved-yes, he is saved!" And when her heart cruelly pursued the subject, and suggested, "Is he saved?" a spasm of agony shot through her frame, and she would gaspingly reply, "Yes! yes! O yes! he is saved-I know it-I am sure of it; I have the word of the Count de Nollenz." And was it her sick brain, or a verity; but she fancied she heard a cruel, cutting, mocking laugh ringing in her ear, as she gave utterance to this assurance. Poor girl, poor girl! the demon has abused thy weak and tender nature; thou hast indeed sinned deeply; thou hast done evil that good may come, and God, the high and holy, disdains such spotted means; refuses such sullied in-Thy punishment and thy purgation are upon thee!

She stood before the heartless villain, that unhappy girl, earnestly entreating from him the dearly-bought order which was to restore her

father to liberty.

He laughed !- yes, devil! devil that he was, he could laugh lightly,

even then-and said:

"'Tis true, fair Margaret, I promised thee that at ten o'clock he should leave his prison. My word must be kept," he added, pointing as he spoke to an or-moulu timepiece in the corner of the room. "It's now upon the strike; make hast then, pretty one, for at this very moment Anneesseus is leaving the prison of the Steen-Porte for the

Place de la Chapelle, where stands his scaffold!"

The young girl uttered one long, piercing, unearthly shriek. She could not weep, the fountain of her tears was sealed; she could not speak, her lips were parched, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth; there was fire in her brain, and agony in her heart. "Betrayed! betrayed! utterly betrayed!" was all with which her bewildered mind could charge itself; surely the bitterness of death was past with her. One scalding, eloquent regard she cast on the infamous favourite of the Marquis de Prié, wherein her whole outraged soul blazed forth; then convulsively pressing her hand to her bosom, as though some terrible pang had settled there, ghastly, with locks dishevelled, and eyes glaring with all the fierce blaze of fever, she fled with swift and phrenzied step from the pollution-breathing chambers of the Count de Nollenz, and the palace of the government.

Yes, her destroyer had not mercifully lied, it was ten o'clock, and since the morning of the 19th of September, 1719, the news of the execution of the old Syndic of St. Nicholas had been spread throughout the city. Numerous and well-armed patrols circulated through every street, for it was feared lest the people should rise in favour of the condemned man; in a word, the entire Austrian garrison was under arms. The croud hurried towards the Place de la Chappelle, where the fatal scaffold had been erected. It was at this moment that a young and handsome man, who was gloomily ascending the Rue de la Montague, suddenly knocked against a young girl, who was rapidly descending it

in the direction of the Place de la Chappelle.

"Margaret!" he cried, instantly recognizing the granddaughter of the old Syndic.

"Pierre Meerts, is it thee?" said she to her betrothed, with a

glimpse of returning reason; then she added,

"O God! I thank you for this your undeserved mercy. I am unable then to bid him a last farewell—I, the sinner, I—the lost, the

ruined Margaret!"

"Lost! ruined! good God! what means these wild words?" he exclaimed in sudden terror, for he fancied her sorrow must have turned her brain. "Where art thou going, dear one?" he continued, fondly. "Dearest Margaret, wherefore art thou here? Thou canst never support that spectacle of blood. Come, love, come to our house; thou art dearer, far dearer to my heart for the misfortunes that have fallen so iniquitously on thy young head—come? If our tyrants rob thee of a father thou shalt at least find aid and protection from thy lover, thy husband—come?" and he wound his arms round her slight waist.

But she repulsed him; wildly, madly repulsed him. And whilst he gazed upon her in speechless alarm she burst into a shrill, unnatural peal of laughter, that pierced his heart and brain as with a knife; then she suddenly stopped short, glared vacantly for a moment or two around, passed her hand over her brow, and with a sickly smile would have gone on; but he barred her onward progress, and seizing her with

a kind, though firm grasp, exclaimed,

"You cannot, shall not go a foot further, Margaret! the spectacle will kill you else. What ails you, love? Have you forgot my claims upon your heart? Is all our true, and pure, and holy affection fled for ever?"

"True! pure! holy!" she mechanically repeated; "pure! who spoke? O! is it thou, Pierre Meerts? Well, thou hast a right to use

those words, for thine affection was true, pure, and holy!"

Come then, Margaret, come with me?" he replied, overjoyed at her returning reason, for he hoped the paroxysm, whatever had occasioned it, was now passed; "come, lean on me? we shall soon reach my house,

and my dear mother and sister will console thee for"

"No-no-no!" she interrupted him, with frantic vehemence; "I tell you no, Pierre Meerts! I will see my father yet once more! Listen!" she continued, creeping nearer to him, in a voice whose strange and stealthy tones chilled the blood in his young veins, whilst his eyes were fixed in fascination on her burning orbs; "listen! we have but a few moments left, but a few, and I must profit by them, to give thee back thy vows, thy love-nay, never start. I tell thee, Pierre, all is ended between us for ever from this day! Interrupt me not, or I shall go mad, if I am not already mad," she added, in a voice so plaintive that her lover's heart bled as he listened. "I know what thy generous, thy unselfish heart would dictate thee to do and say for me; but it is all in vain-all, all-in thine ear, thine ear-Pierre, close, closer (he shudderingly bent down) : I am disgraced! unworthy of thee! and I would not have thy honest name degraded by my own. I-Iwas promised my father's life at the price of-of-my dishonour, and I was weak enough to seal so infamous a bargain. Well, Heaven has severely, oh, severely, but most righteously, punished me for so criminal

a compliance. Bear witness, oh God! I repine not at thy just judgment! I have been basely cruelly deceived! I am lost, and he goes to his death!—now thou dost know all. Farewell, then, Meerts—pity me, oh pity me! that thou mayest still do. Farewell, Pierre! I pray thee let me say, dear Pierre—'tis the last time remember—farewell, dear Pierre, for ever!"

And whilst the unhappy young man, thunderstruck at such a fearful comfession, remained stupefied and frozen to the spot, Margaret passed swiftly away, and plunged into the moving stream of humanity.

that way hurrying to the Place de la Chappelle.

Arrived there she threw herself into the arms of Anneesseus, just at

the moment when he had reached the foot of the scaffold.

"Poor child! poor child!" said the old patriot sorrowfully, spreading his hands over the young girl's bowed head. "I recommend this orphan to your care, good father," he continued, addressing the priest

who accompanied him.

And as the signal for the execution to commence had already been given, Anneesseus, for the last time, pressed his lips to Margaret's brow and essayed to ascend the fatal steps; but she clung to him convulsively, never speaking a word; and when he turned to her and sadly said—

"What is it, my child? Speak, and speak quickly. My moments

are numbered,"-

She made a violent effort over herself, and hurriedly gasped out-

"Your blessing, grandfather, your blessing?" and as she spoke she fell on her knees, and bent her head so low and grovellingly that her fair-haired tresses swept the dust.

"Thou hast it, dear child of my heart, sweet blossom of my old age!" he tenderly exclaimed. "God for ever bless and guard my

dear Margaret!"

"And your pardon, have I your pardon also, father?" uttered she, in a choked voice.

The old man started.

"Pardon! for what, my child? Never didst thou offend me; why dost thou ask it?"

"Nothing-no matter," she gasped out. "We are all sinners, and need pardon; have I yours?"

"As fully and as freely as I ask and hope to have it from my God,

for my sweet Saviour's sake!" he fervently exclaimed.

The poor girl clutched hold of his extended hand and bore it to her eyes, her heart and mouth heaping on it frantic kisses; then she murmured, low,

"Now, now, dear father, we may part on earth to meet, I trust, in heaven!"

Without another word, Anneesseus turned, and, with a calm and dignified serenity, ascended to his scaffold, leaning on the arm of his confessor.

The sight of that venerable old man, whose head was only covered now by a few rare locks of hair, white as snow, produced a magical effect on the assembled people; sobs and low wails burst forth from all sides. Margaret, motionless, and with death already painted on her features of a ghastly lividness, remained where she had fallen on her knees in the middle of the place at the foot of the fatal scaffold. The soldiers, even they, respecting the grief of the condemned man's grand-daughter, did not venture to repulse her thence; and the sad spectacle of utter woe which she presented, gave a deeper poignance and intenseness to those feelings of regret and pity which already agitated the crowd. But numerous troops were stationed near, with arms presented, and two large cannons pointed at the people, charged to the muzzle, and ready to vomit forth a deadly shower of lead at the least symptoms of revolt.

When upon the scaffold, Anneesseus repulsed, with a movement of convulsive indignation, the executioner and his assistants, who would fain have seized on his person. He himself, with his own unfaltering hands, unfastened his doublet and shirt-collar, and, as though he could not master a momentary impatience whilst a registrar read his sentence aloud, turned away his eyes, and his glance fell on the distant spire of the Hotel de Ville, glittering brightly in the autumn sun. Long, long, and earnestly did he gaze.

"What terrestrial object can yet turn away your thoughts from the care of your salvation, my son?" asked the priest, in surprise. "Look

only up to Heaven now!"

"That building recalls to me," said Anneesseus to him, "how many times I have mounted its steps for the people's cause. Seven times have I sworn in its precincts to maintain my country's rights, and I have been faithful to that oath, father."

"Lay aside such vain and mundane thoughts, my son; the world has nothing more to offer you; rather repeat with me those words of the

prophet, 'Lux perfetua luceat mihi, Domine!'"

"Amen!" said the patient.

The executioner advanced, holding the bandage which was to cover Anneesseus' eyes. Again did the old man repulse him, and, approaching the edge of the scaffold, he lifted up his voice and addressed the

people thus :-

"I die for you," he said, "dear fellow countrymen! I die for having desended your institutions and privileges, which have been sworn to and upheld by all our sovereigns; and for having religiously observed the oath I had taken before entering on the duties for which you elected me."

Then giving himself up to the hands of the executioner, he allowed his eyes to be bound, and placed his head on the block, whilst his lips

murmured the prayers of the dying.

March, 1845.—VOL. XLII. NO. CLXVII.

"Domine, libera animam meam!" were his last words.

At that moment the flash of the broad-bladed axe glittered high in the air, and rapidly descending, a blow, heavy and prolonged, cleft off

the head of the old Belgic patriot.

On descending the scaffold, the priest approached Margaret Anneesseus, who had continued kneeling, motionless and speechless, her head fallen on her breast. When he gently touched and would have taken her away with him, he perceived that she was quite senseless. He had her carried into a neighbouring house, where every care was lavished on her restoration, but the poor young thing was already no more;

the blow of the axe, which had beheaded her father, seemed to have terminated her own days at the same time. Requiescant in pace!

"Loud groans and lamentations," says the old manuscript, from which the principle part of the details of this story has been taken, "loud groans and lamentations burst forth throughout the city immediately upon the decollation of Annecesseus."

The young men of the corporation of St. Nicholas obtained leave to carry away the corpse, and had it conveyed to the church of their quarter, were it was interred with many pious and magnificent ceremonies. The body of his poor grand-child was deposited in the same grave. Despite the express prohibition and threats of the Marquis de Prié unceasing masses were said on all sides for the repose of Anneesseus' soul. The people repaired in crowds, and as though it were some pilgrim's shrine, to the church, and kissed repeatedly the marble slab which covered the old Syndie's tomb; in short, for many days, the inhabitants repaired to the place of execution, and piously gathered up the sand which had been strewn beneath the scaffold, and imbibed the martyr's blood; it was even bought and sold at a high price, as though it were some holy relic.

The execution of Anneesseus suppressed the revolt for the moment; but it had already had time to take root; its fibres silently extended themselves beneath the soil, and sixty-nine years later it burnt forth more violently than before, and thus led the way for those long revolutionary commotions which have at last effected (we trust for ever) the political regeneration and national independence of fertile and industrious Belgium.

W. R

CONTENT.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

The mind is its own place, and in itself, Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Milton.

FRIEND! thou wouldst deem the season fair
If birds were driven through the air
By hyperborean wind,
Or, prostrated upon the waste,
Arrested in their brumal haste;
So estival thy mind.

When the algific blighting sleet
The flowerets of the earth delete
In fancy thou canst see,
Forget-me-not, rose, pimpernel,
Azalia, lilae, asphodel,
Violet, anemone.

When rillets are intensely froze,
Congeal'd in rude Septentrion blose,
Trickling harmoniously,
Down mountain slope thou hearest them
Gemming the root of antique stem,
That glitters in the sky.

Oh! it is not procellus snow
Can chill thy bosom's grateful glow
Or blind thee with its gyre;
The gelid flakes that eddy round,
Then seek in silentness the ground,
Appear to fan its fire.

Thy mind is a verdurous grove,
Beneath whose shade the graces—Love,
Delectably hyemate;
Where Spring allects in its vicine,
(Assisted by the bland Austrine)
Rath flowers to pullulate.

What boots to thee the season's roll?
Thy solstice is in the soul,
Arraying it in bloom;
The genial Cancer's—verging ne'er
To Capricorn's—umbratic drear,
Nubiferous in gloom.

Thus, with Content, an Eden still
Man, though on earth, inhabit will,
An Araby the Blest;
But wanting allubescency,
Hades earth would appear to be,
Though of all else possest.

Lord, might I choose of all thy gifts,
I would a spirit pure, that lifts
The soul above to thee;
And then Content, to forestal HERE
The joys of th' empyrean sphere,
Till of them I'm feoffee!

and the state of t

MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.1

Some of our readers will recollect, that in our Number for October last. we gave a short notice of these volumes, -those who have in the interim gained any knowledge of them, will thank us for proposing now to consider them more fully, -as the study of these revelations, even if it leave nothing more to learn, will lead to the earnest welcoming of any means which may bring them before the public. We have termed these poems, "Revelations;" the word occurred unsought, but perhaps a diligent search would not have found one more appropriate,truly are they revelations of what is best, purest, noblest, in our fallen humanity,-we look up from them, recognizing with renewed force, that, even here, amid the soil of earth, we rank "but a little lower than the angels." It is needless for Miss Barrett to assure us,-though we hail with gratitude any communication regarding itself, from such a nature,-" while my poems are full of faults-as I go forward, to my critics I confess, they have my heart and life in them, - they are not empty shells. Poetry has been a serious thing to me, as life itself; and life as been a very serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far as work, -not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,-but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain, -and as work I offer it to the public, -feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration, -but feeling, also, that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere;"-humility with regard to actual attainment, blending throughout the work with that strain of dignified feeling with which the loftiest aims must inspire a mind with which they are one; -this being one of the cases in which what is "seen," becomes "a part of sight." Perhaps, then, as we claim for Miss Barret, in its fullest sense, the title of poetess, we should devote a little space to the consideration of what the highest art capable of being practised by the human intelligence may include.

What is poetry? Question how often asked! and from the very depth and greatness of what dwells within its compass, ever imperfectly answered. Poetry, in the soul of man, is its fullest conception of the truth provided for its nutriment;—truth in its beauty, in its strength, in its elevation. Poetry in its visible form, must be the expression of the highest feeling blended with the highest thought, in terms most kindred to their nature. It exhibits the soul in its loftiest mental act,—and as the various faculties, the various objects these faculties concern, predominate, poetry—as the language in which the soul

Poems, by ELIZABETH BARRETT, author of "The Scraphim," &c. In 2 vols. Edward Moxon.

speaks—must vary in its form with the order of development,—the tastes and perceptions,—the grade of existences,—of which it is the outward sign. Thus, poetry is descriptive, imaginative, ethical, intellectual, spiritual, in accordance with the order of beauty most clearly perceived by the individual mind whence it emanates. But, whatever may be the object selected to be transfused with the peculiar light of poetry, there must be in the producing mind, the etherial fire from which that light may kindle,—and it will shape, by the law of its own nature, its own individual form and manifestation,—that which burns and glows in the soul, will melt and fuse the media of language, so as to mould a fit channel for its flow. And thus have we varied metre, flexible cadence, appropriate rythm.

Yet poetry has life, fainter or stronger, in every soul of man; in many it lives but in their vivid perceptions of the beautiful,—in many, but as the impulsive language of passionate feeling; in some,—priests of their kind, it dwells, a manifested power,—ruling from the deep palaces of their spirits, the spirits of all other men,—a power of which words are the media,—high truth, the soul,—a power which finds in the beings of its race, the world, from which, like the sun, it quickens "all manner of seed, bearing precious fruit." Poetry, then, has an appropriate form; thus Carlyle has said—"all deep things are long," words which might be the motto to all that is great in action, as well as in thought; and our Milton (we delight to speak as of one Fatherland with him) defines poetry to be

"Thoughts that voluntary move Harmonious numbers."

And this art, which has for its object the noblest the human mind can contemplate, should have aims in harmony with these: the nurture of the soul—the love of the spiritual and holy—the insight which may discern—the strength which may struggle towards them—the yearning towards the unseen and the eternal, in harmony with which man was formed, and in restored affinity to which can the capacities of his spirit alone find congenial exercise. And because-whatever was the state of unfallen man-gradual development,-strength won from difficulties, -success attained through long effort,-appears the condition of our imperfect humanity, the poet learns to give utterance to the thought within him by slow degrees,-by repeated measurement of the power of words, -by progressive training in the use of the implements of his Few, indeed, are they in whom the fire of poetry burns bright and quick enough from its first kindling, to permeate all the superstructure of thought, and to mould all its form by the gradual expansion of the life within; and they are not numerous, who, having "the vision and the faculty divine," have learnt to work worthily with themto enshrine the essence of poetic thought in the appreciable form of noble verse. Of these, we think Miss Barrett eminently one; nay, we claim for her the highest place mid the queens of harmonious thought who have ruled among us. We say this-and do not forget them—the names of Barbauld, Hemans, Landon, Baillie, are on our lips, but as they pass in bright review we feel that we do not lower the place they have won, in assigning one still more high to Miss Barrett.

In deep piety-in bold and original thought, in suggestive description,in newness of simile, in earnest feeling, in genius,-the matrix of all these, - e seems to us 'one bright particular star,' shining from a firmament of her own. Yet Miss Barrett's lyre is one of many tones; at times she reminds us of the deep fanciful thoughts of Tennyson,-at times of the etherial music of Mrs. Hemans-of the high meditations of Wordsworth-of the strong clear portraitures of Joanna Baillie, -nav. of the sphere-elevated strains of Milton; but always there is, the animating soul of these varied cadences, a strain of thought, her own,something difficult to define, -eminently individual, -worthy a noble definition. In endeavouring to give expression to this, it has seemed to us that her point of view is the farthest possible from being bounded by the externalities of things; -it comprehends their far causes, and the results to which they tend ;-she is, in the highest sense, ideal,and discerns through the visible form the law of which it is the exponent :- and of this she makes it the expounder-with a breadth of thought that must no longer be called masculine, and a delicacy of pencilling that we yet name distinctive of woman. We speak of her in Pollok's words :-

"She, from above descending, Stooped to touch the loftiest thought.-"

His noble figure shows her to us, as-

"Not soiled and worn,
As though she from the earth had laboured up,
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
That down from higher regions came, and perched
Itself, to see what lay beneath.

We learn from the dedication to these poems, that their authoress has been trained amid suffering. We quote her own words, they are addressed to her father. "My desire is, that you, who are a witness how, if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day,—that you, who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them every day,-that you, who hold with me over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope, by one name, -may accept from me the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence, which has been sustained and comforted by you, as well as given." It is known from other sources that Miss Barrett has been for some years confined by delicate health, almost to one room and one couch. such lonely teaching has evolved the pure lessons which speak through these volumes, truly, "out of the eater" has "come forth sweetness." We can scarcely imagine a more noble model than this distinguished lady presents; cheering the hours of weariness by the high hope that in fathoming the energies of her own soul, she may pour light into those of her fellow-men. Touissaint L'Ouverture, in his ice-ceiled dungeon, rejoicing in the thought that he had opened the path to freedom for his race; -Milton, in his blindness, pouring forth the song which his countrymen have not "let die;"-far away, Prometheus, hiding from his view the chain and the agony, by the vision of man walking in light and plenty,—rise spontaneously before us, as kindred conceptions.

These poems are above such sanction, yet there are some who may be affected by the knowledge that the greatest in the literary world of our day—Wordsworth, Carlyle, Mitford, Jamieson, Martineau—are among their declared admirers. And now, in proof of the judgment in which we, too, join, we shall adduce the volumes themselves; premising that our selections will present, not so much what we think the most beautiful in them, as the beauties which are not already familiar in the many quotations of our contemporaries; and that we shall point out on our way the faults that lie among the excellencies, and which are not hid by them.

We begin with the Drama of Exile, the subject of which is, the first pilgrimage of Adam and Eve into the wilderness after being driven from Paradise. We quote the first scene,—it is a nobler picture than Turner ever painted.

"Scene.—The outer side of the gate of Eden, shut fast with clouds, from the depth of which revolves the sword of fire, self-moved. A watch of innumerable angels, rank above rank, slopes up from around it to the zenith; and the glare cast from their brightness and from the sword, extends many miles into the wilderness. Adam and Eve are seen in the distance flying along the glare. The angel Gabriel and Lucifer are beside the gate."

The conversation which follows between Gabriel and Lucifer-indeed, the conception of Lucifer, as it may be inferred from the part he takes in the various dialogues-we do not think worthy of Miss Bar-For instance, in this first conversation, Gabriel, who might be supposed, from having kept his high dignity unsullied, to be in some measure note-worthy, four times commands Lucifer to depart, and the result is simply nothing, if we except a variety of malignant sarcasms hurled at Gabriel by the lost angel. Lucifer appears entirely unimpressed by his mandate, and at length quits the disputed ground bacause his exquisite sensibility, touching his own, his Morning Star, cannot endure the allusion made to it by the "Prince of the gate." We confess we cannot amalgamate with our idea of the leader of the fallen angels, as received either from Milton or Holy Writ, the softness, the bitter moaning-as though a nerve were pierced-of Miss Barrett's Lucifer, when in any way reminded of his "Morning Star, last beautiful, last heavenly, that he loved." Even his agony in the last scene, when he "has called thrice to his Morning Star and had no answer,"though beautiful in poetry, and striking in dramatic effect,-we cannot harmonize with the stern idea of him who hath said, "Evil, be thou my good;" or our perception of the dark nature which even Incarnate Love could but describe as "the murderer from the beginning." We are sometimes aided in our appreciation of Miss Barrett's views, by hints in her preface; but as nothing of her delineation of Lucifer is there mentioned, we must leave the subject, having stated our difficulty, not without some hope that as constant and high advance is her aim, she may either revise this portion of her favourite poem, or put it into a form more appreciable by other minds. We pass by the lyrics of the Eden spirits, as having been often quoted, and we must also omit the

eloquent upbraiding of the spirits of organic and inorganic nature, and the dread apparition of the zodiacal signs, symbolizing the creature-life of earth, for want of room,—merely remarking that these are truly vigorous and original conceptions,—and pass on to the emphatic blessing pronounced by Adam upon Eve at the command of Christ.

ADAM. Mother of the world,
Take heart before this Presence. Rise, aspire
Unto the calms and magnanimities,
The lofty uses, and the noble ends,
The sanctified devotion and full work
To which thou art elect for evermore,
First woman, wife, and mother.

EVE. And first in sin.

ADAM. And also the sole bearer of the Seed,
Whereby sin dieth! Raise the majesties
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,
And front with level eyelids the to come,
And all the dark o' the world.

And all the dark o' the world.--Henceforward, woman, rise To thy peculiar and best altitudes Of doing good and of enduring ill-Of comforting for ill, and teaching good, And reconciling all that ill and good Unto the patience of a constant hope. Rise with thy daughters! If sin came by thee, And by sin death; the ransom, righteousness, The heavenly life, and compensative rest, Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth An angel of the woe thou didst achieve; Found acceptable to the world instead Of others of that name, of whose bright steps Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied; Something thou hast to bear through womanhood— Peculiar suffering, answering to the sin; Some pang paid down for each new human life; Some weariness in guarding such a life; Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved Too loyally, some treason. Feebleness Within thy heart, and cruelty without; And pressures of an alien tyranny, With its dynastic reasons of larger bones And stronger sinews. But go to! thy love Shall chaunt itself its own beatitudes, After its own life-working. A child's kiss Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad; A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich; An old man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong; Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown I set upon thy head—Christ witnessing With looks of prompting love—to keep thee clear Of all reproach against the sin foregone, From all the generations which succeed. Thy hand, which plucked the apple, I clasp close;

Thy lips, which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close,-

I bless thee in the name of Paradise,
And by the memory of Edenic joys
Forfeit and lost; by that lost cypress-tree,
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we came out;
And by the blessed nightingale which threw
Its melancholy music after us;
And by the flowers, whose spirit full of smells
Did follow softly, plucking us behind
Back to the gradual banks and vernal bowers
And fourfold river-courses;—by all these
I bless thee to the contraries of these;
I bless thee to the desert and the thorns,
To the elemental change and turbulence,
And to the roar of the estranged beasts,
And to the solemn dignities of grief;
To each one of these ends, and to this end
Of death and the hereafter!

Eve.

I accept
For me and for my daughters this high part,
Which lowly shall be counted. Noble work
Shall hold me in the place of garden rest;
And in the place of Eden's lost delight.
Worthy endurance of permitted pain;
Whilst on my longest patience there shall wait
Death's speechless angel, smiling in the east,
Whence cometh the cold wind. I bow myself
Humbly henceforward on the ill I did,
That humbleness may keep it in the shade.
Shall it be so? shall I smile saying so?
O Seed! O King! O God! who shalt be Seed,
What shall I say? As Eden's fountains swelled
Brightly betwixt their banks, so swells my soul
Betwixt thy love and power!

As he of old knew Apelles by his line, we declare none but a woman could have written that blessing and that response. The delicacy and the fervour, the strength and the weakness, alike are woman's. regret that, close upon these beautiful passages, and others scarcely less worthy, which our allotted space forbids us to quote, occurs, if not one of Miss Barrett's faults, at least one of her peculiarities open to doubt and question. We allude, not to the vision of Christ in itself, but to the sort of descriptive addresses to him of Adam and Eve; and, as it appears to us, to a want of dignity in the words ascribed to him. It is remarkable how little in the sacred narratives expressly describe him of whom they tell us. That "he grew in wisdom and stature;" that the aspect of his countenance encouraged the sick, the halt, the maimed, to come and be healed; that at times "he wept," that at times "he was exceeding sorrowful," we know; but the grandeur of such outlines rather contrasts with expressions like, "Thou standest mute in glory like the sun;" "How do thy clear, still eyes transpierce our souls;" "As gazing through them toward the Father-throne, in a pathetical full Deity; serenely as the stars gaze through the air straight on each other;" "O pathetic Christ! thou standest mute in glory like the moon." If, however, it may be said of Milton, that "the English language sank beneath him," we think that Miss Barrett should have

the full benefit of the undeniable truth, that her themes are beyond the ordinary powers of language. And we regret, that from the difficulty of separating passages from their connection, of the proper length for insertion, in the Drama of Exile, we have scarcely in our notice of it done justice to its merits; we recommend it to the thoughtful perusal of our readers. We will, however, let Miss Barrett speak for herself, on the point of the introducing sacred names and persons. She says—

"The tendency of the present day is to sunder the daily life from the spiritual creed. There is a feeling abroad which appears to me (I say it with deference) nearer to superstition than to religion; that there should be no naming of holy names except in consecrated places. As if life were not a continual sacrament to man, since Christ brake the daily bread of it in his hands; as if the name of God did not build a church by the very naming of it; as if the word God were not everywhere in his creation, and at every moment in his eternity, an appropriate word; as if it could be uttered unfitly, if devoutly. I appeal on these points, which I will not argue, from the convictions of the Christian to his devout heart; and I beseech him generously to believe of me, that I have done that in reverence from which, through reverence, he might have abstained."

We proceed to the Sonnets; they are truly worthy of the lover of Milton and the friend of Wordsworth. Many of them, we feel, speak

the individual experience of the poet.

THE SERAPH AND POET.

The scraph sings before the manifest God-one, and in the burning of the seven, And with the full life of consummate heaven Heaving beneath him like a mother's breast, Warm with her first-born's slumber in that nest! The poet sings upon the earth grave-riven, Before the naughty world soon self-forgiven For wronging him; and in the darkness prest From his own soul by worldly weights. Even so Sing, scraph, with the glory! Heaven is high. Sing, poet, with the sorrow! Earth is low. The universe's inward voices cry "Amen!" to either song of joy or woe. Sing, scraph, poet, sing on equally.

SUBSTITUTION.

When some beloved voice that was to you Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly; And silence against which you dare not cry, Aches round you, like a strong disease and new; What hope, what help, what music will undo That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh, Not reason's subtle count, not melody Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew, Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales, Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws Self-chaunted,—nor the angels' sweet all hails, Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these. Speak thou, availing Christ!—and fill the pause.

PERPLEXED MUSIC.

Experience, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand;
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God's will in His worlds, the strain unfolds,
In sad, perplexed mirrors. Deathly colds
Fall on us, while we hear and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land,
With nightingales in visionary worlds.
We murmur—' Where is any certain tune,
Or measured music, in such notes as these?'—
But angels, leaning from the golden seat,
Are not so minded! their fine ear hath won
The issue of completed cadences;
And, smiling down the stars, they whisper—sweet.

THE TWO SAYINGS.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
Like pulses, in the Church's brow and breast;
And, by them we find rest in our unrest,
And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat
God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.
One is, "And Jesus wept," whereon is prest
Full many a sobbing face, that drops its best
And sweetest waters, on the record sweet.—
And one is, where the Christ denied and scorned,
"Looked upon Peter!" Oh! to render plain,
By help of having loved a little, and mourned,—
That look of sovran love and sovran pain,
Which He who could not sin, yet suffered, turned
On him, who could reject, but not sustain!

A THOUGHT FOR A LONELY DEATH-BED.

If God compel thee to this destiny,
To die alone—with none beside thy bed,
To ruffle round with sobs thy last word said,
And mark with tears the pulses ebb from thee,—
Then pray alone—"O Christ, come tenderly!
By thy forsaken sonship,—and the red
Drear wine-press—and the wilderness outspread—
And the lone garden, where thine agony
Fell bloody from thy brow,—by all of those
Permitted desolations, comfort mine!
No earthly friend being near me, interpose
No deathly angel 'twixt my face and thine;
But stoop thyself to gather my life's rose,
And smile away my mortal to divine."

THE PRISONER.

I count the dismal time by months and years, Since last I felt the green sward under foot, And the great breadth of all things summer-mute, Met mine upon my lips. Now earth appears As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres,
Or thoughts of heaven we weep at! Nature's lute
Sounds on behind this door so closely shut,
A strange, wild music to the prisoner's ears,
Dilated by the distance, till the brain
Grows dim with fancies, which it feels too fine;
While ever, with a visionary pain,
Past the precluded senses, sweep and shine,
Streams, forests, glades,—and many a golden train
Of sunlit hills, transfigured to divine.

INSUFFICIENCY.

When I attain to utter forth in verse
Some inward thought, my soul throbs audibly
Along my pulses, yearning to be free,
And something farther, fuller, higher, rehearse,
To the individual, true, and the universe,
In consummation of right harmony!
But like a dreary wind against a tree,
We are blown against for ever by the curse
Which breathes through nature. Oh, the world is weak—
The effluence of each is false to all;
And what we best conceive, we fail to speak.
Wait, soul, until thine ashen garments fall!
And then resume thy broken strains, and seek
Fit peroration, without let or thrall.

The ballads, which conclude the first volume, have been so often extracted, that we are silent about them; though we should like to linger over our especial favourite, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." If this say is like to dazzle young poets, the corrective is in the next. Seldom has there been a nobler assertion of the true aims and objects of the art,—a resolve to tread through the obstacles on this side of them, though their thorns tear the feet in that march,—a renunciation of the false rewards which are too low for noble achievement—than we find in the "Vision of Poets." "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," must not have its earnest charm-which reminds us of the power to hold his listener of the ancient mariner-broken by dismemberment. We prediet that he who begins this "Rhyme," will not close its leaves till, with throbbing pulse and deepened eye, he has reached its last couplet. We extract a graceful little poem, "The Lady's Yes." It is singular as being the only one we have noticed in these volumes, except "The House of Clouds," originally printed in the "Athenæum," in which there is a spirit of playfulness. But playfulness is not to be looked for in a mind working through much physical exhaustion; and better than the charm it gives, is the elevated patience with which our authoress believes, not only that trials will have end, but that they contain blessing.

THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!
Colours seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,

Lamps above, and laughs below—

Love me sounded like a jest,

Fit for Yes, or fit for No!

Call me false, or call me free,—
For, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change in mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the starry skies, Guard her by your truthful words, Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true— Ever true—as wives of yore— And her Yes, once said to you, Shall be Yes for evermore.

Those of our readers who remember "Victoria's Tears," a poem of Miss Barrett's, first appearing in a London Newspaper, and often reprinted, will hail, on a kindred subject, Victoria's Marriage. "Crowned and Wedded," begins by carrying us back to the Coronation; it enumerates those then in presence there, till it arrives at

The dead—who lie in rows beneath the minster-floor,

There, verily an awful state maintaining evermore—

The kings and queens who having made that vow, and worn that crown,

Descended unto lower thrones, and darker, deep adown!

Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them?—what meaning can it have?—

The King of kings, the rights of death,—God's judgment and the grave.

And when betwixt the quick and dead, the young fair queen had vowed, The living shouted—" May she live! Victoria, live!" aloud—And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between, "The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O crowned Queen!" But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew, And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto. She vowed to rule, and in that oath her childhood put away—She doth maintain her womanhood in vowing love to-day. O lovely lady! let her vow!—such lips become such vows, And fairer goeth bridal-wreath than crown with vernal brows! O lovely lady!—let her vow!—yea, let her vow to love! And though she be no less a queen, with purples hung above, The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around, And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground; Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that state, While loving hopes, for retinues, about her sweetness waits.

She vows to love—who vowed to rule—the chosen at her side;
Let none say, "God preserve the Queen," but rather, "Bless the Bride!"
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream
Wherein no monarch, but a wife, she to herself may seem!
Or if ye say, "Preserve the Queen!" oh! breathe it inward, low,
She is a woman, and belov'd, and 'tis enough but so!
Count it enough, thou noble prince, who tak'st her by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love our Lady of the land!
And since, Prince Albert, men have call'd thy spirit high and rare,
And true to truth, and brave for truth, as some at Augsburg were,
We charge thee, by thy lofty thoughts and by thy poet-mind,
Which not by glory and degree takes measure of mankind,
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
And hold her uncrown'd womanhood to be the royal thing!

And now, upon our Queen's last vow, what blessings shall we pray? None straiten'd to a shallow crown will suit our lips to-day. Behold! they must be free as love—they must be broad as free—Even to the borders of heaven's light, and earth's humanity. Long live she! send up loyal shouts, and true hearts pray between, "The blessings happy peasants have, be thine, O crowned Queen."

We believe these lines will be mused over by many a happy young wife, with him who calls her his lady-love, by their own fire-side, throughout our broad England; for their truth speaks to every heart, from its highest circle to its lowest. We turn very regretfully from the next poem, "Crowned and Buried,"—Napoleon—which is full of noble thoughts. We can only quote two stanzas, and they are but a fair specimen.

Napoleon! sages with high foreheads drooped, Did use it for a problem; children small Leaped up to greet it as at manhood's call; Priests blessed it from their altars overstooped By meek-eyed Christs,—and widows with a moan Spake it, when question'd why they sat alone.

That name consumed the silence of the snows
In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud-hid!
The mimic eagles dared what Nature's did,
And over-rush'd her mountainous repose
In search of cyries; and the Egyptian river
Mingled the same word with its grand "for ever."

We had marked many other passages for insertion; part at least of "The Lost Bower," real fact typifying the soul's experience—the history of the life; "Loved Once," a noble Pindaric ode, but, unlike Pindar's, comprehensible by the simple as well as by the initiated; "Caterina to Camöens, on her Death-bed," unrivalled in the deep tenderness of its self-renouncement—the sentiment, as it were, set to the soft music of the verse. We can only give a few verses from "A Portrait" of the loveliest little maiden we have seen on such canvas.

I will paint her as I see her! Ten times have the lilies blown Since she look'd upon the sun. And her face is lily-clear— Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty, To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encoloured faintly, Which a trail of golden hair Keeps from fading off to air.

And a forehead fair and saintly, Which two blue eyes undershine, Like meek prayers before a shrine.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her, He would sing of her in falls Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper—"You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
The same picture) would exclaim—
"'Tis my angel with a name."

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
Ay, and certes, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

We had purposed saying a few words on some errors of diction; rhymes which speak neither to the eye nor ear; strange new words not to be found in any dictionary—" made out of the carver's brain;" interpolations of Greek expressions in Greek, of which ladies, less versed than Miss Barrett in the Classics, may complain. We might also have remarked on occasional obscurities of style, not always to be accounted for by the mystery of the theme; and of small aberrations from truth in descriptions of natural objects. We might have said, that as nightingales to not sing on "wolds" but in valleys in fact, they ought to have done so in vision; that the linden-tree, the eglantine, the columbine, and hop, have never chanced by us, as in "The Lost Bower," to be found in conjunction. But it were unreasonable to expect that one shut out so long from the face of nature should never err in her minute portraiture; the wonder is, that the fair image has been guarded so truthfully by Love and Memory; and, as there are innumerable beauties we must reluctantly pass, we will not do more than indicate the

faults, slight in comparison. We hope ere long to greet Miss Barrett again, and would suggest to her how large a plot of unclaimed ground lies for our poets among the annals of our country. We know not why "Ancient England" should call forth less noble lays than "Ancient Rome."

We rejoice to hear that Miss Barrett's health is improving; and as we rank among those who think that bodily health is an aid to mental vigour, we gladly anticipate the high flight which Miss Barrett may take when her spirit has shook the dust of its long travel from its wings—then may England exult in her noblest poetess. There are some authors who have to wait long aud wearily for the notice of the public; there are others who are popular, universally read on their first appearance, but never read after. For Miss Barrett we hold a bright augury, which her past and present experience sees in course of fulfilment, that she will unite what is best in either lot—that she will be, as she deserves to be, esteemed and admired at once and throughout future generations.

THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Do ye yet wear your wintry looks
Ye dull and leafless trees?
Is there no music in the brooks,
No balm upon the breeze?
Yet stay—a primrose meek and pale
Peeps from yon hedge row drear,
Telling the glad and welcome tale,
That Spring will soon be here.

Feebly the redbreast trills its strain;
Snow on the ground is spread;
Chill frosts the bounding rills restrain,
Clouds darken o'er my head;
Yet thou, fair Primrose, hast a spell
My sinking heart to cheer;
And I can bear stern Winter well
Since Spring will soon be here.

Then shall I faint in earthly ways,
And shrink from earthly cares,
While Hope before my eager gaze
The bud of promise bears?
Ever she seems, of life and bloom
The herald to appear;
Ever she tells, 'mid storm and gloom,
That Spring will soon be here.

Nor from the low and grovelling earth
Does Hope's sweet flower arise,
It claims a nobler, purer birth,
Its home is in the skies.
By frosts assail'd, by tempests driven,
I need not droop or fear,
Owning a gracious pledge from Heaven,
That Spring will soon be here.

LEISURE HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE STUDENT.

Hеісно! how everything is changed now-a-days from what everything was in the memory of even the "youngest inhabitant." If Old England be not gone defunct, it has at any rate transmigrated its spirit into the corporeity of Young England, and is now "a name and nothing more." Why, everybody and everything seems to have caught the same fever, and the universal pulse is up to 120. That Yankee word, "progress," is grown into a great English fact; and we are all and every one most industriously progressing. Our grandfathers wrote—and, what is worse, read—folios; we can hardly snatch time to glance down the "Times," or, as we fly from Euston Square to Manchester, study "Punch." You can't, positively, leave your house, that stands so nicely at Brompton, Bayswater, or Camden Town, with the green fields before or behind it, but, as soon as your back is turned, they run up a tall, useful row of houses right opposite your windows; and when you come back the houses are finished, furnished, and dwelt in. It used to be a journey from the Land's End to London, or from the Thames to the Tweed; but now it's only a jaunt, quite a joke, a trifle not worth mentioning. Why, we remember five years ago-and really that's quite a retentive memory when one lives so fast-but only five years ago, we left a West of England town at three o'clock, P.M., for London; and after serenading the rising moon on Salisbury Plain, and then supping at one o'clock under the very shadow of the tall cathedral spire, at the sign of the "White Horse," we did manage to draw near the outskirts of the metropolis towards one o'clock on the following day. Then there was some credit in "going to town." People looked upon you when you came back as you would look on Bruce just home from the Nile, or Munchausen from Scandinavia; and you had a licence to deal in wonders, wholesale or retail. But now! why not one man in a thousand hasn't been everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Principality; nineteen out of every twenty have been "on the continent;" (Qy .- To Boulogne, with a return ticket?) your cousins have all been "up the Rhine;" and the only one who has any right to tell a traveller's tale, is your brother "just come home from China," and he's looked upon as almost commonplace. There's no such thing as a "Yarrow Unvisited;" and the travel-book makers will all be bankrupted if some new country doesn't soon turn up to be explored and chronicled.

One dreadful result of all this is, that now everybody has adventures to tell, and nobody can stop to listen; everybody can write "Sketches of my Travels," but there's nobody left to read them; everybody has a little tax to levy on somebody else, but, unfortunately, there's no somebody else on whom to levy it. What's to be done? If we all turn benefactors, who is to be benefacted? If we all sell, who is to buy? "Damus petimusque viccissim," must be our motto. There must be an export and an import dock for every one of us; "you listen to me and I'll give you a hearing," the general principle on which to proceed. So, good friend and reader, this time submit; take your hat off, sit down, light your Havannah—so—soft and easy! Tolerably comfortable for a martyr! and booked for ten minutes by Shrewsbury clock as a listener.

We have no design to take you, friend, out of her Majesty's home dominions, but from London to Cork, viâ Liverpool. And if the familiar household words, "When we were at Killarney," should steal out, please to forget our old Bracebridge Hall friend, who was always "at the taking of Seringapatam." A few idle joltings down of the road—roadside fare—will be all with which we promise to burden your patient martyr-time.

No. I.

LIVERPOOL TO CORK.

It was a dull over-clouded afternoon in the beginning of July, 1842—an afternoon in summer, which, but for the name of the thing, might have been in autumn or early winter-when, carpetbag in hand, we stepped from the wharf-side of the Clarence Dock to the deck of the Ocean, bound for Cork. Sundry well-furnished baskets of "Ormskirk gingerbread" were ominously paraded up and down the deck, their fair merchant owners strongly maintaining their virtue in preventing all uncomfortable internal misgivings whilst at sea.. The weakness of our frail humanity is a glorious thing to speculate upon in a mercantile way, as the gradually lessening piles of gingerbread might have testified to any reflective philosophic mind. Strong in the faith of that creed which prescribes a full occupation of the thoughts in other matters as a sure safeguard against the universal leveller, we scorned the confectionary, and walked boldly to and fro on deck, bearing with us the last number of the "Dublin University," which contained the memorials of our friend Jack Hinton's progress through life, and purposing, so soon as an unsteady motion should warn us of a rough sea, to devour, with all-absorbed attention, the pages of the tale.

The entrance to the Mersey from a wide and stormy Atlantic may be, and doubtless is, very beautiful and picturesque in the eyes of the weary mariner, who hails it as the first land that has welcomed him for days or weeks of monotonous voyaging; but viewed as an exit instead of an entrance, the man must be considerably imaginative who should stop to describe its fascinations. The dull sand-flats on the Bootle and Waterloo shore to the north are being perpetually stared at by a few windy-looking houses at Egremont and New Brighton to the south; while the day and night watch duty is divided in alternation between them; Bootle standing sentinel with its tall landmarks by day, and New Brighton keeping a steady look-out from the red eye of its lighthouse Far be it from us, however, to speak slightingly of by night. that faithful watch-light. If nature has made the Mersey mouth unpoetical, art has at least fixed its poetry here. If a poetical object be one that summons up thoughts and imaginations in which abideth the true poetry of man's nature, then surely are these beacon-towers along the steep part and parcel of the rich poetry of our rock-bound coast. We have stood where, upon the wild bleak cliffs of Kent, the Foreland throws its red glare down the Channel, welcoming the homeward-bound as they round its point, and catching, amidst the dark night, friendly and answering glances from its unslumbering brethren away on the Goodwin; and at another time we have ascended, step by step, to the height of that broad-based tower that looks abroad from the rocky crags of Flamborough Head, and heard the waves in their dull roll like distant thunder, breaking among the vast caverns that are hollowed out at its base: and if there be not voices from each and all telling out, more clearly and distinctly than any with which those goblin chimes ever cheered old Trotty Veck, tales of faithful-hearted Love watching on through every dark stormy night of drear adversity-and of Hope living on through tempest-wrath that has quenched all other light-and of Truth shining on with planet-like lustre, steady and undimmed, amidst all the confusion of rough elements around, and above, and below it; -if there be not voices from the bright watch-tower whose tone may thus be interpreted, why then-

"Steward, a glass of brandy-and-water."

"Coming, sir."

Now, brandy-and-water at sea being a very excellent barometer—the first order being a sudden drop from "fair" to changeable," and so on, orders multiplying until empty glasses, a lonely deck, and some brave solitary order for another glass, give sure index of "stormy;"—these sounds, which interrupted our musings, told that the hour was come for taking the "Dublin Univer-

sity." Accordingly, having left the other light-house at the mouth of the Dee at a sightless distance behind, we lighted our cigar, and sat down to magnanimity and "Jack Hinton."

Harry Hotspur tells us of the delicate gentleman who was

pleased to inform him that

"but for those vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier."

But there are viler guns hindering a man from becoming a sailor; and if it did not blow these on that same July night, we thought it did, and felt just as if it did; and we certainly, for all practical purposes, might as well have dropped in upon that facetious wind, that, having knocked down the moral Mr. Pecksniff, went off, very immorally, to sea "to make a night of it." Neither the night, however, nor the wind could last for ever; so, after nearly thirty hours at sea, we neared the very welcome, and, to us, very lovely, Cove of Cork. Passing the straits at the entrance of the harbour, where, from the opposite hills, the ruins of two towers tell their story of departed terror, we bore round to the left between the isles in which are treasured the government artillery stores, and the hillside on which rises picturesquely, as viewed from that distance which "lends enchantment" to that which a nearer glance might rob of it, the scattered village or hamlet known as "Cove." then that lovely passage from Cove up the river, or rather the arm of the sea, to Cork; bearing you, as it does, between high sloping banks, clothed with rich verdure, and dotted over with the mansions of the wealthier merchants, is really a picture which, seen beneath the warm sunshine, you never can forget. In itself that Cove and that passage must be beautiful; we are impartially persuaded of that truth. But to us, it glowed in all the enchantment of an Arcadia. It was the first Irish soil on which our eye had rested; and it was dear for the memory of our fathers' dust which slept beneath the clods of its bright green valleys. It was Ireland; that to us made it the land of poetry and romane. Childhood's fairy hours had loved the land, and treasured its name as a household jewel. Its wild sad melodies had been on our lips, and its dark tale of wrongs had dwelt in our heart for many a long year; and now, at last, its dear soil welcomed the feet of an estranged yet loving child. Talk of the Mersey, the Severn, the Humber, the Orwell, the Thames! We have sailed up and down Let who will admire them, give us, say we, the passage them all. up the Lee.

Here we are, then! Black Rock Castle on the left—the Nunnery up among the old trees behind it—the long pier walking out into the stream and splitting it into two channels, the one destined to be dried up into a park, the other offering itself as a pathway for our paddle-wheels;—here we are, along side the wharf—land once again, and that land "Green Erin." Columbus kissed the stranger soil that was to be immortally linked with his memory, and we—

"Carry yer honour's carpet bag?"

"D'ye think his honour's going to be afther walking, ye dirty spalpeen? Sure and it's meself that'll be proud to dhrive his honour to his hotel."

Sure "yer honors" were as plenty as blackberries, though now, doubtless, the Irish-hearted "Nation" has made every mother's son of them abjure "yer honour," and call every Saxon simply "sir," which, as the "Nation" very justly remarks, is "good

enough for the king."

After thirty hours at sea, commend us for a dinner to mine host of the "Imperial," though that immense room in which you are to do it justice does look out upon a narrow street and a dusty deserted-looking house, over the door of which is the imposing title "CORK LIBRARY." Remember you are in the land where grandeur and cobwebs sit quietly side by side. Know your own happiness, and eat your dinner. That duty leisurely discharged, and the evening shadows having shut you in, your cigar and (in spite of Father Mathew) your whiskey toddy may prepare you for the pillow that shall yield you up fresh to examine the Lions to-morrow.

Morning in a strange land, a strange room, and a strange bed! How strange, too, the sensations of that first start to wakeful consciousness before memory has time to bring up before you all the particulars of your whereabouts! Accustomed to the almost monotonously regular wakening to the sight of old familiar objects; to find yourself just where every evening has left you, day after day, for months without a change; to catch, each morning, the same household voices and domestic sounds, which have been as the very mile-stones to tell you how far you have slept on into the daylight hours—there is something quite startling in the novelty of a reveillié for the first time in a strange place. But, as you draw the curtains, memory draws hers, and you begin to plan out your movements for the new day. That rich Kerry brogue beneath your window, mingled, as it is, with the tread of hoofs and the rattle of harness, tells you that the Western mail is starting for Killarney, and reminds you that you have been slumbering within a morning's drive of Imagination's fairy land—the glorious Lakes. No more sleep after that thought; so up, and see the new world before you, and be ready all the earlier for that morning's ride anon.

A pleasant saunter through the town to its outskirts brought us to that lovely miniature Pere-la-Chaise, the Cork Cemetery—a quiet spot, just fitted to be a resting-place for the sleeping dead. It was formerly the Botanical Gardens of the town, but has since

been purchased by a Roman Catholic priest, and devoted by him to its present sacred purpose There are many of the shrubs and flowers left to grow luxuriantly wild, which give a breath of poetry to the green graves with which they mingle; whilst amidst the straggling embraces of the wild clematis, or rising through clusters of blooming roses, stand a multitude of crosses, chiefly of wood, bearing the frail memorials of the silent dwellers below, and asking the vain remembrance of the passer-by with the exhortation "PRAY FOR THE SOUL," and the initials or full-length desire of the affectionate survivor, "REQUIESCAT IN PACE." In one corner of the ground there stands a large cork-tree, and. scattered up and down, are very many funereal cypresses. Strange is it to note how nearly in our nature smiles may dwell to tears! We turned, with a saddened spirit, from a simple marble column, broken off in the shaft, which marked the resting-place of a lovely girl of 18, cut down in the pride of beauty's bloom, and read these lines, written by some unskilled, yet perhaps loving hand, on a plain white cross beside it:

"A father's pride,
A mother's dear,
A beloved child
Lies buried here.
She lived to be her parents' pride,
Until her angel came with flying wings,
And took her up to the
King of kings."

Some kind soul has written a book lately, we see by the advertisements, full of desirable poetic epitaphs for the public comfort. We commend to him the above for his second edition, if he should live long enough to execute it. One not so poetical, but quite as Irish, we saw standing in the burial-ground of Mucross Abbey, near Killarney, which is literally neither more nor less than this:—

"PATRICK DONOVAN DIED 1745 FOR HIMSELF AND POSTERITY."

But, leaving the Cemetery, we strolled back into the town, and threaded our way through its principal streets, not remarkably struck with the beauty of any of them. In St. Patrick's Street, which is the main one leading up from the river, we wandered into a bookseller's shop to find what literature seemed most current amongst our neighbours; and there we entered into converse with a very nice old lady, who told us how that Mr. Samuel Carter Hall served formerly an apprenticeship to letters beneath her homestead, and very loud was the old lady in the praises of both Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose picturesque "Ireland" lay upon her counter.

Passing through the streets, we observed that the walls were

placarded with bills offering large rewards for the discovery of the perpetrators of that most diabolical crime—throwing oil of vitriol into the face of a gentleman who had incurred the hatred of some of the men he formerly employed. Ireland had long been the bugbear of an ancient wealthy neighbour of ours in Old England, who always firmly believed it to be nothing but a land of ruffians; and we could not forbear a deep regret that deeds like these should ever brand with the infamous mark of cruelty and cowardice the children of a soil so bright and fair. These are, however, happily, the exception, and furnish at least an evidence of that temperament in which strong passions are ever the dark side only of what

has on the bright side equally warm and strong affections.

Who has not heard of the virtues of the Blarney Stone? Anxious to possess them as we were, our afternoon was devoted to a visit to the castle, which stands at a pleasant distance from the town. Thither, accordingly, we drove; and for some time before reaching it, the old tower peeped out upon us from the immortal "Groves" in which it is embowered. It is but a ruin, retaining not much beyond the tradition of its former strength. dition declares that it defied the ruinous power of Cromwell's artillery, yielding only one stone before that tremendous trial of its firmness. Be this as it may, there is not much now to sustain so proud a character. The lower part of the ruin is used as a dairy-house, in which some very unromantic old women were arranging the stores derived from the evening visit to the cows that graze around. A flight of steps led us to the top, from whence the view commands a fine expanse of country round. The interior is occupied by thickly-grown shrubs and remarkablyfine ivy, which spreads over the old ruin in green luxuriance. The boys who formed our escort had that day adventured to scale some part of the interior, and take as their spoil the nest and unfledged brood of a hawk who had there appointed to rear the band of airy robbers. The parent thus bereaved was hovering even then above our heads, and sweeping, with disturbed cries, in wide circles round and over the castle. "The Blarney Stone" was pointed out to be one at some distance from the top, in the outside tier of stones that rises as a battlement; so that the kissing it, which we accomplished, is rather an adventurous feat. Determined, however, to carry away the smooth-tongued virtue, we followed the example of many whose distinguished names were paraded before our regard as heroes who had tasted and proved the certain efficacy of the deed. Our road of departure conducted us for some distance through the Grove, past a small sheet of water, richly blooming with large white water lilies. A bareheaded and bare footed, yet beautiful, dark-eyed, and raven-tressed peasant girl was gathering mushrooms through the meadow-land, and ran after the carriage which conveyed us out, proffering them

with simple grace, yet with the arch expectancy of Saxon silver, the bestowal of which was followed by profoundly-grateful salutations as she opened the wide gate for our departure. She might have sat for that painting of "Nature's Toilet," which has been for months a gem of the print-shops here. We purchased the print, at any rate, for her memory's sake.

A few more rides and rambles round the neighbourhood, and one or two delightful specimens of that warm-hearted thing—Irish hospitality—made up a week in Cork, the remembrance of which

haunts

"the greenest spot In memory's waste."

The eighth morning after our arrival saw us mounting the Kerry mail and starting for Killarney and the Lakes; of which, if your cigar is out, and your patience, good reader, gone with it, we can only say——nothing at present; but, if you are so inclined, more anon. A week of full employment spent on the very banks of the Lake, a day's salmon-fishing in the Blackwater, and the return by Glengariff and Bantry Bay, may fill up as many idle moments, perhaps, for you next month, as they did idle days with your friend,

THE STUDENT.

LEGENDS OF ANTIQUE YEARS.

No. IV.

CÆSAR'S DESPATCH AFTER THE BATTLE OF ZELA.

O GLORIOUS upland country! How well thine heights beseem, The splendours of the rising sun, On each fair peak that beam! Well round those stately hills are met The sons of many a land; Well may their skyward watch be set On the sun-march these command! Nay-think'st thou 'tis for sun-lit view Those myriads cluster there? Think'st thou one thought, mid thousand gain Those woodlands very fair? Look on those helms that star the hill; Look on those war-crests proud; Look on those day-bright shields, and tell Why meet that glittering crowd.

That force it is of Asian garb,
Of Asian brow and eye—
So saith the cap, the carved blade,
The form's slight symmetry.
So rest they. Is't to wait a foe?
Will vain such gazing be?
Nay, as I look it is not so,
An adverse strength I see.

Those legions few, but firm,
A sterner war could dare,—
Through stately realms hath their calm step gone,
And waked but a suppliant prayer.
As the eagle's bearing, proud—
Swift borne as the eagle's wing—
Well to those legions may Cæsar trust
In his war with the Pontian king.
Rome's banner and Cæsar's, how high they're borne,
'Mid the pomp of the Appian Way—
O'er a hundred states have they flung its shade—
Will they cower 'neath that sign to-day?

Oh! now is the strife begun;
The fierce bolt swoops from far;
E'en those steel-strong legions aside must turn
From the path of the sworded car.
The terrible clash of war!
Death-bearing each onslaught flies—
And 'tis dread to stand, as at Minos' bar,
'Neath the flash of their leader's eyes.

Oh! many a life is fled
From life to the shadowy land;
Each moment a soul from earth's earnest love
To the dreaming of that pale band.
But on—the fight stays not our thought;
On—on—sweep the legions three—
On—past the bridge o'er which Mithros fought
When with him was the victory.
There stands the column, aye greeteth day
He will'd should his triumph tell;
There the morass, with whose wild'ring maze
Dark thoughts through a Roman swell.

"Ay, on to the charge again;
Those slaves should a Roman know;
Home to their hearts send the bright keen steel,
Rome's gift to her proudest foe.
And they dare to look towards the treach'rous soil
Swoln once with the ranks of Rome.
"Tis well—from that damp bed our warriors call,
That there should their foes have home."

And Rome's dread standards flew With their chief's unconquer'd tone,— Pierced—trampled—warm—the Pontians knew
How smites that foe, alone.
Ha! was there king a murderer vile?
Owned he but tyrant sway?
Surely beyond such claim to wrong
They have dearly paid to-day;
Such state of ill should stir men's minds
To rescue, not to slay.
Woe! empire, freedom, wealth—e'en name,
An hour sees disappear—
Trifling the wreck of the storms and seas,
To what man's hate worketh here.

Hath sped the fight? my dizzy brain No more such horror could retain. Hath sped the fight? The day is done! By whom?—nay—how?—is victory won? I view the victor's tent— Thence, well that field is seen-Oft will his dark glance leave the page Must tell that fight I ween; For the broad dim files of the unwashed dead Rise him and the sun between. Thousands, their way down earth, War then called first from home, Strong vassals, if the fight had spared-How will this tell at Rome? He'll bid them raise a column high, Annalist of this victory Trophy, yet sad one too; Though triumph pledge, its speech must be Saddenn'd with thoughts, 'mid victory, Of death, that life must rue.

There is brooding thought in Rome-Months sweep on, day by day, And not a whisper hath reached their home Of her legions far away. Anitius sits alone, Whom Cæsar calls his friend: He'll meet no more the gaze of Rome, 'Till this unnamed fear hath end. Hark! teareth up the street A courser's foaming speed-Ay-bears for him, that charger fleet, The scroll he burns to read. What tells it of the foe? Fierce strife too dearly won? It "veni, vidi, vici" saith, And all its tale is done. Is joyous life in Rome? E'en the senate's calm, proud seat It moves; there are looks from the ivory chairs That envoy of power to greet; Those rulers stern, from their seats of strength, Whence words can the half-earth fill, Arise, 'mid the sweep of Patrician robes, For such news can Rome's loftiest thrill.

Most brief despatch could e'er general form,
Yet it told of a new realm won;
Did they read through the words from his spirit warm,
Their province could twice the subjects claim?
Or, e'er it had bowed before Cæsar's name,
As now, when the strife was done?
"I came—I saw—I conquered"—was this all
Of those, might Zela's day, new Romans' call?
When Roman power was crushed to earth,
Her empire passed away;
Think ye the riches Pontus gave
Were strength that testing day?

Ye have been taught, with "peace on earth"
Must come, "good will to man;"
Ye who have learnt from Him, through all
Whose life love only ran,
Show in your lives the lesson long unknown—
Men's breath is costlier than the wealth they own;
And he who clasps an empire with his seal,
Consents, as brother to his sons, to feel;
For trustless is the power, the treasure poor,
Save love with justice dwell, its guardians pure.

Leeds.

E. H.

TO HARRIETT.

IMPROMPTU.

FORGIVE me, dearest, if I liken thee Unto the waters of the bright blue sea, When, still'd from tempest and from danger free, It heaves its gentle, calm, and liquid breast, And hushes back my sorrows to eternal rest.

For, oh! indeed, there liveth in thine eye
Such light as gems the immortal sky,
Which, mirror'd in the sea like purity,
Doth bid man's warring, withering spirit cease,
And live in unity as well as love for aye and peace.

d.

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PRINCELY BOON-THE DAMOSEL OF COUNSEL WITH THIEVES IN HER OWN DESPITE.

Or a surety, that true and kindly maiden needed not that any should recall to her thoughts the desolate plight of those two young creatures in the town below; for whom she ordered matters so diligently, that no sooner was the castle grate drawn up next morning, than Gauchet, at her desire, set forth to their hostelry, whence he had undertaken to bring them by private and unfrequented ways, without sight or knowledge of any, to the chambers of the Damosel Avis; she having thus appointed the over night, with design to spend some part of the hours between that and the time set for their audience of her royal lady, in teaching them somewhat of the speech and behaviour that were suitable to such a place.

Now this, she deemed, might prove no light essay with that hardy, wilful Alcyone, who, at all seasons, both looked and bore her as if she would take no more account of queen or princess than of her old Maleheëque; and, in sooth, she had not deemed amiss, for the Breton maiden, though she showed her all possible love and thankfulness for the good service she had done them, no sooner heard her beginning to discourse of forms and reverences than she speedily cut her short; say-

ing, in her wonted stern, haughty fashion,

"Fear not, maiden, that Alcyone will work thee shame or blame!

she knows her devoir, to herself, and all!"

In like manner had the Damosel prayed that they would array them for that morning after their own rich and fantastic manner, as she had seen them at Roche Keronel; not only to show reverence to Madame de Berry, but also to set off, to greater advantage, their own beauty and nobleness of aspect; but how she had sped in this her request, soothly she could not discover, since both one and the other were disguised alike as young damosels in long white weeds, that wholly covered them from head to heel, which, maugre all she could say, they kept closely enwrapt about them; until that very moment they were about to enter the closet, whither she led them, by command of the duchess, after morning mass.

Howbeit, when at last they were pleased to throw off their outer gear, May Avis was right well content, for aught so beauteous or so stately semed she never yet to have beheld; and even the fair duchess, her mistress, through all her calm sedate mien of dignity, avoided not wholly discovering her sudden admiration, as that rare Alcyone, with her proud, fearless look, and her light free step, came forward, leading in her hand the gentle page, both clad alike, after their manner, in long gowns, white as snow, with girdles and collars of wrought gold; and on the head of the maiden, but set far back amongst her braided tresses, was a golden circlet, that sparkled all over with rubies of price.

¹ Continued from page 220, vol. XLI.

Nevertheless, no way amazed or daunted at the presence of so great a lady, was that untamed Damosel herself, but bent her knee on the edge of the dais, and lightly touched her hand with those dainty red lips, as she had been used to all such courtly observances her life long; then rising, she drew back with high and lofty air, and stood, with her eyes fixed on the ground, in deep silence, which the duchess, for a while, forgot to break, so wholly was she taken up in gazing on her.

"Young maiden," she said at last, "thou hast besought this au-

dience; what is it thou wouldst entreat of me?"

"The licence to live, and to live virtuously, madame," said Alcyone, in that low, sweet, sad voice, that none could hear unmoved.

" Nay, maiden, where is thy need to pray for that which every sub-

ject hath of right?"

"We are no subjects, madame, and may claim no rights! we are truly but outlaws and outcasts, whom men are free to hunt and kill, by day or night, like the wolf or fox, if once we cease from violence."

"'Tis, in sooth, a hard hap for thee, poor child, and for that gentle boy with thee," said the duchess. "Wherein dost thou seek my aid to

amend it?"

"A word from your lips, madam, should move my Lord of Berry to grant our sire his pardon, and such countenance as should give us, henceforth, to live honestly and peacefully, wronging and suffering

wrong from none."

"Nay, maiden, ill would it beseem a royal prince, like the Duke of Berry, to accord his countenance to a thief and an outlaw. I warn thee, that the most thy sire can hope from thy suit, is the licence to live, forgotten and unknown, in some remote part, where he may atone for his past life in prayer and penance."

"We ask no more, madam!" said Alcyone, proudly; "and, but for this poor boy, we had not sought even this, but had died in silence in our den, like our fellows of the rocks and wilds. We ask but so much; and for this are we ready to pay largely into my Lord of Berry's

treasury, in amends of our sire's trespass."

The brow of the fair young duchess grew red with shame and anger, to percieve that even this wild Breton girl was aware of her lord's covetousness, that would sell all things for gold; whilst May Avis quaked for fear of what might next befall with that truth-telling Aleyone; howbeit, in another moment the duchess inquired,

"Who is thy sire, maiden?"

"One, madam, whose misdeeds are better known than the wrongs and oppressions that drove him thereunto. In his brighter day, men called him Basil de l'Angle, a favoured and faithful squire of the princely Duke of Anjou; in later years, Sansloy, the sea-robber of the Morbihan."

"This last is, in very deed, a name of sad and evil bode," answered the royal lady. "Wherefore hast thou not rather addressed thy suit to his sovereign, the Duke of Bretaigne, or to my Lord of Burgundy; or, yet more fittingly, to the Queen of Sicily, the widow of his own lord?"

"Alas, madam, little may a failing old man, with none to plead for him save a helpless maiden and a child, hope to gain succour, for love or gold, from my Lords of Bretaigne or Burgundy! For Madame d'Anjou, in sooth itwas her suit against our sire, on his lord's death that despoiled him of his substance, and drove him to the rocks and caves of Bretaigne for a living and a refuge."

"And who was thy mother, maiden?" again asked the duchess.

"She was of La Puglia, madam, and was given in marriage to our sire by the duke himself; but nought know I of her, save that her name and lineage were noble, and further have I ever been forbidden to ask. She died in Bretaigne, ere I was seven years old."

"And where hast thou dwelt since then-thou and this pretty

child?"

"In the vaults and caves of the sea-cliffs, lady," answered the maiden.

The fair blue eyes of the young duchess grew dim in tears at these words.

"Poor young thing!" she said; "thine hath been, in truth, a rude and evil destiny, and little marvel is it if thy speech and bearing are somewhat scant of reverence. Now suppose I entreat my lord for thee

and thine, what is the grace thou askest?"

"That it may please my lord duke, madam, to accord our sire letters, under his seal, of pardon and protection, with licence to make his dwelling, in time to come, in one of my lord's provinces; either of Auvergne or Berry, as may be appointed him. Only would I pray, that our place might be nigh unto some convent or college, where we may haply light on some to bestow learning and fosterage on my poor Basil."

"Thou speakest fairly, maiden, and methinks I have misjudged thee! But I would know yet, what affiance hath the Duke of Berry, that such an one as thy sire will hold his faith when once his grace is granted?"

"Even such bond, madam, as may not be broken! the pledge of a failing arm and sinking life!" answered Alcyone, with quivering lip.

The tears that had gathered in the blue eyes of Madame de Berry now fell fast therefrom.

"Poor maiden!" she said, in kindly tone, "thy prayer is freely accorded, in as far as belongs to Sane of Berry. Take here my pledge, that whatsoever I can on thy behalf, that will I, and without loss of so much as one short hour. Tarry thou here with thy young brother, in charge of my Damosel, until I come again."

Thereupon, hastening from the closet by another door, over against the one whereby they had entered, the beauteous duchess ran to seek out her lord the duke, with such speed as plainly showed that pity and goodness could readily outweigh in her the remembrance of her royal

estate.

After this hasty fashion passed she through three or four chambers, until at last she came to a goodly summer parlour, where sat a stately gentleman (of some sixty years and more, but comely enow of aspect, and gracious of bearing) before a table that was heaped with portraitures and designs for buildings and ornaments, carvings and paintings, in all which he took sovereign delight; whilst over against him stood there a courtly smooth-tongued wight, showing and expounding all these matters.

Now so soon as this courteous prince perceived who it was that

entered (for so hasty was the duchess on her purpose, that hardly tarried she for leave of him to undo the door) he rose up and himself led her to a stool, that the man with him, by his command, set for her beside his own seat, beginning straightway to desire her judgment on all the new works and devices that he was there framing, with aid of Messire Andrew Beaunevea, for the adorning of his princely castle of Mehun sur Yèore. But Madame de Berry, whose need was all too pressing for even this delay, began to pray him so urgently to give her audience, touching a matter that nearly affected her, and which should be ruined by further tarriance; that the duke, who in verity thought more of his handsome young wife than of any other thing, save himself and of his money-getting, and had, beside, well nigh ended his business for that season, bade Messire Andrew gather up his plans and designs and depart the chamber without loss of time.

"Saint John to speed, lady!" he said, as soon as they were alone; "what may be this high and solemn business that thou wouldst needs

have performed with such fire-hot speed?"

"May it please you, dear sir, I have a boon to ask?" answered the duchess, drawing her stool close beside the duke's chair, and taking his hand in both her own.

"Nay, what desirest thou?" he said, looking down lovingly upon her; "a fret of turkis stones for thine hair, or a rich jewel for thy neck? or else haply some goodly show or pageant for thy diversion, to while away the time in these mountains. Whatsoever thy wish, speak, and take it. By my head, I would not cloud those fair blue eyes with saying thee nay, for 30,000 francs."

"Most dear sir, in very sooth is it none of these, but a far smaller and easier grace. I would but pray your pardon and compassion for a misguided man; who would fain amend his life, and bear him henceforth like a peaceable subject of France, if he might but have your

licence thereunto."

"Montjoye, lady! and how cometh such wight as that to gain the duchess of Berry to his friend, I pray?" answered the duke pleasantly. "Methinks, Jane, thou art somewhat over liberal of thy countenance. Howbeit, since it liketh thee to assoil the man, have letters forthwith written to the Chancellor of Berry, which I will sign; and so he be not in duresse at suit of any great lord, or other whose displeasure I would avoid, he shall be at large presently."

"Nay, good, my lord," said the noble lady; "what I would pray of you is even lighter than this—not the less thank therefore to your free bounty, in as much as the misdoer, for whom I make suit to you, is not

at this time in the keeping of any one of your officers."

"By saint Denis, then," said the duke, "but I can see now which way runneth the game! This shall be no other than one of the English or Breton thieves of Rouesgue or the Limousin; who having gotten himself riches enow, or enemies over many, would fain spend some part thereof in buying him friends and protection. Yea, so let him speed for me, if it be thy desire, Jane. Many a worse man, by the rood, hath lived and died in court favour, both in France and England, than Perrot le Beàrnois, who never took the air without an hundred good lances at his back, or Aymerigol Marcel, that suffered no man to call his gear

his own within thirty leagues of him, so long as he held Aloise. And though, certes, this present race are no more to compare with those, than crows with hawks, yet is there good profit to be got of them even now, by way of fine and amerciament. Wherefore, since methinks thy friend, Jane, hath been somewhat over hardy in choosing no meaner advocate than Madame de Berry, thou mayest give him to know, that though out of love to thee his grace is accorded, yet nevertheless must he treat therefore in fitting form with my officers, as truly I hold it no seemly gear to chaffer in my own person with an outlaw and a robber."

"In very sooth, dear sir," said his young duchess, who, bearing in mind the speech of Alcyone, was firmly fixed that no chaffering on any part should go to this business, "In very sooth, the man for whom I would beseech you, is not of these parts; albeit is he in very deed, I fear, no better than you have spoken him. But in any case, no amends hath he to make for wrongs done to your subjects, since much doubt I if ever he hath set foot in Auvergne or Berry; and all he maketh suit for is the licence to become your liegeman, and to dwell unharmed in such place as may be appointed him—a grace that surely it should ill beseem the noble Duke of Berry to sell."

"And by what suit or service, lady, I pray, hath he engaged thy womanly compassion to plead thus earnestly on his behalf?" answered the duke, who began to look but ill pleased at thought of loss to his coffers; which were always empty enow, and never in lower estate than

after his counsellings with Messire Andrew Beaunevea."

"Truly, dear sir, I have been wrought thereunto but by compassion toward his innocent children; who have prayed me to speak for them, that they may no longer be forced to hide, like hunted beasts, in caves and holes of the earth. Oh, my dear lord, most humbly do I beseech

you to grant me but this grace !"

"Thou hast it, lady!—as who could deny such pleader?" said the duke; who, believing by what he had heard, that little was there to be gained to him in any case, save the thanks of his young spouse, held it discreetest to obtain these at the least, whilst he might. "My chancellors at Bourges or Riom shall endite and seal the letters, even as

soon as it lists these thy suitors to journey thither for them."

"Nay, dear sir," said the courageous lady, resolved to abate never a whit of her first purpose, "their business, as you know right well, may not be compassed in this guise, but with great pains and costage, and much delay; and assuredly the very voyage to either place should be overlong and perilous for these poor lonely young things, unknowing of aught in the world save the care wherein they were fostered. But now were you pleased of your goodness to declare that you would not say me nay for 30,000 francs; grant me then, I beseech you, this smaller boon of an old man's grace, in free gift, for love of his children—as truly it befits not a mighty prince to make his profit of a wretched thief, who hath never held debate with any under his rule. Dear and mighty sir, one line in writing under your own hand should more avail them from end to end of France, than the scripts and bonds of every chancellerie in the kingdom."

Now whether that worthy duke was well pleased to hear of his own power and authority, or that he found not readily an answer to so many

fair reasons—whether he was overcome by these sweet words, or the still sweeter countenance that was upturned toward him, as his young duchess sat at his feet clasping his hand in hers; so it was, that he

offered not at further argument or excuse.

"It is enough, lady! call hither thy damosel with penner and inkhorn, and write shortly thy pleasure in this matter, and I will sign and seal right anon. But thou must pass me thy word to take no more such suits in hand, for my treasury can ill suffer it. Money is the very root and spring of all things, Jane; as thou wilt know in time to come, albeit youth is over rash and wilful to reck thereof."

Scantly tarried that gentle lady the ending of her lord's speech, ere she ran back to her closet to perform his hest, in as headlong haste as she had erst left it; being yet further urged on by the voice of the duke calling to her to make speed, he having appointed at that very hour to

meet with his council on high business.

"Run, Avis—run for thy life!" she cried; "fetch hither pencase and writing-gear, and follow me therewith to the duke's chamber. Heed not the door—there are none nigh. Young maiden, thy suit is freely granted! learn henceforth that my lord of Berry chaffers not for his favours. Abide here yet awhile, and thou shalt bear hence with thee the letters thou hast prayed for."

The Breton maiden bent low her head, though well might there have been seen in her eye a scornful glance, at mention of that worthy

duke's free bounty.

"Royal lady," she said, "Alcyone bids you her thanks and prayers—all that may befit one of your estate to receive from one of hers. Basil, thank this generous lady, to whose compassion thou wilt owe the

quiet life and virtuous love thou hast so long pined for."

Ere the gentle child could obey her bidding, they heard the sound of hasty footsteps coming through the outer chamber, and therewith a voice, saying, "Madam, my lord duke hath sent me to pray you make all—" when here the speaker suddenly stopped as if struck dumb with amazement.

The Breton maiden started, and waxed deathly pale, as she leaned for a moment with both hands on the shoulder of her young brother; the whilst Madame de Berry sprang to the doorway, where stood the Lord Guy, showing plainly by his looks that he had caught a sight of

those within.

"Cousin, I wait on you," said the duchess; and therewith making fast the door, she offered her hand to the count; but he led her only so far as the midst of the outer chamber, and there staid his steps.

"Madam!" he said, in a hoarse and broken voice, "for God's love

tell me-how came they in this place?"

"If you would inquire of those twain in my closet, my lord," answered Madame de Berry, in somewhat short fashion, "they have come hither to seek my aid touching a matter whereon I am even now hastening to the duke."

"Nay, madam," he said, still withholding her, "tarry first but one question. I do beseech you, tell me, hath she in any wise name? to

you her-her husband?"

"My lord," she said, "Jane of Berry inquires not of the household matters of every peasant to whom she vouchsafes pity or charity."

"Now, so help me God, as you wrong and missay her! By my life I thought that none could look on her high beauty, and deem her of rude or pleasant lineage; though in very deed the poorest and meanest thrall is not so wholly forlorn and friendless as is that most rare and noble creature."

"Methinks, the princely Count of Beaucaire wrongeth himself and his own place but too much, when he deigns to speak thus of the daughter of a felon thief!" said the lady, with right royal loftiness of look and voice; for the darkened brow and earnest speech of her kins-

man were sorely displeasing to her.

"The Count of Beaucaire, lady, speaks but as he should do, whose life, wretched and worthless as it is, was yet bought by the lifelong doom of that fair young thing—of her, who to ransom from present and shameful death him who had refused and disdained her, freely wedded

a vile homicide of her sire's ribald rout."

Truly the noble lady remained for a breathing space like one entranced with wonder at the young count's words, not wholly unmixed with fear at the desperate ire whereunto she had wrought him; but when she at last looked round with design to say somewhat in excuse, he was gone, and there stood before her none but Avis Forde, with pencase and inkhorn in her hands. Which sight bringing to her remembrance the business they were upon, she hurried with all speed to the parlour where my lord of Berry awaited her—this time passing through the gallery without, for she could ill brook at that moment the sight of

the pair she had left in the chamber.

Needs not to tell, that the letters, being written in all haste, were straightway signed and sealed with the duke's own hand and signet; nor that Madame de Berry now held it a bootless show of rigour to appoint any especial place for the dwelling of Basil de l'Angle and his children, who were thus left in all freedom to choose out their abode wherever it listed them in the duke of Berry's provinces; that gracious prince comforting himself for his lack of profit in the business, by the thought that the outlawed squire, whose name and suit he well remembered, had been so wholly despoiled and pillaged thereby, that certes, he could have little left to give, since the robber's trade had for the most part long ceased to be the gainful life it was wont to prove in the good old time. So that what with this his credence, which his duchess took heed not to disturb by telling him the latter name or deeds of the Breton robber-what with the loving and hearty thanks she returned him not sparingly for his condescension, the duke in the end with much content of heart called for his valet, Messire Thibaut, to array him for his counsel; and that noble lady returned to her closet with the letters which she herself gave to the hand of Alcyone, in few, but gracious words, bidding them good speed, and desiring that if annoy or mischance should befal them in time to come, they would make repair forthwith to her, who would not be slow to aid them to her uttermost power.

In very truth the duchess had a hearty concern and pity for the evil destiny of this beauteous young creature and her innocent brother, and would have readily essayed on their behalf a harder emprize than that

she had so happily concluded; so as she might but have assurance that the noble lord her kinsman set not too great store by the maiden. For she was a lady of a high and lofty temper, who could ill brook to see their ancestry in anywise disparaged; and being herself so grandly married, might naturally desire as fair a fortune for that gallant knight whom doubtless she loved with much cousinly affection; for which cause haply was it, that she had never yet been contented with any match that had been treated of for him. Great, then, were her displeasure and annoy in the suspicion that he had set his heart even for a moment on this daughter of a common thief and outlaw! and though she had certes gathered some comfort from the last words he had let fall on that morning in her outer chamber, yet she fixedly resolved never again to renew with him a theme so perilous, but to eschew in time to come, with all and each, the very name of the Breton and his children, and to demean herself in every case as if they and their coming had never been.

As it seemed she was like to lack present occasion for putting this her resolve to the proof, in so far as regarded the Lord Guy; the next news heard of him, after his hasty flight from her presence, being that he had straightway taken horse, and set forth attended but by a single squire, whither, none could certainly tell; some saying he had ridden toward Montbrisson, and others on the side of Villeneuve or Roquemadour; and neither the marvelling nor inquiring of the whole household, from the Duke downward, availed to bring any further tidings

concerning him.

One in truth there was at La Nonette, beside Madam de Berry, well wotting of the cause of his distemperature—the Damosel Avis, who, on her return with her writing gear, had instantly perceived, first by the distraught looks of the young count, as he well-nigh hurtled against her in rushing out, and next by the aghast aspect of the Duchess within, that by some means he had discovered what they had so striven to conceal from him. And if further proof were needed, she had found it in the altered mien and burning hue of Alcyone, when, their audience ended, she led her and the little Basil back to her own chamber. Here she would fain have had them tarry with her until the evening, since the place was wholly out of the way and sight of stranger-folk; but no prayers might move the Breton maiden to abide there longer than until Gauchet could be summoned to guide them forth of the castle through the same private and lonely passages whereby they had come. Yet she so earnestly desired that May Avis would once more see and bid them farewell, ere they set forth, which they were now fixed to do, she said, by day dawn of the morrow, that the gentle Damosel right willingly consented to visit them that evening.

But so befel the case, that she was much hindered and belated in performing this her promise. For first, the duchess had that day unwonted need of her service, to indite and set down divers matters for her in writing, a business that was always committed to her sole charge, and held her at this tie until nigh supper-time. Then, after supper, was there much disport in the duke's presence, with dancing and music—from which last the English damosel, and her lute, were by no means to be spared; insomuch that it was well nigh the hour for making fast

the castle gates, when, at last, she had leave to withdraw; and enwrapping herself, as before, in Gillian's mantle, hastened down anon, with Gauchet for squire, to the hostelry, where were lodged Alcyone

and the young Basil.

Full plainly saw she, by the countenance of the first, that the last few hours had passed with her scantly, less sadly than some of those they had seen together at Roche Kerouel, though now, as then, never a whit deigned the high-hearted maiden to bewray of her trouble, either by word or sign.

"Excuse to me, dear maiden, needest thou none," she said, "me, for whom thou hast wrought thus heartily and helpfully. But thy duchess is, past question, a noble and honourable lady, and will not love thee less for thy faithful friendship, even to an outcast's race."

Then told she the damosel, that since their business was now prosperously ended, they had appointed to set forth an hour before dawn; as in very deed, they would have done that same even, but that the country round being greatly overrun by thieves and pillagers from the English provinces, and themselves without other guard than Rougemain and an old squire, who was crippled of his right arm, they were fain to tarry for the company of some merchants from Saint Flour, lodging in the same place, and voyaging, like them, to Clermont. For the time to come, she said, they had not fully advised where they should make abode, - save that they had concluded wholly to avoid the neighbourhood of any of the duke's castles or great towns-but take up their dwelling, if they might, under the shelter of some great abbey, or other such like house. Then she embraced the damosel Avis, and bade her farewell—as did also the pretty page, who wept bitterly the while saying as she put on her finger a rich jewel, "Bear with thee this small token,-not to requite thy kindliness, which love alone can pay-but sometime, when thou lookest thereupon, to call to thy thought Alcyone and her poor Basil."

It was with saddened aspect and sorrowful heart, that Avis Forde wended back her way to the castle gate, where the porters were in act to let fall the gate as she passed through the wicket with Gauchet; as did also a large brawny wight, in peasant's garb, a pace before her.

The damosel, trusting wholly to her disguise and the dusky hour, to pass for some waiting damosel or chamberer of the household, was about to cross the outer ward, when, by mischance, came tripping and mowing by, Pepinet, the duke's fool, who, so soon as he espied a woman's weed, ran up and fell on both knees before her—and either knowing her by her strange attire, or lighting on the truth by chance—began to call her by name, vowing himself her true knight, and lustily shouting out, "Pepinet of Alisandre for the Lady Avis! Saint George for the English damosel!"

"By my head, motley, I do commend thy choice! though fain would I hear what reasons thou wouldst give for 't," said a pert young squire, of the Lord of Beaucaire's retinue, who stood leaning within the arch-

way that led to the inner court.

"By my heel, then, gossip, will I bestow them on thee, without tarrying so much as the drying and sorting. Thou knowest that I am the wisest man in La Nonnette?"

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"By the token, that I am the only one that hath the wit to know his own folly."

"Well, say thou art; what then?"

"Marry, sir, the wisest man should choose him out the discreetest woman—so that, certes, other choice have I none, save her or our dame,

who, God save her! hath a fool to her knight already."

"How, sirrah, dost thou dare wag thy tongue against my lord count? and I in presence?" said the squire, drawing forth his dagger, and striding into the midst of the archway so as to keep that pass against all comers.

"Nay, brother, be patient, and thou shalt have reasons."

"See they be good and weighty ones, sirrah; as I will thrust them back into thy throat with my dagger, if thou prove not my lord a fool

clearly !"

"Truly, gossip, do I hold him but for a fool, who standeth, as doth thy lord, evermore blowing his nails with the cold, whilst he treadeth his mittens underfoot. Yet further, the Lord Guy, not content with his own lack of wisdom, keepeth yet greater fools in his service: such as thyself, brother, and thy mates, which, by my bauble, do I take to be the ranker folly of the twain, and one that proves the Lord Guy a

fool, past cure or help."

On this there arose so loud a laugh amongst the standers by, at cost of the malapert squire, as to draw that way the eyes of all the idle knaves and pages in the court, who came flocking about them with rade and saucy gibe and scoff, to take part in the mirth on hand; whilst the squire who was now right heartily chafed, still kept the gateway, swearing and menacing, like one frantic, which Gauchet seeing, suddenly drew the damosel by the corner of her mantle to one side, and turned with her into a narrow, lonely passage, that led between the stables and the outer walls.

"Now damosel," he said, when they had traversed this road awhile in silence, "seest thou the door over against us in the court yonder? Thou hast but to enter thereby, mount the stair before thee, and go thy way along the gallery above, until thou comest to the far end thereof, where another stair shall lead thee down to the buttery court. Look then in the far corner to thy right hand, and thou wilt espy a little turret with steps, which follow, and thou wilt speedily gain the basement story of the tower where thou are lodged. Be not adread! I will ensure thee from sight of living wight, and also take order that

none shall follow thy trace from this side."

The old man turned back, tarrying not question or answer, and the damosel sped on perforce, as he had bidden, across the court, and through the court before her. Then, passing up the stair, she came to a long and dreary gallery, with chambers opening therefrom on either hand. These seemed, for the most part, empty, and in ruins, as she fearfully cast her eyes within the doorway of each, adventuring not to stop for a further sight—for the night wind creaked and mouned strangely through the place, and her feet gave back a hollow echoing sound, as she hurried shivering along the whole length thereof, and down the stair—when lo, as she essayed to undo the door at its foot, she found it barred against her on the other side!

Dreading alike to pace back the length of those dismal passages in the failing light, and to face the boisterous rout she had left in the outer court, she called and knocked at the door for a space with all her might—but all in vain; until fearing that if she lingered longer time, both ways might be shut against her, she took heart, and ran back with her utmost speed towards the stair-head on the further side; but, ere she had gained it, she was staid by the sound of voices below, of which one so grievously startled her, that without other thought than of present escape, she sprang aside into the nighest chamber, and groped her way softly behind a heap of wool and such-like gear, that was cast into one corner, as she heard the feet of two persons coming up.

"Here then," said one, "mayest thou tell thy tidings; and pray thee be speedy in the rehearsal, for they serve the wine and spices in this very moment, and my lord duke will be calling for me anon to dight him for his bed."

"Saint Nicholas to speed, Messire Thibaut; canst thou assure us against eaves-droppers? stones have ears, as the old saw hath it," answered the voice of Piers Bradeston.

"By my father's soul, never a one is there in the household, save myself and the confessor, that would thrust his nose within the door after sunset for half the duke's treasury! Come on with thy tale, and speed thee fast! what hast thou learned?"

"Marry, that they lead away with them two mules laden with gold, the most part whereof, but for thy busy duchess, should have found its way, ere now, into thy duke's poke, in the stead of thine and mine."

"By my crown, but 'tis a brave booty! Robbing and reving should be a right good mystery yet on the shores of Bretaigne. And thereafter the ransom-money to reckon, four of them by my count should vield."

"Stint there, Messire Thibaut! By God's corpus, there is one in the rout, that the crown royal of France should not ransom!"

"The girl?" said Thibaut.

"Soothly, thou art needle-witted," answered Messire Piers, in a scornful voice.

"At thy list, worthy Sir Aymery, a young gaillard knight may well set more store on beauty than gold. The girl and boy then fall to thy share, and the old man and his knave to mine; and the treasure to be equally halved betwixt us."

"Halve me no such halvings!" quoth the other, in fierce anger. "By the rood, Sansloy would not give a thousand franks to keep the throat of that soft page, the Monadich, from the knife. Also, must my merrymen be well paid for their pains. Nay, brother, the ransoms and the gold alike between thee and me (out-taken from this last the five-hundred pieces whereof thou hast eased their beasts already, in guerdon of thy goodly services) and for the girl, Saint Venus to speed, but I, who essay the peril, may well have the lion's part of the prey; not to speak of her being mine of right already."

"Thou hadst not known of the prey, but for my pains, in sending

ten leagues to thy den in Rouergue."

"And little had thy better knowledge availed thee, without aid from me and my men at arms."

page! Good Sir Taillefer, we of Auvergne remember the Free lances."
"It matters not. At a word, wilt thou take my proffer, and plight me thine oath thereunto? or, by my fatherkin, do I think the old sea-

sweeper will yield me braver guerdon, to forbear him and his company

by the way.

"De par Dieux then, I assent, since better may not be. Of one thing be warned, that thou strike not this goodly quarry on this side of Issoire; or my lord duke must open his eyes in his own despite, to the complaints that are brought him, day by day, of thee and thy mates."

"Aye, by my fay, the face of the country should consent thereunto as ill as my lord duke! Now sweet Messire Thibaut, must I take my leave, and pray you to set me on my way forth of this fair castle."

"By my sooth, Sir Aymery, that can I not before daylight! gate and wicket are both made fast by this, and will open again for none to-night, unless it should please the lord duke himself to ride forth. Why camest thou not more quickly at my sending? Thou wert wont to make better speed at the taverns in Paris, to our wine cup, and cinque, and trey."

"Then how, a' God's name, wilt thou dispose of me?"

"Truly, no other remedy see I, for the nonce, since here thou art, but that here thou abide until cockcrowing, when I will see thee out myself. Thy men, thou sayest, are all ready, so thou hast but to sound to horse. See here is a fair chamber at hand, and a banquette whereon a hardy man at arms may well snatch a sleep, and none to trouble thee; for ne'er a wight, from a marshal of the hall downwards, will adventure hither after nightfall, for dread of the two white friars that were shut up and starved to death in yonder chamber of the companions, when they held this castle in the wars, who, fools say, pace nightly up and down here, with bell and candle, from midnight to matins. A tale whereof such as thou and I, Sir Aymery, reck naught; nevertheless, if it pleaseth thee to try the fresh air at any time, thou has but to go down, and solace thyself in the court below."

Even with the word, and ere the squire could discover his design, down ran Messire Thibaut by the nighest stair, and in a moment was heard to draw bolt and bar on the outer side; whereby the damosel guessed that it was indeed he, who in preparing his cage for this goodly bird, had made fast the other door, and thereby wrought her so sore annoy—whereof no light part was the finding herself thus prisoned with such mate, who could scantly fail to discover her with the morning

light.

Nevertheless, for this tide he seemed to have little will to enter the chamber; but after a lusty oath or more at Messire Thibaut's falseness, began to stride quickly up and down the long gallery, singing softly to himself, amongst others, some of those same lays he had often trilled in her own ears at Malthorpe—then chaunting snatches from the holy offices, or pattering Ave and Paternoster by turns, until at length, as midnight drew on, he began to mutter once and again, the nightspell, and with voice that sounded somewhat hoarse and quavering.

After this fashion was the doughty squire yet occupied as he paced up and down, whilst the poor affrighted maiden was ready to swoon

with terror in her hiding-place at each time he drew nigh the chamber door; when all at once came there to the ears of both, the far off clinking of a little bell, such as is wont to be borne before a corpse to the grave. But the eyes of Messire Piers had well nigh started from their place, on descrying in that moment at the far end of the gallery a faint glimmer of light, that shone brighter and brighter, the bell also waxing louder and louder; until he could plainly discern two figures, in long white weeds that overhung their faces, bearing in their hands both bell and taper, and making toward him after a strange gliding fashion, wholly unlike the gait of any living creatures.

Now May Avis had been over well taught of those two friends of her childhood, to deem that every desolate place must needs be the haunt of grisly and terrible things and sights; yet could she not hear, without a fearful chill creeping round her heart, at thought of what Messire Thibaut had told, that strange and measured ringing of the bell, that plainly drew nigher and nigher to the door of the chamber wherein she stood; until, when it was now hard by, there was an outcry as betwixt curse and groan, and in the next breath a loud and clattering noise, which she guessed to be neither more nor less than Messire Piers Bradeston, rolling on heap from the topmost to the lowermost step of the

stair beyond.

Ere he had the time to rise from his fall, the pair in white garments had turned into the chamber; when one figure, hastily lifting from before its face the overhanging weed, discovered to the damosel the aspect of Gillian, with finger laid on her lips; then casting over her a part of her long flowing veil, the twain led her quickly out on the gallery, and paced back again after the same solemn guise, with bell and candle, until at last they got thus safe and sound to the buttery court, Gauchet making the door as fast as had before done Messire Thibaut, after which they hastened up the winding stair in the small turret beyond, and gained the door of May Avis's bower without other hindrance.

And here would Gauchet have rehearsed to his young lady the whole order of her rescue, and especially his own part therein; from his first suspicion of her jeopardy, on spying Messire Thibaut issuing forth stealthily from that dreary place, to his framing with Gillian the device that had so happily sped; though perchance he had deemed it needless to tell her how nigh he had been to going back (had it not been for that faithful maiden) on discovering her prison mate for his old enemy Piers Bradiston. But May Avis, whose thoughts were already turned from her own past annoy to the present peril of Alcyone, speedily cut short his tale, bidding him good speed with many thanks and fair largess, and then sat herself down alone in her chamber to consider if remedy might yet be found against the evil designs she had overheard.

Now to provide any such, was soothly no easy matter for a young damosel without better aid to count on than an old feeble squire and a crippled knave; yet was there none other to whom she could address herself. To the duchess she durst not have recourse; for that noble lady might not stir in the business without knowledge of the duke, who would hear complaint from none against Messire Thibaut, and how make plain her tale without relating her part therein? The Lord Guy was far away, where she herself knew not, and Sir John des Perelles

not yet arrived; whilst, ere she or any other could pass the castle gate in the morning, the voyagers should be far on their way to Clermont, and little, as it seemed to her, should it avail to send after to warn and stay them at Issoire; since if even the messenger 'scaped mishap by the way at the hands of those caitiffs, it was plain that Sir Aymery would never cease from his pursuit, until sooner or later he had come

up with them.

At last, out of all these counsels, the damosel chose one, that, if not the best, seemed the only one she had hope to bring to a good ending; and bidding Gillian call back the varlet at earliest dawn, she penned forthwith a letter to the Breton maiden, warning her in few words of a fearful peril that awaited them between Issoire and Clermont, and earnestly counselling that they might not go forward without good and sufficient guard. And so soon as she had made an end of writing, she went and sat her down by the lattice, for truly she had no desire for sleep that night, and watched for the dawn, which seemed to her never to have been so long in breaking.

At length the sounding of the castle horn for the porters to throw back the gates, gave token that the light was already discernible eastward; and scantly had its echoes rolled away over the mountains round, than Gillian, as her lady bade, went to seek the varlet, to whom May Avis designed to commit her letter, with command to hire guide and horses in the town, and make what speed he could after the Bre-

tons.

But Sir Gauchet either guessing the errand, and having no will thereunto, or else choosing to go to work after his own fashion, had set forth without tarrying for orders; all the news that Gillian could gain of him, being that he had passed out at the wicket so soon as it was opened.

May Avis, on hearing this, well nigh gave over all hope for Alcyone and her company; the rather, when hour after hour went by, and brought no tidings of any who might stead her in this strait; until when it drew halfway towards prime, she started up with desperate resolve to discover all to Madame de Berry, and humbly beseech her

help and counsel thereupon.

She had descended the stair of her tower, and was crossing the hall below, in the way to the chamber of the duchess, when she heard her own name spoken in a voice that caused her to turn quickly round; and thereupon she saw before her, and with scantly less joy than she had done in Bretaigne, Sir John des Perelles—his looks and array betokening him but just lighted down from a journey.

"Oh, welcome-welcome!" she cried. "Sure heaven itself hath

once more sent you at sorest need."

Without answering he caught her hand, and hastily led her into a deep bay window, where they might be wholly out of sight and hearing of those who were passing to and fro in the gallery. "Speak now, dear Avis," he said, "and tell me, for heaven's love, what hath befallen thee?"

"Alack!" she answered, "the danger in very sooth is not mine, but theirs, who may yet worse abye it, in that they lack other friend or helper than one so mean and powerless as myself." "Nay, Avis, say not so; thou shouldst know ere this, that such help as thine old friend, John Ashtoft, may lend, shall be freely bestowed to the uttermost on any whose safety is dear to thee. At a word, who are these for whom I see thee thus troubled?"

"Two chiefly-a young maiden and an innocent child. Met you

not by the way a company journeying towards Issoire?"

"I came not by the straight road, Avis; but from the country of Forêts, whither I went eight days agone on the Count Dauphin's business—and in truth, have somewhat strained my orders to dispatch in this night journey hitherward, to see how it fared with thee, sweet sister; for which cause must I back again with all speed, tarrying but the refreshment of my horses. But tell me, first of all, this thy present cause for disquiet."

In few words the damosel related to that true and trusty friend her whole tale, even as she had told it before to the duchess; also what that noble lady had obtained for the young Bretons, their departure for Clermont, and her own strange discovery of the overnight, only, may you think, she cared not to reveal to Sir John the robber Taillefer, for

her former bachelor, Piers Bradeston.

Sir John listened to his story from beginning to end in silence, though his looks waxed graver at every word she spake; and when she ceased,

he stood for a space like one in deep and anxious deliberation.

"In good sooth, Avis," he said at length, "these thy friends are in a sorry strait. Neither shall it now avail to send after them; since beside those many leagues they have already gained on the voyage, that caitiff Taillefer (than whom a more wicked wretch harasses not this poor country) is even now surely on their trace with his band, watching his time after the guise of those pillours, and will suffer none to pass forward. But one way is there left, in my deem, to aid these poor children—to follow with my own people nigh on the heels of the robbers, and fall on them from behind in that very stound that they set upon the voyagers; and this, for thy sake, dear Avis, will I readily perform, and make my excuse to the Count Dauphin as I may."

Assuredly, the bright smile and yet brighter blush wherewith May Avis thanked the young knight again and again, for this his ready courtesy, had been changed for a far sadder aspect, had she but known that the array wherewith he thus bravely purposed to assault Taillefer and his robber rout, numbered but two stout yeomen and himself—the rest of his people, for greater dispatch, having been left behind at the

place he came from.

Sir John, on his part, seemed as if he had thought a more perilous adventure well recompensed by such guerdon; and remained in truth for a space looking on her fair countenance, as if he had little remem-

brance of aught beside.

"By my fay, sweet sister Avis," he said at last, "but thou hast profited well and worthily by thy courtly teaching, in all outward matters, even as I had heard. Pray heaven thou hast lost no part of thine inward excellence and goodness! for amended there thou surely couldst not be. And how fareth it with thee of late, dear Avis? Dost thou still dwell here in as full content as when I had thy last letter?"

"In very sooth do I, Sir John, even as one who having nought left

to desire for herself, can but pray ever for the health and prosperity of those noble friends whose goodness hath wrought for her so fair for-tune."

"Now God be thanked that I hear thee speak thus! and yet methinks thou art both paler and more pensive of aspect, Avis, than a true friend could wish to see thee. By my fay, we must talk further of this when I come again to wait on my lord duke, which I well hope shall be in few days hence. Now must I to horse! something sooner in verity than I had first purposed; wherefore make we short leave-taking, as those who look to meet again speedily." Ere she could frame an answer, he had turned away; and the next moment the damosel was standing alone within the bay window, somewhat doubting whether his coming and departing were not altogether a vision of her fantasy.

THE MOTHER AND HER SAILOR BOY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

A DOUBTFUL joy, alas! thou'st won,
Long anxious, hoping heart!
Thou art returned, beloved one,
But then he does depart.

Thy brother goes, ah! rash emprise,
Across the storm-fraught main;
And my prophetic thoughts surmise
He will not come again.

He will not come again.

I see thy glance reproving me
For my impatient woe—

"The God who brought ME back to thee
Will bring HIM back also!"

Forgive me, boy! thou canst not guess
The anguish of this stroke;
How mingled is the happiness,
Which thy return awoke.

With bitterness, because he goes,
Chide not, 'tis no avail!
The God that thou invokest knows
Thy mother's bosom's bale,—

With what alternate hope and fear
That bosom now is torn,
And while I smile on thee—a tear
For him, that smile doth mourn.

And while I smile on thee—a tear
For him, that smile doth mourn.

But hush! 'tis impious to repine
With such a son as thee;
No! blessed be the hand Divine
That led thee back to me.

My other rover, he that now
Thy courage imitates,
Will come with laurels on his brow,
That hope despair abates!

361

A LEGEND OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF "HAMPTON COURT, OR THE PROPHECY FULFILLED."

in few days honor. Now ment I to herse! something sooner in

blung only only "aylingsqu min ARGUMENT. Shoul of we should not again at

BY A LIVERYMAN OF THE SPECTACLE-MAKERS' COMPANY.

A varden of the vershipful company of Wintner's readeth "The Historical Romance of Hampton Court," but falleth therefrom into a delicious slumber. He vaketh, and thinketh how he can acknowledge his gratitude; ven, remembering that the author, in his "Sketches of Parisian Life and Manners," descanteth at large on gastronomy, in the unctuous phraseology of one who loveth to sit at good men's tables, he inwiteth him from his willage in Varwickshire to a city feast in his wenerable society's hall, in the Wintry, on Lord Mayor's day. The author (albeit, sorrowing wery voefully that he cannot wictual in two places at vonce) excuses himself, because of an inwitation from the Lord Mayor to a hustings seat at the Guildhall banquet—he bevaileth certin city feuds, and adwiseth thereon. Moreover, he telleth the varden (vat he visheth vil not be unawailing) that he hopeth to dine vith that vorshipful society ven the wenison is in season. The unsophisticated in city mysteries are recommended to read the waluable annotations for their edification.

Quit the brawl in Guildhall, and give ear to my prayer,
That you leave Gog and Magog to hail the new mayor,
And bow out the old one, with brown air and blue eye,
Chirping thus of the past, "Quorum pars Magna* fui;"
"Like an old-fashioned March, for 'tis Magnay I am,
Who departed a lion, though entering a lamb;
And Magnay the baronet, laugh those who win—
Wish you the same luck sir—Gibbs—you who come in." †

* Sir William Magnay has passed a singularly felicitous year of office. During the latter period of his mayoralty the city was visited by the Queen of England and the King of Saxony, and the honorable baronet at the head of the city dignitaries visited Windsor Castle to present an address to the King of the French; the remembrance of his reception by that monarch cannot but be personally gratifying in the highest degree, and be cherished to the end of his life. Instances are very rare of a father and son both holding the highest office in the gift of the citizens of London. Sir William's father was sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1815, the period of the visit of the allied sovereigns to the city, and lord mayor in 1822. Sir William's name will be handed down to posterity, honorably connected with that of Queen Victoria, opening the Royal Exchange. In private life the late lord mayor is as much esteemed as he his in his public capacity. The first months of Sir William's mayoralty were as free from important incidents as the latter ones, particularly the last, were crowded with them. In this respect the warden is not wrong in saying it resembled an old-fashioned March, which, according to the proverb, "came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb."

† Had the late chief magistrate of the city lived in the days of Cicero, he h d needed the latter's eloquence as greatly as the consul Lucius Murena, when that orator had to defend him against the charges raised by the then most celebrated lawyer of Rome, Sulpicius, a disappointed candidate for the

Verbum sap: though I think Mr. Alderman Gibbs * 1000000 Is slandered in most unacountable fibs; And the folks who've been foremost in picking out holes In his coat, and been calling him over the coals, Had best look at home, lest their heads they would knock Against what they may find but a misleading rock + (Since of them or his vestry he takes no account, I I don't see he can give one or state its amount).

Be ill-used, falsely charged howsoever he may, From majesty take the externals away, From majesty take the externals away,
'Tis a jest but remains, spite of all you can say. Thus, faction to day will despoil the gay show, And render the mayor but a Roi d' Yvetot. § Now unless you're as greedy for rows as a Hector. Backing up the lord mayor pray beware of the rector, Lest you risk a sound whacking from sage doctor C-v.* The self-crowned exponent of all that is holy;

Roman chief magistracy. The parallel need not be carried further in a personal sense, for I am sure the disappointed legal candidate of our day (alderman T. W.) read Blackstone to better purpose than to have astonished his successful competitor by pleading the latter's skill in the Polka, as a disqualification to the municipal Toga; nor would he easily find a Cato of the nineteenth century to hold a brief in the suit. Whoever desires to see what can be said, pro. and con., about dancing magistrates, let them read Cicero's Oration, Pro Murena, 6, and Plutarch's Life of Cato. In this beautiful oration are eloquent reasons for honors paid by a great city to illustrious military men (sections 9, 10, 11); not that the city need any for those paid to her "Decus et Tutamen," to whom, and to whom only, she has dedicated an equestrian statue in her grandest area.

* Aldermanic surnames are not, in general, poetical. As Prudentius says, upon a very different subject—

"Torquetur Apollo Nomine percussus."

† If the wealthy landlords of Connaught are beset with agitators and Rockite disturbers, resolved to enliven or embitter the life of ease which the former seek after toil in the public service, why should those of Cockaign be permitted to ascend seats of honour without instruction in the new agrarian law of the present Times—respecting the duties of property? There be Rockites who would be tellers of their neighbours' exchequer in every land. The Captain Rock of Walbrook is by no means an original character.

‡ From the calm and dignified replies of the lord mayor to his irregular guerrilla catechisers, one would have thought that his lordship had studied the Latin poet—

Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo Simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.

But no, it is the same fine principle of courage working in both cases, the same soul, disdainful of the unreflecting claims of the vulgar. Awaiting on an award of arbitrators, the demeanour of his lordship is, undoubtedly, right and consistent

§ Yvetot is a little town in Normandy, where there is a kind of burlesque monarch, something in the style of our mayor of Garret. Beranger's song of Le Roy d' Yvetot, which suggests to me the allusion, is an inauguration ode

Geology's autocrat, prophecy's key,
Of futurity's microscope sole patentee.
Your applause, too, may fail Walbrook's hootings to drown,
Then in pelting his coach they may settle your crown.
For the tripple alliance—"Punch," the "Times," and the mob,
Is more than a match for a justice's nob.

to this rustic potentate, whose royal equipage was a donkey, his crown a nightcap, and his revenue a gratuitous draught at a pot-house. As this song has been praised by M. de Chateaubriand for its intrinsic merit, and by M. Dupin for its political courage—the latter considering it a satire upon Bonaparte, who, at the time it was written, ruled France with a rod of iron—I am tempted to quote a few verses.

"Il etait un roi d' Yvetot
Peu connu dans l'histoire;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton.
Dit on
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était la!

Il n'avait de gôut onéreux
Qu'une soif un peu vive;
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive
Lui-même à table, et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impot
Oh! &c.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père;
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban
Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an.
Au blanc

Oh! oh! &c."

* The worthy doctor is one that would strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. His anti-Gibbism is only surpassed by his anti-Bucklandism. He is, as Dr. Wiseman remarks in his beautiful "Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion," "of all others the most visionary, partly by declamation, more by distortion, chiefly by perversity of reasoning. His 'Divine Providence' is a book which seems to assume that Christianity was undemonstrated till the author discovered the marvellous parallelism between Abel and the Waldenses, Enoch and the Bible (the two witnesses in sackcloth!) Constantine and Moses, the relicts of the apostles and the two golden calves, Ezra and Luther, Nehemiah and the elector of Saxony. Surely, one so visionary, and one, moreover, who had been sufficiently courageous to add another baseless theory to the shivered fragment of preceding apocalyptic interpretations, should have paused before he scoffed at a science because of the many systems imagined by its cultivators."

So having a wish to quit London alive, Come and dine with the Vintners* at half after five. Mr. M --- hath placed you a seat at the board, And you'll see what a banquet our guild can afford. By you is swan-master P-, + silky and bland, Brother Hichens ; sits next at our swan-king's right hand; At whose word you'll be changed to a bull or a bear Before you can guess of what species you are; And yet be rejoiced at your swift transformation, By finding your property's great augmentation; And be henceforth resolved through no other to buy Stocks and shares; nor estates, save from him who sits by-Whom knew you as I do, then me you bear with, That brother Farebrother's a brother to fare with.§ Who disdains not to solace and brighten the lot Of young slaves whom the daughters of fashion spare not.

* The Vintners were first incorporated in the reign of Edward III., by the name of "Merchants Wine Tonners." Their arms a chevron argent between three tuns or, on a field sable with Bacchus in merry cue for a crest, were granted by Henry VI. A.D. 1427. Edward III. granted them a charter for carrying on an exclusive trade to Gascoigne for the importation of wines. Their charter, 58 Edward III. forbade "any trade for wine to Gascoigne except such as are enfranchised of the craft of Vintners; and enjoins that the Gascoigners when they bring their wines shall not sell them in small parcels, but in great, by the tun or pipe; and allows the foreign wine merchant to buy dried fish off the shores of Cornwall and Devon as also herrings and cloth; and ordains that all manner of wines coming to London shall be discharged and put to land above London Bridge, against the Vintry; so that the king's bottlers and gaugers may there take custom."

In the reign of Henry VII. no sweet wines were brought into the realm save

In the reign of Henry VII. no sweet wines were brought into the realm save Malmsey, by the Lombards, which paid a duty of 6s. 8d. per butt. Stow says he remembers Malmsey sold at three-halfpence a pint; for proof thereof it appears in the church book of St. Andrew-Undershaft, that in the year 1547 the churchwardens paid for eighty pints of Malmsey spent in the church, one penny-halfpenny the pint, ten shillings. Gascoigne wines (claret, Burgundy) were sold at fourpence the gallon, and Rhenish wines at sixpence the gallon.

† The companies of Dyers and Vintners have had the deputation of the Thames and guardianship of the royal swans, from possessing the only riverside premises of all the city companies. In August these companies make jovial visitations—Swan-hopping—to their charges, in order to count them, and mark the beaks of the cygnets. Where swans are kept by different proprietors on streams, the latter cut the beaks of the cygnets with the same mark as the parent birds. They also pinion or cut off the two first joints from one wing, then return them to the water.

The thousand swans of Thames, as well as the river itself, is under the guardianship of the corporation. The Vintner's company provide a swanmaster from one of their court, who wears the badge on his breast.

‡ Mr. Hichens, the much-respected stock-broker of Threadneedle Street, member of the court of assistants, and master of the company last year. Mr. Hichens, it will be remembered, was complimented for his honourable, manly conduct by the Government Exchequer-bill Commissioners of inquiry into the forgeries of Beaumont Smith. Mr. Hichens was a sufferer to the extent of £20,000; but government reimbursed him a year afterwards as an act of justice.

§ Mr. Alderman Farebrother was lord mayor of London in 1833. This

A more right-hearted Briton did never obtain Of England's chief city the sovereign's gold chain, Nor one to whom honours unsought freer come, Or more merits the bliss that awaits him at home; Where a father's reward for his care none enjoys, Fonder love from his girls, more respect from his boys. Warden Lucas* sits by him; 'tis no inuendo To deny that he's here " Lucus a non lucendo." Then as you are modest and very discreet, He has placed a young damsel + adjoining your seat; Where like Hebe with nectar well laden she stands, And coquets with the pail nicely poised on her hands; For the girl's but fifteen, and so charming her mien, Her eyes so like brilliants, her looks so serene, That one kiss from her lips is worth ten from the queen, Ay—and once at the feast you're permitted to kiss her, But woe to your vest if your awkward lips miss her! We Vintners invented the hogshead and tun, The tap and the spiggot, and taught them to run, And our master to-day can look folks in the face ‡ Though wanting the mayor's state six-foot sword and mace.

gentleman's high character, experience, and judgment in everything connected with real property, cause him, it is well known, to be consulted by the wealthy aristocracy in the purchase and sale of most estates of magnitude. Many instances of his liberality, nice sense of honour, and delicacy in these important negociations are known to the writer. The Alderman is the president and founder of the Society for Relief of Distressed Needle-women.

* Alderman Lucas, the patriarch of the corporation, is a brother of the company, and one of the court assistants. His beneficence to the schools and other charitable objects of this company, has been very great. At his inauguration procession as Lord Mayor, Gog and Magog were paraded, much to the delight of the citizens. The Alderman is a thorough-bred Londoner, ever

mindful of its privileged etymology.

It requires a steady and practised hand late in the evening to drain the mantling, ruby draught she rears above her head, without leaving a stain on the cambric, satin, or velvet of the inner garment or vest. Those who have enjoyed the warm-hearted hospitality of Alderman Farebrother at his mansion at Stockwell must remember this ancient relic of the time when "'twas merry in the hall," at the board of this excellent brother of the Vintners' Company.

‡ There is only one printed pageant known of the vintners. It is entitled as follows:—

"The triumph of London at the inauguration of the Right Honourable Sir Samuel Dashwood, knight, lord mayor of the City of London; containing a description of the pageant, the speeches, and the whole solemnity of the day. Performed on Thursday the 29th of October. All set forth at the cost of the honourable Company of Vintners. Together with the relation of her Majesty's reception and entertainment at dinner in the Guildhall. Published by authority. London, 30th October, 1702."

The Vintners, at Sir Samuel Dashwood's inauguration, displayed a highly classical arrangement in honour of that elevated member of their company. On his lordship's return from being sworn in, he was saluted by the Artillery Company, before whom stopped the Vintners patron saint, St. Martin, "on a

In doublet and hose slashed with crimson on green, Ruffed and bearded the peers of Queen Bess here were seen; For our nobles for ages have kept up the ball, To rejoice their old hearts in the Vintners' old hall: Munching turkies, ducks, capons, whilst soaring on high, Rose that sovereign of dishes, the plumed peacock pie; And the fattest old buck royal keepers were able To shoot with their cross-bow, were sent for our table; Where in snowy white apron and cap stood the chief Of the kitchen, a carving the baron of beef,-In an ocean of gravy, fat, luscious, and good, Just as snow-capped mount Ætna shines o'er the brown wood. 'Twas then livers and kidneys fried over the gleed, Ate so sweetly with hypocras, lambswool, and mead,-Thus we dined and we supped, and aye, always at dawn, With sack and canary we washed down the brawn. So we feasted of old, and to day to our lips,* We will raise the same viands, nor suffer eclipse

stately white steed richly plumed and caprisoned;" himself splendidly armed cap à pie, having a large mantle or scarf of scarlet; who, followed by several cripples and beggars supplicating for his charity, attended by twenty satyrs dancing before him with tambours, two persons in rich liveries walking by his horse side, ten halberdeers with rural music before them, and ten old Roman lictors in silver head-pieces, with axes and fasces, all march before the company to St. Paul's churchyard, and there make a stand to prevent the cries of the mendicants: the saint severs his scarf with his sword, and delivers to them apart. A vineyard, triumph of Bacchus, and other appropriate subjects concluded this pageant, which the author tells the company in his address (speaking of the ancient splendour and magnificence which formerly shined forth on this solemn city festival now almost dropt into oblivion) had "taken its second resurrection amongst them." See W. Herbert's "History of the twelve great City Companies," an invaluable portraiture of ancient civic manners. Selfishness, exclusiveness, and self-called utilitarianism, would banish all public pageantry which gratifies the many. It is easy to write down lord mayors' shows as "tomfoolery," by asking what is the use of this or that, in which the writers feel no sympathy. I hope the corporation will know better than return answers to persons so ignorant of human nature. Formerly the wealthy were rejoiced to allow their fellow citizens to share in their luxurious displays-a wise and far seeing antidote to envy. Now whilst asking protection and immunities from the representatives of the people to secure their heap-up stores, the rich man dares his poorer fellow-countryman to approach him, or question the uses he makes of what he has gained by their sweat and toil. Formerly the hungry and lame were bid to his board, or at least to his kitchen; now a penal statute imprisons for six months his faltering, starving neighbour, who allured involuntarily by the smell of savoury viands from every window, door, and chink of his dwelling, is found in the "area" before his kitchen door.

* These city feasts were famous of old. Massinger says, about 1596:-

"Men may talk of country Christmases,
Their thirty-pound buttered eggs, their pies of carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drenched with ambergris; the carcasses
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock: yet their feasts
Were fasts compared with the city's.—City Madam, act. 2, sc. 1.

March, 1845.—Vol. XLII. No. CLXVII.

2 c

Of the days when no fashions of France could beguile, England's sons from the products of England's old isle; Thanking Heaven with good beef and beer cast is our lot, Packing off to Mounseer Epigramme and Charlotte, Potage riz à la Turque, Macedoine de legumes, And of paté-de-foie-gras the cruel perfumes, Langue sauce en papillotte, hatelet foie-de-veau, Meringue à la creme—not to me worth a joe. No bechamel, vol-au-vent, salmi, tartarre, No mattelotte, marinarde, à la barbarre, Cottelette à la soubise, pullet à la Marengo, Shall pollute in your thorax our spicy brewed bingo; No humbug disguises our board shall disgrace, And of Hereford sirloins + and brawn take the place. But five-year-old South-downs, fat geese, and York ham, Norfolk turkies (whose joy is our stomachs to cram, And too happy to hope, when from life they are parting, They may make us as handsome and fat as Charles M-With famed Vintry pork, for its breeder, our brewer, Feeds the dam of the pigs in the dam of the sewer; And ambitious young hogs, whose mammas are thus fed, Dream they are bacon and pork pies before they are dead; So these hopes to confirm, nor their wishes to slight, We will eat the dear sucklings entire to night (Just leaving for tythe a fat sow on the cinder Of the bard of St. Pauls, & London's new Peter Pindar); With poultry and game, leaving nothing to wish, And the coasts of old England supply us with fish; Need we Parmesan, Gruyère, Brie, Neufchatel? Mighty Chester, rich Stilton and Chedder shall tell! Then to hold in solution these dainties, these chines, Our vaults shall he searched for the finest of wines, Port, sherry, champagne—perhaps punch for a cheerer-And, for soaking your walnuts, East India madeira;

- * A joe. The fourpenny coin, so called by the cabmen in compliment to Mr. Joseph Hume—a hated retrenchment of their old sixpenny dues.
- † What Englishman, rising from the sweet underside of this national fare, washed down with a foaming tankard of Truman, Hanbury, and Co.'s entire, would blush to confess that—

"Ille impiger hausit,
Spumantem peuteram et potto se proluit ale o."—Virgil (nearly).

- † The much-respected solicitor of the company, who resides at the hall. This gentleman's appearance presents Vintry fare in a highly honourable point of view; and could the patron saint of the Vintners (Saint Martin) drop in at Vintners' Hall he would have reason to be proud of hisnamesake.
- § The Reverend Richard Harris Barham, whose brilliant wit, facility of versification, and sound learning, render him an ornament to the society in which he moves. The reverend canon of St. Paul's is the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," a fund of entertainment for millions—he is a chaplain of the Vintner's Company, and a zealous promoter of their charities.

Of which, if Anacreon or Shakespeare had tasted,
Their lives, like their lines, to this hour had lasted.
Come then, dine in our hall? none are deemed therein alien
Who are honest and loyal with souls Bacchanalian,
And the day that you knew us you'll smile to remember,
If we send you a card every ninth of November.

Thus invoked me the warden, and thus answered I, Jolly Sir at your feet I'd be happy to lie, With my feet under Vintry Hall mahogany! But wanting two stomachs, I'm sorry to say, I can eat but one dinner this jubilee day. One dinner, alas! only one! (vile injunction! By chancellor nature decreed on man's function, In her court without bowels or palate-compunction); And that in Guildhall I will eat with the mayor, Who shall have my small aid in support of the chair; For I hate to see eating his turkey and turtle, Those who wreathe, like Harmodius, their weapons in myrtle; And, discord conspiring, flock hither as guests, To ruffle with hisses fair innocent breasts— Who deny what to fairness and justice is due. In pre-judging the charges they wish may be true. For, my friend, this brief world is too thorny, too cold, To afford of our fellows that ill should be told; But bids us, from Pharisees standing aloof, To the judge of the heart leave the voice of reproof. When you ask me again, let me beg as a favour, That it be when the heather-fed venison's in flavour; And not on this day, when the city-king grave, Like Cimon, has triumphed on shore and on wave, More blest than the Greek, with blunt swords, bloodless maces, Glad chains, peaceful banners, smooth furs and smooth faces; And when night descending the proud scene is o'er, But to live in a headache a day or two more;

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^{*} the hall is a well-built, substantial building, erected on land bequeathed to the company by Sir John Stoddil, lord mayor in 1357. The old hall of this company was in Bishopsgate Street. The wainscote of the court-room is particularly light and elegant, and the carving of the fruit and flowers very superior. The screen at the east-end of the hall is rich in carvings; Bachus and his panthers, Saint Martin, their patron saint, are carved thereon in bold relief. There are several portraits, by Kneller and Reynolds, of English sovereigns and masters of the company, and of St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar, by Rubens.

[†] See the hymn attributed to Alcœus, Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησῶ—" I will carry my sword hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c. These ungrateful gentlemen, every one knows, cut off their entertainer the elegant Hipparchus.

The procession of the lord mayor is partly by land, and partly by water. Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

Where, satiate with wine, mayor and aldermen lie,
And in dreams smack the turtle and perigord pie—
No—some other day—more than one perhaps were better—
Send me word—I'll be there, to the hour in your letter.
And for further inducement, I'll promise next time,
No romance for an opiate, nor bore you with rhyme.*
So long life to you Vintners who've opened your door
To a stranger like me, and your wealth to the poor,†
With the good will of all thus are blest to bestow,
By the charter of kings many ages ago!

† Syrano de Bergirand, in his account of the kingdoms of the Moon, tells us, in that repudiating territory, Homer and Virgil pay their bills in epics, which represent large bank notes; Petrarch and Filicaja in sonnets; Clement Marot in epigrams and chansons; and that the small coins, the joes and

tizzies, or half-tanners, consist of couplets.

It would be a very pleasant thing if authors here were permitted to adopt the mode of cash payment in use amongst their lunatic brethren; Mr. Dillon seemed to think so—he, the rhodomontader of the Oxford expedition of Lord Venables, in 1826; and so thought Lord Venables himself, when he set his chaplain to chronicle his doings in a volume of gilt calf. Consumers of turtle and Roman punch ought to pay for these dainties some way or other. It is fortunate that Mansion House chaplains are not expected to write like Homer or Virgil; and if this reverend bard gained so much solid pudding for his empty poesy, surely Moore, Tennyson, Macaulay, Smythe, Barham, bards who venture to fret our fog with their fancies, may expect, in exchange for them, delicate risolls and bechamels, pine-apples, hot-house grapes, and early peaches.

this company, out of their estates. Shodlam's almshouses, called the Vintner's almshouses, at Mile End, contain twelve poor freemen's wives, who receive equal portions of an annual income of £435, besides other advowsons. The appointment is in the court of assistants. The original bequest, by Guy Shodlam "was one penny a week, or 4s. 4d. per annum to each of thirteen poor people of the Vintner's craft, to be paid out of the rents and profits of thirteen little mansions, lying together in the parishes of Saint Martin Vintry, and Saint James Garlick Hythe." This four shillings and four-pennny annuity now produces, it will be seen, thirty-six pounds five shillings. The Vintners have also a considerable school, for the maintenance and education of children of their liverymen. Its present flourishing condition may not be a little attributable to the constant and zealous attention paid to the children by the chaplain of their company, the Rev. R. H. Bareham. The income of this excellent company will be shortly much increased, by the falling in of the lease of a house in Lombard Street, the gift of Richard Mervayle, now let to Messrs. Barclay and Co., bankers, in 1778, at a yearly rent of £75, for seventy years.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

No. I.

BY A LADY.

Dumbarton Grange, Jan. 27.

MY DEAR EDITH,

So you really wish to know if "it is well" with the friends you have so unfeelingly left? You deserve it, don't you-you who have deserted them? There is just one consolation for an equitable mind, le voici, that you punish yourself by that same desertion. So, lest the requital should even exceed the desert, I who may be considered, on the present occasion, to represent the goddess Astrea, proceed just to keep the balance even by giving you some hints how we are going on in the neighbourhood of the Grange. It is to be regretted we have not Hadi Hassan's tube in these days; it would "raise perpetual benediction" among absent friends. How delightful to look through the magical lens, and see those with whom one's heart is at the other end! But, in the meantime, the universal penny post is a respectable substitute for a contented mind. Unfortunately its facilities do not include the suggestion to vacant minds of original matter-of which my epistle will probably prove an illustration; as I have not, at this present speaking, anything remarkable to relate. Let us hope matters may mend as I proceed.

In the first place, as my brother Raymond would say, the stars of Dumbarton have not fallen from their orbits in consequence of the absence of their luminous centre. This I hope you will find consoling as you walk by the sad sea wave. Next, would you like to hear the last news of your special favourites, Mr. and Mrs. Orton? Eh bien. Then last Monday your little friend Amy set out on an expedition through the very dirty streets between Dumbarton and Helslie, which terminated in Mr. Orton's study. You remember how that philosopher has been accustomed to

despise phrenology.

"Well, Miss De Vesci," said he, "since I saw you I have submitted my head to the examination of a professional gentleman who is also a phrenologist."

"Indeed!" said I to Mr. Orton.

"Really," remarked I to myself, "how much Mr. Orton has improved in charity for the science of heads, if I may judge by the tone of his voice."

"Yes," proceeded he, "what do you suppose is one of the leading developments?"

"Let me see-what will give penetration, or acuteness, or

soundness of judgment?"

"I hardly know, but it is not very important just now; for the organ which distinguishes my head is none of these. Would you suppose now, that it is the imaginative or poetical faculty?"

'Yes," said Mrs. Orton, "I have no doubt Miss De Vesci

would."

This last-named lady submitted that she should think it large.

but not predominant.

"Then it is somewhat remarkable," said our friend, "that I have the organ of constructiveness strongly developed. I could, my examiner says, have invented machines or made plans for buildings in an extraordinary manner. Now I remember, when I was a little boy, that one of my earliest performances was to construct a doll's house for my sister, and to make a ship with rudder, oars, sails—all complete."

"The power has slumbered since for want of practice, no doubt,"

said I, "along with the poetical faculty."

"There was not time for a full examination," said Mr. Orton.
"You will tell me more another time, I hope," said I; and so we left it.

One of the next things he told me was, that he had purchased

Wordsworth's poems, and was in course of reading them.

"You see your imaginative faculty will obtain food for itself," said I; "I am glad the phrenologist wins more heed than all my

exhortations on the advantages of studying poetry."

Let us hope the flowers of poesy will now shed their fragrance over our friend's addresses to the public. I shall not be surprised if they do; more, at least, than formerly. If the said public are as much edified with these as I with his amenability to the judgment of his phrenologist, the flowers will not be without fruit.

Then came a discussion of the many excellences of my friend Edith. I say a discussion; for, though all the parties agreed that they were numerous and peculiar, there was some difference of opinion as to which were the distinguishing ones. My regard for your lowliness of spirit will not allow me to enable you to act as umpire; as a substitute for which I can only suggest that you may believe, on our authority, that you are in possession of just the very virtues most to your taste, as there can be little doubt that these must have been mentioned by one or other of us.

Perhaps it was somewhere in the middle of this discussion that Mr. Orton thought proper to recreate himself with the ," fragrant weed;" whereupon I thought proper to enter a protest against

that favourite solace.

"Now do you think," said Mr. Orton, "that these sayings of yours will at all affect my practice?"

"No; but, as I conscientiously object to it, I must occasionally

apprise you that I do, for my own peace of mind."

"Well," said Mrs. Orton, "I don't like it; but, as I know it gives him pleasure, I never object to it. And I'll tell you, Miss De Vesci, last Saturday I was among some of my poorer neighbours, and one of them was abusing all use of tobacco very much, saying that no one took it but committed a sin in doing so. Now I don't think that, if you thought you sinned in it, dear, you would take it; so I was beginning to defend its occasional use, when a good woman looked up from her work and said,

"'I'd think it the joy of my life if our John would give up tobacco; but I'd get up any time at midnight to get him a pipe if

he wanted it."

"Ah," said Mrs. Orton's husband, "she knew the way to her husband's heart."

"And," continued his helpmate, "I thought it a beautiful feeling that made that poor woman, who had never had any learning to give her refinement, say so."

"Ay, indeed, there is as much beauty of feeling among the very poor as among people with high poetic souls, and who have

learned all they can, besides, from the poetry in books."

"I wonder whether they have as much as those fortunate people who have it outside in a large organ of imaginativeness," said a wicked little mortal—you may guess who; "but, Mr. Orton, you would not think me very severe against your super-excellent cigars, if you knew of what most favourite verse they have often reminded me."

"Come, let's have it then."

"With the greatest pleasure; it is in one of our best old songs. I leave the application to you who excel in that kind of thing:—

"'I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It might not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
Less of itself than thee.'"

"Well, that's something of an amende to my cigars."

"But I assure you, Mr. Orton, that I don't object to them half so much because I dislike them, as because I think they injure your health. I have high medical authority for that opinion."

Hereupon I was assured that Mr. Orton's own judgment and experience had authority far greater than my medical one, toge-

ther with sundry reflections on the Faculty—the ever unselfish and consistent—with which my regard for your respect for Mr. Orton's soundness of judgment will not allow me to acquaint you. Seriously, Edith, can you forgive me for so applying that beautiful verse? Do I ever deserve for such a sin to have one—an appreciating one—talk to me like it? Well, it does not greatly matter; if a Zanoni were to appear among us, perhaps I might regret having lost the worthiness to be discovered by him; but that will only be, as Raimond would doubtless observe, some time

during the Greek Kalends.

Well, dear Edith, memory's record is nearly obliterated till the next afternoon, when I popped in to take a pleasant cup of tea, with good hope of the pleasanter looks and words which should come with it, at the house of our friends the Misses Melville; and there I found Mr. Erdene and my Marie. I love Marie—much for her own sake, much also for the sake of one far dearer. Truly all the argument of the prettiest of proverbs is hers; if she is not the rose, she has dwelt with the rose, and she has kept some of its fragrance. But if Marie is not a rose-bud, she is a sweet violet, what many will think quite as good a thing. May she find a quiet sunny shelter when she leaves us, which, alas! will be soon.

On this occasion she sat so still and looked so grave that really, if one could have imagined she was mourning to leave Dumbarton, one's esteem for her good taste might even have heightened one's love. She tells me it was not because three of the party, Miss Janet Melville, Mr. Erdene, and your Amy, talked so fast there was no possibility of any stray words from her gentle voice making their way into the debate. And what talked they about? Why, "Undine," that sweetest of wild legends, supplied the text; and from thence arose the inquiry how far beings which had no real place in nature were lawfully to be used as agents in fiction. You will guess which side the respective forces took. I said that "Undine" appeared to me a highly moral tale; not that the moral chiefly lay in weakness and inconstancy working out in the knight their own punishment, but in the lovely womanly character of Undine. If I were to be called to some emergency requiring generous self-denial, I should like the summons to come as I arose fresh from the impression of her character. I believe, after all the condemnatory speeches about fiction not based in nature, and therefore not leading the soul, by unthought by-ways, to the love of the true and the good-about the mind being (hypothetically) by such fiction unfitted for the actual business, the stern conflict, of life-about all imaginings being worse than vain, which were not in conformity with the spirit of revealed truth ;-that we all thought very much the same, if we could have expressed our thoughts in the same way. Certainly, though I had to myself

the argument in favour of varied machinery in conveying truth, derived from the apologues and parables of the Bible, and that in favour of reading the "Arabian Nights," that we might thereby be able to appreciate the many similes founded on their effects by all modern writers from the great Coleridge to Macaulay; we agreed in disliking that school of German legends which consist only of one horrid fancy piled upon another, with no moral breathing through, and in thinking that, as minds are so limitlessly varied, it is well for the ways of picturing truth to be varied too. The greater the variety the better. All honour, say I at least, to scenes the most wild and wonderful. They have their own charm, if only among them Truth may deign to raise her standard and pitch Upon the whole, as may be said of almost all arguments since arguing began, all the disputants remained very much of the same opinion with which they set out—only we had the pleasure of knowing more exactly what each other's opinions were; and I had the pleasure of finding that "this high argument" gave only another proof that I and Mr. Erdene think almost precisely alike, which is something, as he is generally right.

How from this did we—that is, two of the party—begin lamenting how sadly they had wasted their time during the last six weeks in visiting? Truly, I do not say, because I do not know. I alone declared that I had not at all too much society; that it was very improving in things to be learned in no other way, and at least it put one in good spirits, which were an excellent help to doing all good things better. We were all, however, quite unanimous as to the fact, that so much visiting had not been known in

Dumbarton since any of us could give evidence about it.

"There was no time for anything else," said Miss Janette. "No," said Mr. Erdene; "indeed it was as much as people could do to prepare for their friends between visiting themselves."

"And so much time spent in magnificent preparations, which

really didn't add to the pleasure," said Miss Janette.

"All the turkeys were disposed of on the instant—not one to be seen waiting in a shop," observed Mr. Erdene.

"The milliners were in fits," remarked I.

"The cooks felt themselves in office high," said Miss Janette; "an old lady who had retired from business for seven years recommenced her labours from stress of need."

"And how much more we should have enjoyed seeing our friends quietly! how little conversation worth the name there was!" said Mr. Erdene.

"'The feast of reason and the flow of soul,' where was it?"

inquired Miss Janette.

"Here," replied Mr. Erdene.

"And here," with a just conviction of our own powers, said we all.

Miss Janette loquitur.—There was one evening, Mr. Erdene, to which I look back with satisfaction. We spent it with a family in somewhat humbler circumstances than many of our friends. We were the only guests; we sat in their ordinary sitting-room. The table was luxuriously spread with delicate cakes for tea, and after tea we gathered round the fire, and conversed on many topics of social and general interest. Then the master of the family returned from his business, and his wife said, "Now you must not leave us without a little supper;" and there was just on the table a nice bit of cold beef, potatoes, sausages, and mince-pies.

"Can we remember that model of a supper, Mr. Erdene?" said I; "or shall we take a note of it? I only hope, next Christmas, the cold beef will be less difficult to obtain than the turkeys have

been this one."

"Ah," said Mr. Erdene, "it is a great deal better than the splendid suppers and the no conversation to which one generally sits down."

"Don't express that opinion just now, please, Mr. Erdene. Do you know, to my certain knowledge, the Misses Melville have given five parties this Christmas?"

"Well," said Miss Janette, "as I have been saying to Marian,

we will never do so again."

"Oh, Miss Janette," said I, "that resolution will never survive the frosts of next Christmas; your hospitable doors will fly just as wide open as ever."

"No," replied Miss Janette; "I am resolved against any more

parties."

"Then we shall have no more pleasant meetings here, Mr. Erdene," said I; "or, if Miss Janette does transgress, and invite us, in honour we must not come. What a melancholy thought!"

Here my conscience would not allow me to leave papa all alone any longer, and I said, "Good night;" but just remembered one important reason, when I reached the door, in favour of parties,

and turned back to state it in their behalf:

"I quite forgot, Miss Janette, that some of the most delightful people we know, I never meet except at parties. It is all very well for people who are so fortunate as to have fireside chat with them to vote parties a nuisance; but till I become one of the privileged few, I cannot do so."

Then, 'mid a laughing burst of "Just like Miss De Vesci," I

made my last exit.

"Do you wish to hear something of Raimond, Edith? He has just the same peculiar mischief as of yore. Fancy me sitting before a comfortable fire, in the Grange breakfast-room, engaged in no particular occupation, except that of warming myself. Enter Sir Raimond de Vesci."

"You and the fire look as if it were a cold day, dear Amy."

"Well, so it is, Raimond."

"And so you resemble the lilies of the field as much as ever, Amy."

"I?-really Raimond, that is a very poetical compliment from

you."

"No, it is, unfortunately, nothing but the truth,—you are exactly like the lilies, inasmuch as you neither toil nor spin."

"O Raimond, how very wrong, and what nonsense."

"Very wrong! and what nonsense! That has quite an oldfamiliar sound; I fancy I have heard you say that of my remarks more than once before, dear Amy; have you any thing rather more new?"

"Not much; Marie was here this morning, and she was remarking that Ima Severton would look extremely well in your

favourite room, the gothic library."

"Edith, have you ever seen Ima? I think not; how shall I describe her? Fancy a young girl, with a graceful, rounded figure, over which there is breathed an air of indescribable serenity. A complexion, that would make Sir Joshua Reynolds call on his disciples to think of pearl and peach, the fairest, if they tried to copy it; nay, a peach is not smooth enough to make a standard for Ima's neck and brow. A flush that varies from the tint of the maiden's blush to that of the damask rose; the tender blue of her eyes deepens when her cheek does. Such a brow that looks out from her pale golden air, with a modest queenliness, of which I can say nothing, but that Ima's soul speaks from it, and Una's might have done. And the whole look of the face when the earnest eyes open to yours, and seems to say, 'Will you not answer me truly, as I speak to you?' Have I described Ima? Just as much as if I told one who never saw a rose, that its ruby coloured leaves enclosed a circlet of threads of deep gold, and these were upborne on a slender stem, with leaves of delicate green, and no more. Words cannot paint the scent, the grace, the individual beauty of the flower, or the charm of Ima Severton." Revenons à Raimond.

"Very likely she would look delightful any where, but what is

that to Miss Marie?"

"Why, it is a circumstance upon which she can make an innocent observation, apparently. And, besides, she says if she comes here again, she should not be surprised to find her there; and, also, that several people think that Miss Ima seems very well

content to be talked to by Sir Raimond de Vesci."

"That shows she is a young lady of good taste; I am glad to hear it for her sake. Pray has your friend no innocent observations to make about you, dear Amy? Why should not she think you would look well in Mr. Merton's study, dining-room, or any other room that may pertain to him?"

"O, pray don't mention him; he is grown quite sensible; he never thinks of talking to me; he has not even a wish; he would talk to the most uninteresting person just as soon."

"An odd way of being sensible, certainly; one would suppose

sense someway made an antithesis to good taste."

"No, really Raimond, he has no ridiculous ideas at all at present. I have quite lost my fears. The last time we met, positively, he walked quite away from me, when supper was announced, and offered his arm to the most insipid lady in the room; and so I remained—planté là."

"How much he was to be pitied! And what became of you?

Did you arrive in the supper-room at all?"

"O yes! by some accident Mr. Vere, one of the most delightful people I know, did'nt happen to see what was going on, till most of the ladies were led away, and so he asked me to go in with him."

"He must be delightful, indeed. Then, upon the whole, I think you ought to be grateful to Mr. Merton for having put you in the way of Mr. Vere. Perhaps he did it on purpose?"

"O, not he. And then Mrs. Merton called Mr. Vere up to the top of the table. So I had merely a diagonal view of him.

He was obliged to go, and I remained planté là."

"Planté là," said Papa, who had quietly joined us, and whose early studies did not include French, "you say that often, I think, Amy;" what does it mean?"

"Yes, Amy is quite grand with her planté là;" do explain it,

dear sister."

"It means, Papa, in an isolated position; alone in a crowd; that some one has left you; fixed."

"Papa will never understand so figurative an explanation. It

means simply, sir, planted there."

"Well," said I, "I wonder who we shall meet at Mr. Leyton's next week."

"Ah! how would you look in his library?"

"How can you be so absurd Raimond? I know nothing about

"Neither do I know much on that particular point. I can tell you, however, that he says he is contented with his own library, even after seeing mine; so that, perhaps, it would be as it were, a becoming frame to set you in. Is that a good figure, Amy?"

"Of course I can't tell; I never saw the library."

"And I have not seen the present one. The old one was merely book-shelves round a dining-room; but you would make up for that."

"What! what is all this?" said our Papa. "Amy, you are not intending, surely, to ask Mr. Leyton, to show you his

library?"

"O dear no, Papa."

"Not exactly, sir; we are only saying, that is, we were thinking, perhaps some day or other, Amy would be—planté là." With which last little arrow, my amiable brother walked off.

A ring-it interrupts me at once, for I do not know to what it may be the prelude. There is much character in the way in which people ring a door-bell; but I cannot now explain to you my ideas on this subject, for-enter my visitor. It is Annot Elton; and what does she come to tell me?-a wedding-whose?-more interesting still, her own. Things always come when we don't expect them. I have wondered she did not marry, but never fancied her doing so was so near. She will marry Mr. ---, so she will go to a distance from all her old friends; but what does that matter? it will only draw her nearer to him who is the nearest of When she may last be called Annot Elton, she will them all. wear a rich white brocaded silk, and a white chip bonnet, with a white point lace veil, and one feather; her three bridesmaids are to be attired in dove-shaded poplin. Do you approve their taste? How pretty Annot will look, with her real blue eyes, and her fair hair! Now, having given you this bit of real news, even your unreasonability will be satisfied. I leave the bridesmaids' bonnets to your imagination, as I don't know what they are to be. Let me advise you, Edith, if you want more tidings, to write soon to your attached Amy.

VIOLA.

THE deep woods waved around thee when thine eyes
First saw the light of earth;

The summer breeze taught thee that trick of sighs,
Far better than thy mirth,
Earnest, thoughtful Viola;
For thou hadst thy birth
Far among the oaks and pines,
By a green leaf-darkened stream;
Mossy rocks and drooping vines
Wove the texture of the dream
That now with hopeful joy I trace
Upon thy innocent face.

The dark cool summer shadows went
Into thy deep eyes, gentle maid;
And every dawn and every moonlight lent
Their visionary aid,
To form the soul that formed thy face
To such a pensive grace.

No tyrant fashion sealed in the The fountains of sincerity— No hollow school of forms and lies Lit up the truthful confidence, The flower-like angel innocence That dwelleth in thine eyes.

For thou wert nursed by blessed bands
Of guardian spirits—in their hands
They bore thee up—around thy couch
They sang thee to thy rest—their touch
Woke thee at morn—and all the day
They were beside thee at thy play.
From every gentle word or look,
From every toy, from every book,
From every star, from every tree,
They came to minister to thee.

And now I see thee, gentle child,
So earnest, yet so mild;
Child-poet, nursed in thoughtful solitude,
Ripening almost too soon to womanhood;
I see thee, half with hope and half with fear,
Thy destiny so soon seems drawing near.
For thou, alas, shalt find,
When thou hast left this quiet spot,
That thine may be another lot!
And the cold world may prove less kind
Than the most bitter wind
That howls in winter round thy lowly cot.

Yet there is prophecy of undeveloped strength
Upon thy face, fair Viola.
And thou at length
Shall rise above time's shadows as a star.
If thou but trust great Nature's truth
Thine is perpetual youth.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Hampton Court; or, the Prophecy Fulfilled. An Historical Romance, in 3 vols.

Though the title-page gives no such intimation, we have reason to believe we are not far from wrong in ascribing this work to Mr. F. Lloyd, for many years an active police magistrate in Birmingham before the incorporation of that town, and author of "The Paris and

Dover Post Bag," and other successful works.

We have seldom seen a work professing to be a historical romance which better deserved the title. There is much more of history in it than of imagination; much more of fact than of fiction. The leading personages introduced into its pages are all well known to those who are conversant with the annals of England in the middle of the seventeenth century; and what is said of these, and what they are made to say for themselves, is so entirely consonant with their characters, that we are almost inclined to say, if there be not a contradiction in the terms, that Mr. Lloyd's fiction is fact. He summons the principal performers on the historic stage of England, of two centuries ago, from their graves, and brings them before his readers with a vividness which makes us almost fancy we see them passing before our bodily eyes. Our regret is, that Mr. Lloyd has not thrown his work into another If, instead of bringing it out in three volumes, and in the shape of a novel, he had put into octavo volumes, and called by some such title as "The Life and Times of Charles the First," we are sure it would have excited much greater attention, and been more successful. It is a work which everywhere displays great historical research, and must have been the result of enormous literary labour. We know of no book which evinces a more intimate acquaintance with the persons and events of the period to which it relates. We would suggest to the author the propriety of yet giving to the public in another form his thorough knowledge of the leading incidents of the times of the first Charles.

Considered as a work of fiction, as we look on "Hampton Court," it would have been more adapted to the general taste had the author been less sparing of dramatic scenes; we regret this the more, because, as will be seen from one of our extracts, the author possesses dramatic powers of no common order. We think a liberal resort to incidents dramatically wrought out in works of imagination, are rarely popular with the circulating libraries, Those who prefer acquiring historical information under the seductive guise of fiction—to perusing works

which rigidly adhere, even in the minutest particulars, to undoubted facts, will read, with no ordinary gratification, the volumes before us.

Had our space permitted, we would have given copious extracts from "Hampton Court." As it is, we must content ourselves with two or three. The first is a description of the Lord Mayor's Mansion House, two hundred years ago.

"The residence of the Lord Mayor was one of those spacious old houses in Bishopsgate Street, with projecting bays and picturesque gables, that still remain to break the monotony of our present most uninteresting cotton-mill architecture. It had been built by Jasper Fisher, a member of the Goldsmith's Company, and one of the six clerks in Chancery: it had gardens, bowling allées, fountains, and was in itself so spacious as to attract the envy of his citizen neighbours. 'This house,' says Stowe, 'being so large and sumptuously builded by a man of no greater calling, was mockingly called 'Fisher's Folly,' and rithme was made of it, and other the like in this manner:—

'Kirkebyes castell, and Fishers follie, Spinilas pleasure and Megses glorie.'

Queen Elizabeth had lodged there, and the Earl of Oxford had for a time inhabited it. Londoners now-a-days run no risk of lampoons for building magnificent dwelling houses within the city. As we named before, incidental to Sir Richard Gurney's entertainment, those of the chief magistrate before the erection of the Mansion House, were at his own expense and at his own house.

Evelyn mentions dining with one of the sheriffs of London at his mansion in the Old Jewry, erected at an expense of twenty thousand pounds; the staircase being of cedar, and the carvings of the hall and dining-room executed by the celebrated Gibbons, this house being expressly built in proud anticipation of his official banquets; so early were the citizens distinquished by disinterested hospitality."

Our next extract is unusually long, but we are sure our readers will not deem it tedious. It is a most graphic account of General Monk's wife—a low born, and ill bred, and ugly woman, whose vulgarity was a source of perpetual annoyance to the General. She arrrives at the Mansion House to dine with the Lord Mayor and the other civic authorities.

"General Monk and his lady!' was repeated several times, to the former's annoyance, and again and again echoed with malicious zeal by unseen mouths from doors and passages, until the distinguished couple arrived at the summit of the wide staircase. He entered the reception rooms, and was the next moment in front of the lady of the house, who was receiving her guests with much dignity and affability. Monk's intention was simply to bow as he passed; thereby to avoid catching her eye, or exchanging words save of the barest formality; his wife was at his side, and he trembled; his spirits were damped by that sort of conscious degradation which ill-assorted companionship never fails to inflict upon a sensitive mind.

Miss Phelps opened her large eyes, drew herself up to her utmost height, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. To add to his vexation, which, with all his better nature, could not be quelled, arranged on each side of her were several faces he remembered to have been bent towards him with flattering interest at Hampton Court. There was her brother Lionel, making faces, with malicious glee; and some quizzing exotics, who performed the part of jesters for the entertainment of Merchant Tailors' Company. He plucked his wife's sleeve to follow him as he passed to the right amongst the crowd of

guests, to make way for those that followed him; but any semblance of retreat, under circumstances of discomfort, was not in Mrs. Monk's tactics, civil or military. The insulting burst of forced, artificial merriment their announcement excited in their hostess, exhibited in no less degree by all her petticoat suite, roused the masculine above the feminine feelings of resentment. Advancing, with a look of defiance, to within an inch of Miss Phelps's face, she gave it, without saying a word, a slap that echoed throughout the lofty room. Her ladies in waiting screamed awfully; the excitement and uproar were intense. Every one had heard the slap and the screams, but few knew who had received it, or what was the provocation; and all rushed to the spot where the offender's husband, whom the rude crack of his wife's palm on the lovely, tender peach-down cheeks of the Lady Mayoress had startled and caused to turn round, shudderingly beheld his helpmate, surrounded with a score of incensed, jabbering matrons and dowagers, whom she only kept from murdering her outright by shaking her fist in each of their faces, and threatening them with similar salutes. To Lionel Phelps, who pushed her, she bestowed a rattler on his ear, with the gentle words, 'Come up, Jack sauce,' from which he started, the concentrated essence of cowardice oozing from his forehead. The General was assailed in turn with abuse from the younger men, champions of the city Juno, for supporting his wife in outraging her hospitality; though, poor man, he was too much overwhelmed with a pitiable sense of his false position to say or do anything in her defence.

The ladies insisted upon the banishment of the perpetratress of the outrage; and the Lord Mayor, who had witnessed displeased his daughter's affront, insisted upon both belligerents forgetting the matter: and, instead of pulling each other to pieces, whet their teeth for the dainties of his cook. In truth, he was dreadfully scandalized; and, like a wise man, thought the sooner the

fracas was forgotten the better.

'If the Mayor will invite such people, what can we expect? They say she was a camp-follower, a trull to Lunsford's babe-eaters,' said Lionel.

'O faugh! to sit down with a familiar of Prince Robbers, freebooters!'

cried others, regarding the infuriated matron with increased horror.

More and more stormy language passed between the ladies; all conciliation was hopeless. Our heroine expressed, in terms not to be misunderstood, her contempt for the corporation in general, and the company present in particular, and her sorrow that her husband was not in prison again, rather than break bread with the party.

Monk opened not his mouth during the fray. He knew his wife was able to defend herself, and cared not to quarrel with the ruling powers on her account. She called upon him in vain to come out from amongst traitors; he calmly took his seat at table, whilst his lady opened a new battery upon the Lady Mayoress. Hitherto she had refrained from any allusion to Miss Phelps's midnight visit to the General's tent, but dealt her abuse generally on

the circle.

'You pattern of virtue, you holy vessel, to poach, like Judith, in your enemies' tent, thinking to cajole the general with your charms! Let me catch you in our quarters again, hussey," she now cried, with voice and gesture that none but those who have not seen Norma's assault upon Pollio can realize.

General Monk arose, dismay strongly marked in every lineament of his face, for he suspected his wife had been talking of her friend Beldame Butts' favourite recipe against the vapours—undiluted Schnidam. Nor was he wrong; for his rib, like a man we could name about to make a first speech in Parliament, preach a first sermon, make an offer, or commit themselves to any immense undertaking for the first time in their lives, had prudently forfeited her nerves for the overwhelming debut at a Lord Mayor's banquet. She could have charged a gang of the swell-mob in Cheapside, or fought with pike or back-sword any city grandee, Gog and Magog inclusive; but to sit in satin brocade with grave matrons, from whom she had, probably, in early life, earned

March, 1845.—vol. XLII.—No. CLXVII.

fourpence a-day at charing, was, without it, too rash a risk of flustration of nerves.

The moment Lionel Phelps's unmanly attempt to seize her was perceived, she snatched a sword from the side of Alderman Pennington, and soon, by her thrusts and feints, convinced the former that his defence was vain if she chose to use her weapon.

The screeching and hubbub were now at its height, for the Amazon had dragged forth by the ear Alderman Pennington, Sergeant Bradshaw, and Lionel Phelps, her sword presented to their breasts, and had forced them down

on their knees before her.

'Stir, at your peril!' said she, going to the glittering buffet, on which were the beakers and magnums of wine arranged for the banquet. 'Drink King Charles's health, his throne on earth, and his enemies under it. Come, no flinching, no puritanical evasions!' said the toast-mistress.

Lionel rose from the ground, dusting the lace trimmings of his short trou-

sers, growling-

'The devil cast in the same mould this hyæness and that soldier who tripped me up in the guard-room at Dublin, for never were two faces more alike.'

When Sergeant Bradshaw tried to scramble up, his feet caught his gown, and down he fell again on his nose, close to his inexorable posture-mistress; who, like Queen Eleanor, at that affectionate interview with fair Rosamond, at Woodstock, with bowl in one hand and sword in the other, left no alternative but a steel lozenge to the refuser of the draught.

'Thou shalt take a second pledge of fealty to good King Charles in the golden milkmaid; hold her steady, caitiff, and let me hear thee wish thy soul

with thy arch parent, if thou injurest a hair of his royal head.'

Bradshaw was nonplussed, and essayed a repetition of the grim smiles which had coaxed a verdict from the jury against Judge Jenkins, and the officers of the Star-chamber.

'Murder! murder!—kill a king's sergeant in sight of his dinner?' he cried, hoping some assistance from the crowd of guests, who standing around, heart-lessly enjoying the sport at their friend's expense, thought it too good to be spoilt.

'May I not be one of the blessed ones of the Fifth Monarchy that speedily cometh on earth, if I raise it against my King! and thou, O woman of wrath, shalt be my executioner,' gasped the kneeling Sergeant, in utter fright.

Mrs. Monk needed not to say with Paulina, in Shakespeare's Hermione,

'Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But first I'll do my errrand ——'

Her proceedings were sufficiently explicit.

The gentlemen preferring to tap the wine to any toast, rather than be tapped themselves for refusing one, sipped up the canary with ludicrous celerity, glad to escape impalement by repeating, canting, recanting, or villifying themselves and their fellow guests. When this batch had taken the pledge, she drew out others from the party, amidst bursts of merriment, from whom, on their knees, she extorted benedictions on the monarch they were restraining.

When confusion was at its highest, the infuriated woman caught sight of her husband's brilliant ring adorning the finger of Sir Thomas Balfour, who was, unhandsomely, at the same moment, not the least merry of a party laughing at the scene. Unable to endure this combination of insult and ingratitude, she darted towards his seat, and overwhelmed him with her choicest vocabulary.

The doughty Constable of the Tower, towards whom all eyes were directed, looked imploringly at his wife, who rose, and, with infinite tact, soothed Mrs. Monk's susceptibilities by alternate flattery and sympathy with her wrongs. To take a seat at table with 'speaking Puritans, who would murder their King

at Carisbrook, if they dared,' she peremtorily refused; as to her husband, 'he might do so if he liked, but he would one day find them out, and see them hanged before any should approach his table.'

'It will be a very long time before he behaves so rudely, Mistress Monk, for his old friend's sake in the Tower,' replied Lady Balfour, coaxingly, after

exchanging a few words with the Lady Mayoress."

The fracas is at length brought to an end. How Mrs. Monk, who had played so prominent a part in the fistic exhibition was disposed of, will appear from the following.

"The now pacified and exhausted lady suffered herself to be cleverly led away by her companion through several rooms, into the one indicated by the Lady Mayoress, a meagerly furnished apartment. There Lady Balfour left her maudlin with the stimulus she had taken, and mumbling the dream, the truth of which she was more than ever convinced of when her conduct gave the least promise of its fulfilment. Overcome with her exertions, Mistress Monk fell asleep in a chair. It was dusk when she awoke; but, instead of proceeding to the door through which she entered, opened that of an apartment, on one side of which a number of well-filled corn-bags were piled to the ceiling, behind an arras which divided it; for the free-trade-and-rabbit-skinleaguer, Phelps, employed his capital in buying up corn, when able to do so profitably, to enhance its dearness to the people. Behind these bags were three serving-men, treating their sweethearts to dainties not within the range of their lawful perquisites, intercepted and removed furtively hither instead of gracing their master's table. The step of the intruder was heard. Clatter went the dishes, splash went the gravies; within pocket and petticoat were whipped woodcocks and sweetbreads.

"Tis only mad Moll Whollops strayed out of bedlam!" exclaimed one who

had witnessed the fray before dinner.

'Her as insulted the young missus?' said a second.

'Down with her through the governor's secret trap!' cried a third.

Don't harm the poor soul,' cried the tender-hearted damsels, their mouths

dropping syllabub and melted butter.

In another moment the stupified woman, enveloped in a sack, was swinging through a trap door into a granary, filled several feet from the floor with wheat in bulk, deep into which she was violently precipitated. To augment her anger, the laughter of those who had so obligingly assisted her descent was distinctly audible through the trap-door over her head. She remained so motionless with passion, that the very mice, the lawful tenants of the place, returned from the retreats into which her uninvited visit had frightened them, to feast upon the luxuries amid which she lay, like a huge tipsy cake in a cream vase, or the city of Babylon itself, which Ovid tells us—

Dicitur altam Coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

These murine cocktails, more nervous than those of Mrs. Ninos, made themselves excessively scarce in a few seconds; for Mrs. Monk's wide-spreading fardingales, flounces, petticoats, lappets, and all, like to leviathan in the yeasty sca, or like an inebriated swan in the weeds of the Serpentine, commenced floundering amid the golden grain; and not until some hours had flown in this sobering exercise, did she discover a door, which, yielding to an energetic kick, allowed her egress into a garden; crossing which, and a bordering alley into Bernard's Lane, and through Tapel's close, in the shades of the evening, she chewed the cud of reflection on the pleasures of a Lord Mayor's feast.

Her husband, like a wise man, spoke not a word during his lady's explosion, but endeavoured to look as unconcerned as a Spartan schoolmistress might be

2 D2

supposed to do at the Callisthenies of her boarders in the presence of Lycur-

gus.

Lady Balfour had led away Mrs. Monk, when rendered helpless, unfit for polite society, by the brandy she had swallowed, and the unnatural excitement she had indulged; the latter's husband smiled gratefully when her ladyship returned with unruflled face to her place at table. The consorts of aldermen and common councilmen, one and all, foretold a certain lecture of striking eloquence from the lady to her subdued spouse. Their husbands, advocates of physical force, prophesied a jobation of the fractious lady; both were deceived; conjugal conflicts were associated by both with eyes screwed up, with teeth-grinding, contumely, and mouth wagging at forty-alphabet power. Short as Monk's campaigns with the white sergeant had been, he was too able a tactician not to perceive on what wings, brigade, and flank his spouse's weakness lay. He opened his eyes, and looked certain unmistakeable looks; but kept his mouth as close as wax, His experience taught him that no daughter of Eve, rough, riotous, and revolting as her conduct may be, is without a heart; and he had learnt that the way to influence and subdue it, was not by open exercise of the masculine physical or masculine moral energies.

What right Pope had, sixty years later, to deposit Monk's conjugal sword and buckler in the armoury of the ladies, and, to make the larceny more inexcusable, stamp the felonious conveyance with the authority of his immortal rhymes, I have never been able satisfactorily to hear; so 'give it up' to the finding of proctors and doctors of the Arches' Court. My own notion is, (for I speak as a bachelor hypothetically,) that mutatis mutandis, the gender of the

party-

'Who never answers till a husband cools, Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules; Charms by accepting, by submitting sways, Yet has her humour most when she obeys'—

were as well transposed. I have only to record, that the creature, to whom the dragon of Wantley was a type of gentleness in the mansion of the Lord Mayor in Bishopsgate Street, was all sob and contrition under the mild, quite eye of a forbearing husband at home.

Human Magnetism; its Claims to Dispassionate Inquiry. Being an Attempt to show the Utility of its Application for the Relief of Human Suffering. By W. NEWNHAM, Esq., M.R.S.L.

Mesmerism has its votaries—men who are so firmly persuaded of its truth, and so devotedly attached to it, that, if need were, they would lay down their lives for it. Mr. Newnham is one of the disciples of Mesmer. He is an enlightened and well-informed man. His book is one of the most convincing which has appeared on his side of the subject. He claims a dispassionate inquiry for the new science, if science it be; and that, surely, it has a right to expect at the hands of all who wish to be considered philosophers and friends of truth. We express no opinion for or against the merits of Mesmerism; but enough has been proved and done by its advocates to entitle it to at least a fair hearing. The volume before us is well and ably written, and cannot fail to draw additional attention to Mesmerism.

The British Quarterly Review. No. I.

This is a new candidate for public favour. It appears under the editorial auspices of Dr. Vaughan, and is to be the organ of a large and influential portion of the Congregationalists. Its theology is that of Dr. Watts and Dr. Doddridge. The first number is one of high merit. There is a judicious selection of subjects, most of which are ably and skilfully discussed. We hope the promising commencement it makes will be more than borne out by the succeeding numbers, in which case there can be no doubt of its soon taking the place of a permanently established periodical.

The Domestic Bible. Part I. By the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, A.M.

The religious public are indebted to Mr. Arnold, of Paternoster Row, for this remarkably cheap and valuable edition of the Bible. The plan is most comprehensive; it embraces marginal references, with various readings, explanatory notes, suitable reflections for families and individual reading, an analysis of the contents of each chapter, and questions relating to the principal topics touched on in each chapter. The book is carefully and judiciously arranged, is beautifully printed, abundantly illustrated with engravings, and in order to meet the circumstances of all, is brought out in numbers and afterwards in parts. As the work becomes known, it is sure to reach an extensive circulation.

The Penny Portable Commentary. By the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, A.M.

ANOTHER of Mr. Arnold's editions of the Bible, and decidedly the cheapest and most elegant we have seen. It appears in weekly penny numbers, and in monthly parts, with a tasteful wrapper. It has already, we understand, attained an enormous sale, and is destined to reach a still larger circulation. There is not a person in the country who can any longer plead that a copy of the Scriptures is beyond his means. The marginal references are copious, and the explanatory notes and maps are most valuable. The "notes" consist of a careful digest of the most valuable criticisms of the most distinguished divines who have written works expository of the Bible.

Life in Earnest. By the Rev. James Hamilton, Minister of the Scotch Church, Regent Square.

Mr. Hamilton, as many of our readers are aware, is one of the most gifted ministers of the day. To a remarkable singlemindedness of purpose, simplicity of manners, amiable disposition, and fervent piety, he unites intellectual attainments of no common order. In the richness of his imagination he has few equals, while in the amplitude and affluence of his illustrations he often reminds us of Dr. Chalmers. It may be mentioned in proof of the extraordinary popularity of Mr. Hamilton's

previous works—all of which are published in a cheap and portable form—that some of them have reached the unprecedented sale of 60,000 copies. The present admirable little volume has, we observe, in a few weeks, attained a sale of 5000 copies; and greatly shall we be mistaken if the "entries" of Mr. Nisbet—to whose bibliopolical establishment in Berners Street the religious public are indebted for so many valuable works—do not, before another six or seven weeks have elapsed, attest the correctness of our prophecy, when we predict that by that time 10,000 copies will have been issued from his premises. It is a little work of rare excellence, and is as faithful a transcript of the author's mind as could be imagined. The following passage is by no means one of the most eloquent, "earnest," or beautiful to be found in the little book, but it is suited to our pages and space, and therefore we transfer it:—

To flit about from house to house; to pay futile visits where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes, and nimble movements, and polished attire: to r am from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime or beautiful in your soul, that, could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveller enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one on the miseries of his hotel or chateau: you describing the places of amusement, or enlarging on the vastness of the country, and the abundance of the game; and your rival eloquent on the self-same things. Oh! it is a thought, not ridiculous, but apalling. * * Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They are noted in the memory of God. And when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over,—when the twenty or fifty years of probation are fled away—when moral existence, with its facilities for personal improvement and serviceableness to others, is gone beyond recal—when the trifler looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and doors of usefulness past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness-what anguish will it move to think that he has gamboled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool.

Atmospheric Railway and Canal Propulsion, and Pneumatic Telegraph. By James Pilbrow, C.E. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

The complete revolution which railway travelling has effected within the last few years, gives additional weight and interest to every thing connected with the subject. Notwithstanding, however, the rapid progress of discovery, and that degree of perfection to which railway travelling has already attained; still it would appear, that greater and even more startling discoveries and improvements have yet to be carried into operation. This will be effected upon the atmospheric principle.

We are not about to enter into details, as our readers are doubtless acquainted with the merits of the atmospheric principle. Our province is, merely to pass an opinion upon the work before us. In doing so, we must give it as our candid opinion, that Mr. Pilbrow's invention has decided advantages over his competitor's, inasmuch, as his tube will pass under-ground, and consequently, not be so exposed to interference

or accident; the road being a plain surface between the lines of rail, will allow other lines to cross and recross; and his engines will be at a distance of ten instead of three miles apart. Offering these advantages, we are of decided opinion that both his invention and his work before us, is entitled to public support, which, we doubt not Mr. Pilbrow will most readily obtain.

Vacation Thoughts and Rambles. By T. N. Talfourd, Esq., Barrister at Law. 2 Vols.

This work is, we presume, already known to most of our readers. It is the result of three continental trips, performed by the learned author during three consecutive professional vacations. infinite good nature of the writer appears in every page. He is pleased with every body and every thing. He looks equally on nature and mankind with a friendly eye. As a literary production it is not worthy the author of "Ion." This may be partly accounted for from the fact that the learned Sergeant went over ground which had often been travelled before, and which must have been familiar to his minds eye, though a stranger to his physical vision. Some of his descriptions are, however, as fresh and racy, as if no previous work had ever been published by an English author on the beauties which he visited. description of a night on the Alps is the best thing in the book. pleasantly and graphically written. The great fault of the author's style is, that it is artificial, and far too copious. It is exactly what we would expect to find in a young man of exuberant imagination, with an unformed literary taste. We have not space for lengthened extracts. We must, however, make room for two. The first relates to the celebrated Mont Blanc:-

"To the left, above a dark hill, rose in the clear blue sky, the summit of Mont Blanc, with its subject domes and attendant needles, all robed in dazzling white, except where the steepest precipices were gashed into the snow, and contrasted it with stripes of dark rich brown. This was the first view I had enjoyed of any of the highest Alps, except as a vision in the clouds; and, surprising as it was, I must confess the effect did not equal my expectations. This falling-off might be partly attributable to the mind being filled and perturbed with the loveliness of the vast sunny vale, of a character so entirely different from those icy pinnacles, which, near to it in reality, were close to it in the picture, and which compelled admiration of colours and shapes as unlike those around us as if they belonged to another world. But there is a reason why alpine heights, seen at a distance of from twelve to twenty miles by persons who are not familiar with their nearer grandeur, must disappoint an enthusiastic expectation; the masses of snow, almost uniform in colour, do not admit of the sense of distance which the varieties of ordinary scenery convey; and the consequence is, that the eye, not making the proper allowances, embraces the mighty objects as comparatively small; and the mind, instead of being uplifted into regions of perpetual snows, brings down the white masses to the level earth, and then regards them rather with curiosity than admiration. The immediate feeling is a perplexed surprise, that there should be just before you heaps of snow, not "unsunned," but illuminated by a sun which scorches the cortherm of melting. On one the earth around you; and that they should give no sign of melting. On one

who has had happy experience in alpine solitudes, and who, therefore, can in some faint degree recognize in the glittering heights, the length, and breadth, and depth, which have dwindled into a fairy frost-work to the eye, these forms produce a far nobler impression; but a first sight of the Alps, to produce the thrilling sense of which Rogers speaks, should be obtained from a greater distance, where the intervention of a multitude of other objects, gives to the snowy mountains their due proportion, or something approaching to it, in the perspective."

The learned Sergeant institutes a comparison between English and French children. His opinion on this point will be learned with interest—

"I observed some French children—the very small ones, fantastically dressed up as playthings, seemed petted, caressed and spoiled; but the elder ones, from ten to sixteen, looking careworn, conceited, independent, and miserable. Everything is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay-pleasantly so even when fantastically so; and death itself is tricked out in garlands, and "turned to favour and to prettiness." Why then are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained, or ruled by fear; for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French educational practice : on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he pleases. Is it not that there are no firesides-no homes? It seems a fine independent thing for a Parisian shopkeeper to dispense with the plague of domestic servants-take every day, with his wife, the freedom of the restaurant and the café; and when he shuts up his shop, leave it to take care of itself, while he lounges, or dances, or smokes, or reads a journal, or does all these in some public garden - or, better than all, he goes to the play. But the pleasures and comforts of children are of home growth, and require a home shelter. They are here only sad, wearied, wondering spectators of the gaieties of their parents, which are all associated with coquetry, gallantry, and feelings akin to these, in which they do not participate; and though some amends is made by an early initiation into their essences, and an earlier emulation of their symbols, still children, as children, have no food for their affections in the whirling kaleidoscope which dazzles them. In Prussia, children are happier because they are under a stricter discipline; but England, with all its imputed sins of fagging and flogging, and excess of Latin versification, is the place where childhood is most happy as childhood; happy in restraint; happy in indulgence; happy in the habits of obedience, and respect, and filial You would not find such a set of careworn, pale, unhappy faces, in any charity-school in England, as you mark in a throng of wandering, dissipated boys, in the gardens of the Tuilleries.'

Historical and Miscellaneous Questions for the use of Young Persons, with a selection of British and General Biography, &c. By RICHMAL MANGNALL. A New Edition. By W. Pinnock.

This work is too well known to require any particular notice. The present edition, for which we are indebted to Mr. Arnold, is considerably augmented and improved, and contains, among other new features, an original outline of ancient geography and history, ecclesiastical and modern history, and a compendium of the elements of astronomy. Mr. Pinnock has been careful and conscientious in the performance of his editorial duties. Perhaps it would be difficult to name a book of the kind in which there will be found so great a mass of varied and truly valuable information.

Islaford, and other Poems. A Book for Winter Evenings and Summer Moods. By George Murray.

THE first and largest of the pieces in this little volume is the best. We cannot say that the author displays originality or power in any of his poems; but they are pervaded by kindly feelings, and are evidently the emanations of a rightly constituted mind. His prose we consider better than his poetry. From his preface we quote his views of what constitutes true poetry.

THE question, What is Poetry? has been so often, and so often ill-naturedly. asked, that the attempt to answer it by the humble writer of these pages, might seem incompatible with the modesty of a maiden-authorship, and be received only as evidence of ignorance, inexperience, or presumption; for both poet and prose-man have done the same so often, with so little satisfaction, that an inquirer into the circumstances and cause of their failure, must be regarded as the most probable preliminary of a more hopeful investigation: this is not a task either for a young author or a preface. It might be unfair to attribute the failure of the essayist to a want of sympathy with his subject, though this is so far true, that one of the most original prose-thinkers of our age, somewhere asserts that poetry has no fixed principles, and is, therefore, undefinable; but the want of success in the other is undoubtedly involved in the fact, that what he adduces as a definition is generally—and perhaps by design -so poetically expressed, that we are constrained to look on it rather as a specimen of his individual effort and ability than a definition of his art. simpler definitions of the heart are not wanting. It has been, intelligibly enough, termed "the language of feeling." This is true, but not all the truth we desiderate: poetry is always the language of feeling, but the language of feeling is not always poetry. There is a story told of a dissenting clergyman, north of the Dee, who, at the desire of his flock, sent one of his sermons to the press, which proved so feelingly exclamatory, that less than a sheet of it exhausted the printer's stock of O's; yet the discourse certainly had not been written under the inspiration of any muse. To complete this definition then, we propose to add another clause in answer to the question—to whom is this language to be addressed? The preacher alluded to, though literally exclaiming the printer our of breath, wanted the necessary depth of heart to make an uncircumscribed appeal to the sympathies of his fellow-men; he spoke the language of feeling, but it was only heard by his immediate audience. Let us turn to the other hand and listen-that voice sounding among the mountains like the trumpet of God itself; it comes from a Vates-one gifted with both prophecy and song; he does not merely speak to his congregation, but through them to their countrymen, and through them to the end of the earth: the scene is Wales; the preacher is Jeremy Taylor.

Poetry, then, is the language of feeling thus spoken: or it is the communion of an individual heart with the heart universal—the Great Heart of Humanity. Compositions bearing this stamp of universal sympathy will always be rare, but the proximity of their approach must determine the degree

The moralities of life: for, admitting the above definition of poetry, it will be seen that nothing immoral ought to be spoken of under the name. Whatever appeals to universal sympathy must be a thing that endureth for ever: this is the secret of a poet's deathlessness; his sentiments mingle with the great principles of a virtuous life, and live by reason of their vitality. Corruption—wherever it exists, or however it may be gilded—vanity, blasphemy,

error, and whatever maketh or loveth a lie, all must be swept away in the improveability of our nature; for when humanity becomes all-human, which is the nearest approach it can make to Divine, how could it retain the livery it

wore when half a fiend?

The great name of our native land—Robert Burns—has been often mentioned of late to prove the questionable morality of genius. To those that are so fond of sweeping the sooty corners of a fellow-sinner's heart it is of little avail to read a lesson of charity; but though they neither walk humbly nor love mercy they may be willing to do justice. We would then counsel them thus: If ye will judge your fellow-men, let the rule of our master be your guide—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Burns, indeed, wrote "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Ordination," and "The Calf," but these were the thorns, not the fruits of genius. It may be the tree produced many such, and some excrescences besides which all of us could have wished away; but He that said, "Judge by the fruit," pointed out the only way by which criticism of any kind can become a labour of love, viz., by making the good that a man has done the criterion of his good name. Thus, if we mistake not, the philosophy of Carlyle is as old as the New Testament, and essentially contained in the text we have quoted.

There is much false criticism abroad, both in the walks of morals and literature. Our boyhood is drilled to admire the magnanimity of Cincinnatus retiring from the dictatorship to the plough. This was undoubtedly grand: but there is a sublimer story told of one who ploughed our native soil, who was summoned from his plough by a republic more extensive, and far more glorious than the Roman ever was, to wit, the Republic of Letters,—yet the return of the Ayrshire peasant from the first circles of the first city in Europe to his plough and his Jean, is comparatively unremarked and unknown! And he who is stigmatised for immorality forgot both his glory and his wrongs and married the humble woman, "because," says he, "I had the happiness of a fellow-creature in my keeping, and could not trifle with the sacred deposit!"

It is but right that we should now give a specimen of Mr. Murray's poetry. We take the first of the miscellaneous pieces, which is entitled

TO MY FATHER.

WHO DIED IN JAMAICA.

I.

My father, when I saw thee first the hum
Of men was round me—'twas a sabbath day—
And when thine arm caressed me I was dumb,
And when thou spak'st I knew not what to say;
For it had not been granted me to play
With a dear father's smile, or on thy knee
To sit and talk thine anxious brow away,
And feel the joy of giving joy to thee!
This would have given me joy, but was not given to me.

11.

As, when the friend we love is on his way,

'Tis sweet to gaze, or think we gaze, on him,
However indistinct his form and gray,
Or even evanishing in the distance dim;
As, when a pilgrim hears the evening hymn,
Though chanted in a tongue he never knew,
Shapes from his home across his vision swim,
And, doffing his rude cap, he kneeleth too!
Something like this I felt when first I gazed on you!

III

Thy little boy was sent to school one day,
And read not in thy face, so grief-begone,
The pang of parting—till thou wert away,
When all was plain, and I was very lone!
They told me truly; but I wandered on,
And wondered why we met not as before!—
There seemed a meaning in the ocean's moan,
And, as I roamed along the beaten shore,
I call'd, but call'd in vain, and never saw thee more.

TV

The sun shines shadowless upon thy grave,
And Afric mourners pass bare-headed by:
Upon it may the undying verdure wave,
And every wind be laden with a sigh!
I've often had a childish wish to lie,
If but an hour upon that sod so dear—
To sleep and dream thy spirit hovered nigh,
And thou, if angels weep, wouldst drop a tear—
Unless thy soul forgets the souls that loved thee here!

V

Father in heaven! I have not lost thee yet,
Although no more I bend the filial knee;
Thy golden image in my heart is set,
And there I study to resemble thee,
And, for a spell to make the foul world flee,
Pronounce thy name—a name for ever dear:
As light unsullied 'twas bequeathed to me,
And—aid me, Thou that aidest the sincere—
Unsullied it shall be when I am on my bier.

We have been much struck with a beautiful couplet in the largest poem. It is this:—

But rivers wander ere they reach the sea, And minds, before they're in eternity.

This is a happy idea felicitously expressed.

State of Nations Past and Present: One Thousand Questions and Answers Selected from Modern History. By P. A. Beddome.

The plan of this work is described in a brief introductory note. It is an effort to rivet on youthful memories a chain of modern history in which the formation of national character is traced to the influence of national events. The little volume, which only professes to be a compilation, is written with great care. The young person who has a general knowledge of its contents, can boast of a very fair amount of valuable information. We know of few works which we could more cordially commend to the patronage of our juvenile readers.

A Hot-Water Cure, sought out in Germany, in the Summer of 1844. The Journal of a Patient.

To the quiet observer of the course of public feelings and opinions, it is clearly enough apparent, that the disposition of the present day has a strong tendency to faith in the marvellous, of extraordinary means, and extraordinary measures in all its physical exigencies. The sobriety of medical science appears to the invalid too little excitement; something beyond the calm and quiet practice and routine of the sound physician is necessary to satisfy the cravings of the diseased mind for something Hence it is that Homeopathy and Hydropathy have had their crowds of votaries; hence it is that Mesmerism has found its devotees. It is, indeed, beyond all question, that the love of the supernatural, which in itself may be traced to a desire of the soul to establish some link of connexion, some line of communication with the invisible world, has more or less dominancy in every heart. Thus, in the untaught and uncultivated, the same tendency of feeling which once found its indulgence in the belief of witchcraft now rests its trust in the ability of magnetic rings; while, with those whose power of intellect have been strengthened, and their minds enlightened, by the refining and elevated processes of education, the strength of nature has, with a resistlessness much more to be wondered at, found the exercise of the same tendencies in the belief of the more mystic sciences. Undoubtedly, an infinite degree of good has been effected for the suffering body through the agency of the mind; and, were it not too dangerous a resource to strengthen the corporeal by weakening and perverting the mental powers, it might be accounted humanly wise to encourage a salutary error; but as we are enjoined not to do evil that good may come, so, in the full belief that miracles, to a certain extent, may be performed upon the body through the excitement of the mind, we yet hold it as a forbidden thing to build up the strength of the one upon the ruins of the other.

It was with impressions such as these that we opened this "Hot-Water Cure," fancying that we might discover in it but another form of enthusiastic credulity; but, no; we were most agreeably disappointed. The corporeal part of the Invalid Author might be debilitated; but his mind, his nobler self, was strong, energetic, hopeful, cheerful. So far from resting his trust of recovery on some strange excitability, some faith in puerile pretensions,-the faith often curing though the pretension may be the most empty nothingness, -our author betook himself with an honest confidence, and a cheerfulness which indisposition seems scarcely to have dimmed to the sensible and actual, not the chimerical means of This hilarity of spirit, which rests like the charm of sunshine over his writing, making even homely things appear bright and engaging, breaks out in his earliest pages, when he is good-humouredlyhumorous, if we may be allowed the expression, on the trio of physicians, each of whom he successively consulted, and who all most innocently contradicted each other to the fullest possible extent, each prescribing and proscribing exactly the reverse of his predecessor, and

allowing and recommending exactly those things which had been strictly prohibited. Our Author's lively humour appears to have made him enter fully into the jest of which he was the subject; and we find him consulting a fourth M.D. with just the same air of vivacity that he had done the first. To the advice of this last gentleman we are indebted for the agreeable volume before us, since it was to try those natural remedies for disease which nature herself has provided and medicated in the baths of Germany; whereupon, full of the ardour of hope, of animation, and of cheerfulness of spirit, the patient betook himself to the "Hot-Water Cure."

Far, however, from this work proving the troubled diary of an invalid subdued by pain and suffering, and seeing all things through the jaundiced medium of his own feelings, we have here one of the most amusing, beguiling, and instructive books of travel with which we have long had the pleasure of meeting. At a season when countries and society are undergoing so many and so rapid changes, it is no small advantage to possess a relation and a report so new, giving us the aspect of things as they now are in all the places through which our author travelled, or where he made his sojourns. To every class of readers the perusal of this work will prove a satisfying pleasure, to the cheerful that of lively entertainment, to the grave that of solid information; but there is another section of society to whom it must possess an added value. The present facility of communication with the continent sends every year new multitudes of our summer tourists to foreign wanderings, who have hitherto contented themselves with home explorings; and to such the information it contains will prove such a saving of care and arrangement, and expense and trouble, as almost to be invaluable, Our author has not held the minutiæ of his doings as too trifling to be jotted down; and as we all know the discomfort of travelling, so we can all appreciate the good of being well instructed in its avoidance. His account of the continental towns which he visited, are all marked by a high degree of strong, sterling, natural discernment, expressing itself in plain, graphic, and often humourous language, just such as in a phrase realizes what it describes, and yet accompanied by a refined perception of what is high in art, and beautiful in nature. We traverse with him the streets of these continental cities, mark the quaint specimens of architecture, the rich in old associations, the squalid in present existence; enter with him the splendid cathedral, gaze on the works of the old masters, sit with him among the ludicrously mixed-up company at the table d' hote, smile with him at the heterogenous assemblage-nay, even laugh at his racy relish of the piquant cookery. We are with him as he whirls along railroads, identify the chamber which he occupies-nay, concur even in the choice of the goblet which is to hold his salutary Rechabite beverage; behold him sipping his bumper, and are perfectly well informed as to all the styles of his baths, douches, vapours, and what not. At one moment we smile with him at the ludicrous mis-measurement of beds, with their disproportioned pillows; and at another admire the martial spirit and the patriotic glow with which he stood on the field of Waterloo; and something there certainly is in the tone of thought and feeling which characterises his observations and descriptions while looking at this celebrated scene, which

seems to mark the military man. At all events he has a military spirit which may in some degree account for the unquenched ardour which breathes throughout his writings; and this honest energy cannot fail to

carry him far on to the world's fair favour.

Our pleasure in this work has already led us to exceed our limits in its expression; we must therefore only add that the illustrations are happy aids to the author's descriptions, and agreeably enhance the value of the publication.

Mesmerism; or, the New School of Arts. With Cases in Point.

This little work is intended to hold up the science of Mesmerism—if science it may be called—to the ridicule of the world. We express no opinion of the merits of Mesmerism; but it is not to be denied that it is daily and hourly making new converts, and that, too, among the most scientific men of modern times. The text of this little brochure is in poetry; and the notes, under the title of "Cases in Point," are in plain prose. There is considerable smartness in some parts of the metrical portion of the little work, though the effort to say, something pointed is too often so transparent that no one can fail to perceive it. The subjoined is a specimen of the poetry.

That woman is reading a book with her soul,
For the book, devant derrière, faces the poll!
Prodigious! such deeds, when the Tudors were kings,
Would have brought men to stakes, or equivalent things;
What's to keep her from reading a book in one's pocket?
Or billets, for safety laid by under locket?
What a helpmate a clair-voyante woman would be
To th' Statesman whose duties requires him to see
The insides of letters, though "private," ere we
Can be trusted to see them ourselves; for would he
But keep such a woman, at once she'd reveal
All embryo-plots without breaking a seal!
There's one point of danger—that troublesome elf
Tom Duncombe, might get such a helpmate himself.

This spell, or afflatus,
Puts men in a status,
For losing a member—an arm or a leg—
And getting a cork in its place, or a peg,
Without interfering with comfort a whit;
A nod, and anon
The member is gone,
And the cut didn't hurt the man's feelings a bit!
A happy discov'ry, a capital hit,
As touching a wretch that must either submit
To be mortified,
Or have a lop-side!

No longer is tooth-ache a matter of dread, Before you're aware, every tooth in your head May be out on the table; and when you awake You may get a new set in that never will ache! If Burns were in Ayr he might write a Farewell To what of "a' dools" he declar'd "bore the bell."

> It must make a man start To behold his own heart; Not a few at the sight Would shriek with affright! The imps that it holds, The slime of its folds, Few the vision would dare Few the vision could bear!

The turgid and fester'd, the wither'd, the hard, The gnaw'd and the dirty, the seam'd and the scarr'd, The ugly, the hollow, the black, and the rotten, Could hearts such as these are be ever forgotten? The best of us all would feel somewhat distrest And wake up, I opine, in the fidgets at best.

But mirabile dictu! confoundingly odd is The power of the Pass to pierce other men's bodies! The power of Adepts to lay open the breast, And rummage, occultly, another man's chest!

Who knows but some day

They may find out the way
To analyze motives? ideas dissect? And the "heart of heart" secrets of all to detect? To think that a carle with shut eyes, far away, In Sligo, or Sego, the heart might waylay! Might catch all your thoughts, all your feelings survey, You thinking in Saxon and he in Malay! Who, if you spoke to him, would certainly need

A verbal translation, But who, by some mystical modus could read Off hand cogitation! The thought is horrific

'Tis all but petrific! If the heart at its work can so clearly be seen, What it does may be got at as clearly, I ween. As it is, a man's doings are pervious to sight, Maugre distance, and thick mural strata, and night; And if Thought should de même be dragg'd forth into light, What rubbing and scrubbing there'll be by and by, To render it passably clean to the eye!

My Lord Aberdeen strictest vigils should keep, Lest into the cabinet slyly should creep Some Charge d' affaires, full of thievish intents, And rifle the drawers of their precious contents; How the watch should be kept 'tisn't easy to say— Let Vernon be catechised as to the way.

His lordship, I trow, Would esteem it too low

For nobility on such an errand to go, Or else what discoveries his lordship might make, What light on our foreign relations might throw,
If to Paris, Vienna, or Rio, he'd take,
By mesmeric sleight,
A professional flight!
If his lordship wants nerve, 'twould be safer to choose
A Familiar, and send him incog. on the cruise.

Ridicule is too often made the test of truth. We know of no modern science that has been more ridiculed than the science of Mesmerism. Still, in defiance of that ridicule, it is making rapid advances, and if founded in fact, will, doubtless, in the end, triumph over all opposition.

Waldgrove; or, the Fortunes of Bertram: a Tale of 1746. In Two Volumes.

The scene of this work lies in the Highlands of Scotland, and the time as the title-page indicates is that in which the Pretender made his appearance in the north of Scotland to claim the British crown. It would be difficult to choose a better subject for a historical romance; but the author would have been more successful had he interwoven in his tale more of the historical incidents, touched off with a little imagination, of the period and the locality referred to. We judge, from internal evidence, that "Waldgrove" is a maiden effort. If so, it is one of creditable performance, though we hope better things from subsequent efforts.

The Curiosities of Heraldry. With Illustrations from Old English Writers. By MARK ANTONY LOWER, Author of "English Surnames," &c.

This is a very curious work; it is clearly the result of much research. Mr. Lower must be an enthusiast in heraldry, otherwise he could never have devoted the time and attention and solicitude to the subject which, it is evident from the volume before us, he must have done. The book is carefully written, beautifully got up, and tastefully illustrated. Among those who are partial to such subjects it must rank high, and prove a great favourite.

The Bennets Abroad. By Mrs. Ellis, Author of "The Women of England." In 2 vols.

This is a very excellent work. It is pervaded by the fine feeling, and inculcates the sound morality, which characterise all Mrs. Ellis's works. It is not so attractive as some of her productions, but its aim is uniformly excellent; and there is nothing in it which is not calculated to elevate the mind and improve the heart. The volumes are beautifully got up.

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AN ESSAY ON THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE APPLIED TO MORAL TRAINING.

BY MRS. LOUDON.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL SPENCER BY THE AUTHOR, AS A TESTIMONY OF HER RESPECT AND GRATITUDE.

CHAPTER I.

The light of mental science calculated to facilitate moral training and promote our virtue and happiness, as much as the aid of mechanical science has improved arts and manufactures, and added to our physical comfort.

God teaches by facts. His practical lessons are the laws of nature. That all may benefit by these lessons it becomes the duty of every man who is independent of the labour of his hands for his daily bread to devote the leisure which such a privilege bestows to the study of some of these laws, or their application to some useful purpose, until every branch of human knowledge shall have been reduced to broad comprehensive principles, so simply put that the plainest understandings may be able to apply them practically to the business of every-day life.

In many of the physical sciences this is daily being done. An individual perceives some law of nature, or the mode of adapting such to some useful purpose, and the whole civilized world immediately partakes of the advantages of the discovery. Why? Because it is not allowed to remain a mere speculation; it is applied to practice, and thousands are instantly and simultaneously employed, bringing within the reach of millions comforts which, prior to such

discovery, but the few could command.

But, alas! how lamentably little has as yet been achieved to improve mind by a like adaptation of the equally fixed laws of our inward being to the much more important purposes of moral training. We have hitherto studied the laws of mind as matters of speculation only, and limited the sphere of such speculations to the closet of the philosopher.

In consequence of this great error, the most important portion of real education is generally completed by accidental, and too often unfavourable, circumstances before parents think it time to

commence what they intend for education.

But the laws of our inward being are quite as regular in their

operation as those of outward nature; they are merely not yet as much attended to, nor as practically applied. We have only to trace them with the same care till we know them as well, and we shall not only be able to apply them with the same certainty, but we shall see clearly that it is this adaptation of the laws of our inward being to the culture of the religious, moral, and intellectual faculties, which should be made the special science of the poor, and of little children of all classes; that it is this science, above all others, that should be reduced to practical rules so plain that it should need no learning to comprehend them; that it is those rules and their application which should be taught to every mother, to every young woman who ever hopes to be a mother, to every teacher of youth and trainer of infancy, to every governess, nursery governess, and nursery maid,—to all, in short, who are to approach children in any way.

If it be objected that ignorant servants cannot apply rules of science, it is replied that thousands of ignorant manufacturing labourers are constantly employed in adapting all the great laws of nature to mechanical operations by plain rules, deduced, for the purpose, from mechanical, chemical, and other sciences; that every illiterate carpenter's apprentice is taught, in like manner, to apply plain rules, drawn from the difficult science of geometry, to the

forming of angles, squares, and circles.

Now, neither the manufacturing labourer nor the carpenter's apprentice could have deduced the rules from the science; but they have each been taught to apply the rules, when so deduced, to their daily work. Why, then, should not nursery maids be taught to apply plain practical rules, deduced from mental science, to their daily work—that of influencing the associations of the infant mind.

But philosophers take no cognizance of the existence of nursery-maids, and mothers only ask if they can do up small linen. Yet, if philosophers have condescended to assist the manufacturer and the carpenter, may they not aid the nursery-maid and the mother?

But carpenter's work done by guess could not be tolerated. Which, then, are upright door-posts, or upright minds, of most importance to society? Which will, uniform window-frames, or kindly tempers, contribute most to domestic happiness?

Can, then, moral elevation advance, while (let the struggles of each adult generation towards progress be what they may) the plastic minds of its infants are still handed down again to the lowest and most ignorant classes of the community to form in their

own mould?

We should, then, establish institutions in which all who are either to teach or to attend upon children should be specially trained for the purpose; that is, shown, by doing so in their presence, how to influence the associations of the infant mind; for, let it be remembered, that, though we may neglect to guide, we cannot, by any possibility, delay the formation of these associations. We may be idle, but the great universal teachers—incidental circumstances, are always at work.

Of the portion of early training which belongs to the cradle, the first rule is this:—Infant minds must not, by neglect, be taught to exhibit, and finally to feel, rage, as the natural means of ob-

taining all they want.

There is a mysterious instinct which prompts infants, long before they can think, to repeat any movement, whether mental or bodily, by which they have once obtained their end. A close observance of this natural law, and of nature's own proceedings in adapting this law to her purposes, must be our guide; for, during this first period of existence, nature is herself, by means of this law, teaching the infant how to perform every bodily function which demands the intervention of the will. That she is doing so by means of this mysterious faculty (which feels, though as it were without the cognizance of consciousness, the connection between cause and effect) is evident; for we can clearly trace this when the movements are outward—such as in the at first ineffectual, but finally successful efforts of an infant to reach a desired object with the hand. When the child tries to stand, we see the outward manifestations of its instinctive efforts to ascertain how to act by the will on the nerves and muscles, in finding its equilibrium; and when it would walk, how to preserve that equilibrium on one foot till the other is again placed. We can also trace like efforts being made inwardly to subject the organs of speech to the will, and be able to articulate certain sounds at pleasure.

If then the first murmur of an infant in the cradle be neglected, it goes on to cry vehemently, and kick and struggle, until such time as the supply of its want arrives. From this moment, prompted by this same mysterious instinct which is teaching it in everything to seek its ends by the means it has once found successful, the kick and the vehement cry are repeated every time a want is felt; till, by the sympathy between the body and the mind, the latter learns to give way to rage, on the delay for a moment of any gratification. For it is a law of our nature that the inward faculties are reacted upon, and further excited and developed by indulgence in their outward demonstrations; yet the instinctive faculty thus called into premature activity, and thus changed by an unnatural combination with the helplessness of infancy into impotent anger, is by nature but the source of energy given to enable us to struggle successfully with the difficulties and dangers of after life; and under the guidance of the moral and intellectual faculties, to resist all undue encroachment. An infant that appears to be naturally mild is merely wanting in vitality, and not likely to live.

Now when we have thus, by mismanagement, taught an infant violence of temper, we say of the poor child it was born naturally passionate. See how it shows its temper in the very cradle! Then people frown at the poor babe, use towards it threatening attitudes, and by and by when they think it old enough, beat it perhaps, to correct it, as they imagine, of throwing itself into a rage. By all this they only increase the evil an hundred fold, teach the child to imitate the frown, the voice, the attitudes, and to add to hasty violence, lasting resentment, and a thousand other bad feelings it should have never known; and which, if from a sense of helplessness it be obliged to hide, it will concentrate into hatred of its oppressor, while it will learn, partly by imitation and partly by the bad feelings induced by oppression, to oppress the more helpless in its turn. Every higher faculty, every generous sentiment, will be thus crushed or confounded; benevolence, pity, sympathy, conscience, will be all silenced; truth will be sacrificed without compunction to escape severity; self respect will be utterly lost between the vague consciousness of the unworthy feelings thus called forth, and the sense of being treated without respect. At this crisis the intellectual faculties will arouse themselves instinctively for self defence; but, alas, under such circumstances, will know no higher exercise than to contrive how best to baffle the oppressor, and lie, both in words and actions, with sufficient cunning not to be found out.

If a mother who has thus mismanaged her child in infancy, should as it gets older attempt to give it lessons in religion and morality, having awakened no faculty to which to address such lessons, they will be so out of harmony with the bad feelings she has raised, that they will seem to the child to be words spoken in a foreign tongue, and all things connected with them to be cold forms without a soul, dull ceremonies to be got over as quickly as possible, and forgotten without being applied to conduct—or rather, their own conduct; for as there is nothing which strikes the straightforward minds of children more forcibly than incongruity between precept and practice in the conduct of others, the child will probably think, "If it be wrong to get into passions, why does mamma or why does papa speak so loud and look so angry at me, and slap me when I don't have my lessons?"

Look at the devastation here produced—is it not melancholy?

All the mistakes ever committed by over indulgence, are as no-

thing compared with this.

Injudicious yielding may and will make children troublesome, create a thousand surface faults of manner and even of conduct; but nothing utterly poisons the whole moral being at its source, paralyzes the heart, and makes all future return to good next to impossible, but the having been treated with severity, inconsistency, and injustice, during infancy and childhood. Yet there are

many well meaning parents who sacrifice their own feelings to do

all this mischief at the supposed call of duty.

The most important then of all the rules of moral training is-Be kind to children! Judiciously so if you know how to be judicious; but if you do not, at all events be kind! Natural affection, in all doubtful cases, is our safest guide-a mother's tender-

ness the best substitute for knowledge.

Had it needed learned rules to keep the heart from perishing, the moral world had long since been a desert; maternal love has been its preserver, while awaiting further light. Throughout all the rudest ages of the past, however dense the darkness was abroad -however fiercely blew the hurricane of evil passions from without, on that holy altar the sacred flame still burnt; and thither when the storm had abated each gentler virtue came once more to

have her lamp rekindled!

But, observe, spoiling children by an injudicious indulgence proceeding from fondness, must not be confounded with allowing a child to become your master through negligence, indolence, fear of its temper, or even of the effects of its temper on its own health. The child would not comprehend the nice distinction of what you feared: it would merely perceive that it ruled by making people afraid of it, and consequently guided by the instinct which teaches children to seek their ends by the same means they have once found successful, grow up a tyrant.

We have left the cradle far behind while discussing what should not be done; let us return thither, and consider what should be done.

First, the wants of the infant must be supplied at the very earliest symptom of restlessness, that there may not be time for a feeling of impatience to suggest itself. Delay cannot teach patience till the child is old enough to be made to understand that there is a virtue in waiting patiently when delay is necessary.

Next, parents must learn a perfect command of their own tem-

pers: this is indispensable.

Then, none but persons first selected of naturally the sweetest dispositions, and then specially trained for the purpose, should be admitted into nurseries or infant school-rooms. An infant should never see a frown, or any other manifestation of ungentle feeling; every face that approaches it should wear both a kindly and a cheerful expression; every tone of voice it hears should bear the like characteristics. Its heart should be awakened as early as possible by fond caresses; its little sufferings should be soothed and amused away with all the ingenuity of affection. In short, it should be kept as much as possible from having opportunities to form habits of fretfulness, opposition, or any other unamiable emotion, while it is yet too young to understand the grave look, the calm but steady demand of obedience, the kind though irrevocable refusal of improper requests, hereafter to be described more at length.

CHAPTER II.

Practical methods for calling forth sympathy and awakening benevolence in young children.

All persons to be placed about children must be taught to awaken their sympathies as early as possible, and from the moment they can be made to understand a movement—much more a word—to give them habits of kindliness by calling their natural faculty of benevolence into exercise as constantly as occasions can be found, both in soothing each other's little afflictions, and in showing kindness and obligingness of manner, movement, expression of countenance, and tone of voice to every creature; for, as already observed, it is a law of our nature that the roots of all the faculties sympathise inwardly with their outward manifestations, which seconds their moral training by assisting mechanically their habitual activity and physical development.

Kindliness of manner, therefore, is not to be considered as merely a grace; its practice in domestic life is virtue in constant action; for it contributes largely to the happiness of those around us, while it is further important as a means of culture to the inward virtue it represents—namely, benevolence. Now its sphere is wider still; for it excites the gentler sympathies of all with whom we come in contact, causing the seeds of good feeling to germinate in many a breast in which they had else lain dormant; for benevolence is the sun of the moral system, and kindly man-

ners are its emanating rays.

It is possible that the imitation of benevolence in manner, which good breeding demands from the higher classes of society, imperfect though it be, has had more to do than precept with the marked difference between them and the lowest classes with respect to crimes of violence and cruelty. For there are few in any class left in such total ignorance as never to have been told, as far as precept goes, that such crimes are wrong. It is, indeed, one of the most precious facts brought to light by the application of mental science to moral training, that, if we effectually cultivate a virtue, we have no need to suppress the opposite vice; whereas, if we follow the contrary—which is the usual system—and attempt suppression of the vices without cultivation, except by precept, of the virtues, our labour will be in vain, and the heads of the hydra will be called again into being by temptation as fast as our coercive measures can remove them. With children the only safe method of checking violent and contentious feelings is to excite benevolence. If you slap or scold a child who has given a blow to another child, you but increase the bad feelings of both. should seem to forget the offender in your eagerness to succour

and comfort the injured party. You should occupy yourself in soothing and caressing the child who has received the blow until the sympathy of the culprit is excited, and it begins to follow your example, which even infants in arms will do—sometimes without, sometimes with, a little prompting. It is quite pretty to see them, when their good feelings are thus awakened, gently stroking down and kissing the very cheek to which they had, a moment before, given a rude blow. Infants at the same age can, in like manner, be induced to put portions of the cake they are eating into the mouths of the children around them, and to lend the toy they are playing with for a moment. In this lesson, however, care must be taken not to stretch the patience of a child too far, lest you teach it the next time to be more unwilling to part with what it has found difficult to recover.

Persons training infants should never forget that the mysterious instinct so often referred to as feeling the connection between cause and effect, and prompting us to seek the same ends by the same means, is always on the alert in children. Nature, as we have seen from the first, employs this instinct as her constant teacher.

We must follow her example, and in all cases like this take care that the pang of privation does not last longer than the glow of benevolence, and leave a balance of experience against generosity.

CHAPTER III.

No such principle in human nature as selfishness.

178 197

Now it is the neglect of this practical training of benevolence which produces the selfish conduct commonly called selfishness; for, much and long as the philosophers have disputed about the selfish principle, the light of mental science applied to moral training will show that it has no existence in human nature; or, in other words, that there is no faculty in the human mind the sole function of which is to love self. Selfish conduct is the result of the sympathies that should draw us out of self being left unexcited, and of the moral and intellectual faculties generally being unenlightened, and every propensity being thus left to rule in turn—often quite as much to the injury of the individual himself as to that of his fellow-beings.

Now every one must know better when he hungers, thirsts, is sleepy, feels too warm or too cold, than when any other person so suffers. And sad would be the confusion, if each individual had not the special care of himself in these particulars. A man ought to perform the duties necessary to self-preservation, or he will not be able to fulfil his relative duties; but his finding nothing else to take an interest in but himself is an abuse of the instinct of self-preservation, which is the fault of his early training, not of his

nature. Instinct takes charge of the body; it is the business of

education to develop and lead abroad the mind.

Benevolence, then, is the faculty whose office it is to cherish, to comfort, to assist, to oblige, to delight in giving pleasure, to compassionate suffering. But who or what shall be the object of these good offices—whether ourselves, a lap-dog, or our fellow-beings—depends on circumstances quite distinct from the identity of the

faculty which performs them.

But benevolence is excited by an intimate knowledge of the circumstances and feelings of its object. Now, as we have seen, we are necessarily more intimately acquainted with our own wants and wishes, pains and pleasures, than with those of any other person; therefore benevolence joined with caution, and thus forming the instinct of self-preservation, is so often legitimately called upon to be occupied about ourselves that this circumstance not only gives an appearance of, and, if not counterbalanced by a timely exciting of the social affections, produces a tendency to self-partiality in conduct; but make us only one-half as well acquainted with the feelings, wishes, hopes, and fears of any other person. And benevolence begins immediately to occupy herself about that person, and often in preference to self.

The gradations of interest we take in our relatives and friends are always in proportion to the degrees of intimacy we have with their circumstances and feelings, unless powerfully counteracted by demerit; and even then how painfully strong will sometimes be the attachment produced by pitying the very infirmities under which we suffer, if we but see that the offender suffers too.

Studies, also, which lead us to look habitually into the minutiæ of the circumstances and sufferings of humanity generally, are found to induce in those who pursue them feelings of universal philanthropy. Persons who have never had their attention so directed, and who have been early separated from all near ties of family, or who have been coldly treated in childhood, and therefore never had their kindly feelings towards others called into action, are, in consequence of this confining of the attention to self, disposed to apparent self-partiality of conduct; but they, in fact, have had no choice. How could they feel for those to whose feelings they were strangers?

Young children, also, can know little of any one's feelings but their own; and therefore, in general they appear to be selfish, because exclusively occupied about self. But great excitability of sympathy has been given them to correct this, by enabling them to enter into the feelings of others the moment their sympathies are appealed to; and the sooner these sympathies are thus addressed, the sooner children cease to act selfishly. Those who continue to act selfishly through life, do so because their sympathies had not been appealed to till habit had dulled this suscep-

tibility.

From all this it is clear that the careful culture of sympathy, and the direction outward from earliest infancy of benevolence, by drawing the attention to all the circumstances which are calculated to excite the faculty, will effectually prevent the character being in after life what is commonly called selfish.

We all desire by nature to love out of ourselves. A solitary being tries to love a cat, a dog, a bird; nay, like the well known instance of the poor prisoner, even a spider. In short, anything

but self.

The confining then of benevolence within ourselves, the striving to be occupied solely with ourselves, the endeavour to make selflove a substitute for social affection, is evidently a forced and unnatural position of the mind. The persons whom a neglected education and unfavourable circumstances have placed in such a mental position, are notoriously uncomfortable and unhappy; they find self an importunate and thankless taskmaster; they endeavour in vain to find happiness by collecting around self every convenience, every luxury, every indulgence; and still surrounded by comforts, they are confessedly discontented. While, on the contrary, let them but begin to love any other creature but self, and instantly they become comparatively happy. Even in the midst of privation, fatigue, and anxiety attending the bed-side of the sick, even in circumstances so limited as to be obliged to deprive ourselves of necessaries to procure comforts for those we love, we are yet less wretched than the being who has no object to interest While, it is universally allowed that those him but himself. whose kindly affections are in exercise under fortunate circumstances, and who feel that they are contributing to the happiness of those they love, enjoy the greatest conceivable degree of earthly felicity.

That this is a true picture of human nature will not be contested; it follows then that selfishness is decidedly unnatural to the human being. It is but the desperate resource of those who are either so stupid or so unfortunate as to be unable to find any other; and it is a resource which, as we have seen, fails those

who fly to it.

Now it is a law of our nature that acting in harmony with a natural principle yields delight. Selfishness, then, cannot be a natural principle; for we have seen that its exercise not only does not yield delight, but that every selfish act is proved to be a mistake, by being attended with great disappointment and dissatisfaction. Benevolence, on the contrary, is a natural principle, for its exercise does yield the most exquisite delight.

Selfish conduct, then, however common, being thus proved to be an accident arising out of unfavourable circumstances, there is clearly no selfish principle to contend with. The unfavourable circumstances must be removed, and favourable ones substituted.

Let not parents then attempt to excuse their own negligence, and throw the blame on their Creator by talking of what they ignorantly call the selfish principle. Selfishness is not a principle, but a consequence—the consequence of the principle of benevolence not having been directed outward.

"The inherent selfishness of human nature" is a fiction. The human being is never so happy as when he sends his benevolence abroad on her natural mission, that of pitying the sorrows and

sympathising in the joys of his fellow beings.

CHAPTER IV.

Children may be practically taught that good will to all necessarily includes equal justice.

Persons being trained to train children, must be taught to show them practically, by their own little dealings with each other, and by their mother's and teacher's dealings with them all, that, on all occasions of doing a kindness, if one be pained to please another, the kindness to the one is unkindness, which is injustice, to the other; and that, therefore, you cannot permit the act, because you love them all, and cannot sanction unkindness towards any of them. This makes it clear to the apprehension of the merest child that the good will which is to all must include justice. Such lessons can be illustrated by a thousand practical methods, and brought to bear on some little nursery or school-room transaction of every day, in which the children themselves are concerned. Instead of permitting nursery-maids, for instance, to snatch a toy from one child to give it to another who desires it, as they so often do, especially if the child desiring the toy be ailing or be a baby, nursery-maids should be taught how to avail themselves of every such opportunity for exciting the kindly sympathies of the healthier or elder child on behalf of the sufferings or helplessness of the other; till the child who has possession of the toy is brought to feel more pleasure in yielding than in keeping the toy; a result which it will not be difficult to obtain, for it is a law of our nature, that in the young mind, in which evil habits have not yet been formed, the higher faculties, as soon as appealed to, assert their native supremacy; and that the lower propensities rule the being only in the absence, or during the protracted sleep, of their lawful masters.

But the animal instincts are not defects, they are servants; they must be up and stirring—the animal cannot exist without them; therefore nature, always the vigilant guardian of life, arouses them. The mind must be our care; nor let us imagine that this awaking of the heart betimes is a trifle, because it must thus be worked out by means of trifles. Every time an emotion of sympathy towards

another being is so thoroughly awakened within the breast of a child as to silence a self-regarding propensity, that child is a step further removed from turning out a selfish character.

CHAPTER V.

The mind is not virtuous while virtue is a sacrifice.

In grown people, indeed, a sense of justice perceived by the understanding will sometimes be strong enough, without this right training of the affections, to obtain the sacrifice of an unjust inclination; but when virtue is a sacrifice there is no security, neither is the real object, the inward purifying of the heart, obtained. When God said, "Thou shalt not steal," he judged it necessary to say also, "Thou shalt not covet." Sentiments are not commanded so much to obtain actions, as actions are commanded to produce sentiments. And why? Because those sentiments are necessary to prepare our souls for a future, and higher,

and happier state of being.

The happiness which virtuous conduct produces in this world is but the commencement of its good consequences, not the only or the ultimate object of God's moral government. Let us return, then, to the practical training of benevolence. As soon as you have excited the sympathy of a child, and so inspired it with the wish to do a kind action, you must prompt it to seek, and, if necessary, assist it to find out, the means of fulfilling its benevolent intentions. When these are found, you must prompt it to rejoice in this stage of success; and immediately to use the power to do good, which, having thus found out the means, has given it. Lay great stress on this acquisition; for it is a legitimate source of self-gratulation. What wisdom so great as the knowledge of the means of doing good? What power so God-like as the power which that knowledge bestows? This is simple, and can be practically illustrated by numberless of the little daily events of the child's own nursery and school-room existence; yet you have thus enabled your little child, in its little sphere, to imitate all the great attributes of God. His benevolence when it wished to do a kindness; his wisdom, when it discovered the means of doing good; and his power, when it obtained the power of promoting happiness, which a knowledge of the means of doing good bestows.

CHAPTER VI.

A resolute will in infants denotes energy, not perversity.

Another accusation commonly brought against human nature, is founded upon the wilfulness of children. "It is surprising,"

410

people say, "to see how soon the little creatures get a will of their Ignorant nurses and nursery-maids are perpetually calling every healthy infant bold; because they see it, under the guidance of perseverance, sustained by vital energy, striving to subject everything to its will. Now, without this instinct of perseverance or resolute will, that important instinct already described as feeling the connection between cause and effect, and so teaching childree to stand, to walk, to look, to speak, would be useless; for, without this instinct of perseverance, urging the child to repeat its efforts till those efforts are crowned with success, when a child's first attempt to walk or to speak proved unsuccessful, the child would submit—that is, not repeat its attempts, and, consequently, never walk nor speak! While, then, a child is practising, under nature's tuition, to submit the muscles of its limbs, its eyes, its organs of speech, to its acts of volition, how is it to distinguish and know that it is not equally lawful for it to submit your movements, and those of every one and everything around it, to its said acts of volition? Can we expect the infant to understand that the sphere of that resolute will is confined to the range of its own powers of body and of mind; and that again, within this sphere that will must be subject to the authority of God, represented by that of its parents, and to the voice of God, echoed by that of its Why then confound its apprehensions by making a conscience? vague impression that to will is wrong? To will is not wrong; though to will in opposition to the above considerations is wrong. All this is a late lesson to be tenderly taught when it can be comprehended. In the meanwhile, all you can do is, with perfect mildness of manner, to let the child find out by its own experience, that when you do not approve of its desire, it cannot subject your movements to its will; and, if you are firm, it will leave off the ineffectual effort, just as it would cease to try to move a thing too heavy for its strength; and thus learn, on future occasions, not to persist in efforts which, by an appeal to your countenance, it sees would be displeasing to you and useless to itself. Children, long before they can speak, can make and understand such appeals; and it is quite amusing to observe them thus economising their efforts, and, once thoroughly convinced of their inutility, yielding, like little philosophers, to a sense of necessity. until they can begin to understand that there is a virtue in submitting to the will of their parents, and that you will love them the better for doing so, and withdraw your smile of approval if they do not, it is not desirable that they should yield too readily to anything which seems to them a mere obstacle; on the contrary, the greater their perseverance, the more vigorous their efforts; in short, the more resolute their will, the greater the energy of character they are likely to possess in after life; and if this energy be well directed by early moral training, and not suffered to degenerate into violence of temper, the greater will be the worth and the usefulness of the adult being. Shall we break this resolute will, make the mind of the child infirm of purpose, incapable of future self-government? Or shall we cherish the force of the native instincts, and, as soon as possible, give them their proper guides by awakening sympathy, enlightening veneration, and educating conscience? a process which commences much earlier than is generally supposed. For, as we shall see in its proper place, to direct veneration aright, or, in other words, to show a child what to admire, is to educate conscience; because the desire of our own approbation is the voice of conscience; and in children the desire of approbation is so strong an instinct, that, to obtain their own and your approbation, they are irresistibly impelled to imitate what they see you admire. Therefore, when you have taught them, by this sympathy with your example, what to admire in others, you have not only taught them what to approve of in themselves, but furnished a motive to action, rooted in the natural affections.

CHAPTER VII.

The practical training of veneration.

Veneration, or enthusiastic admiration, is an affection; its training, therefore, must go hand in hand with the first awaking of the sympathies, and form the earliest and most important por-

tion of moral training.

The method to be pursued is this. All persons who are to be about children, must be taught, as soon as a child is old enough to be amused by any little tale or fable of any kind, or to comprehend any comment or observation, to infuse the spirit of kindness, justice, nobleness, truth, unselfishness, magnanimity, and all that constitutes moral perfection in its most engaging form, into every story, fable, child's play, or nursery or school-room transaction; in short, into everything that is to form whether the amusement, the instruction, or the daily occupations of the child; not by grave disquisitions, but by warm appeals to the affections; the lessons rising in importance as the faculties open. Without this, all teaching by precept, however just, addressed to the understanding only, will be lost long before the child becomes an adult. The affections, alone, never forget. Early impressions made on them, become part of ourselves. They influence opinions which in after life we can trace as being formed by our own minds, therefore take to be our own. And they are our own, though thus influenced; for they are derived from affections implanted by nature, though awakened, associated and directed by early moral training. Education cannot give a faculty; it can but cause the seeds that lie within to germinate. But every child not born an idiot, is born with the seed of every faculty, though varying in degree; what man can become, by cultivating all these, is his nature.

But as the tendency of the lessons which are to cultivate the affections is to the last degree critical, as on such tendency will depend the future character of your children; it should be those persons who have leisure to study mental sciency, and to form from it the new science of its application to moral training, who should infuse into this important process the great principles required, yet give it a form simple enough to be successfully applied by all who may be about children, and easily understood by the children themselves. It is persons thus fitted for the important task who should, in fact, compose the stories, select the portions of history, dictate the comments to be made upon these, and furnish familiar examples of the kind of illustrations to be taken from real life, which are the best calculated to awaken in children that enthusiastic admiration, reverence, and love of all moral goodness and greatness which, by a law of our nature, infallibly produces the effort to assimilate our own minds to that which we thus admire, and which, therefore, renders all lessons against unkindness and baseness unnecessary, as such defects cannot coexist in the same mind with qualities so opposite. For, according to a law of our nature already pointed out, if the superior faculties are kept from infancy pressing forward towards the high standard of perfection, the lower propensities will, without any direct suppression, fall into their own places, as instruments to be used for their proper purposes, without danger of being abused. Then it will be seen that God gave no bad propensities; and that seeming evil is but abused or misdirected good.

But to render this process for training veneration as perfect as possible, it is necessary that the writers who compose the stories, make the selections, and intersperse such with comments, should possess not only the knowledge of mental science requisite to enable them to address these lessons to the right faculties, but also the special talent to do so in a manner that will interest and delight children. For dull recitals, however just their moral, will not touch sympathy nor awaken enthusiasm; and without touching sympathy and awaking enthusiasm, you have done just

nothing!

Children have not formed judgments ready with which to yield a mere cold approval to principles, nor, if they had, would such approval influence their conduct, or be remembered by them in after life; but children have all the natural affections in a state of lively susceptibility, ready to respond to every affecting appeal made to them. The affections, therefore, of children must be addressed. In short, they must, and may, be made passionately

in love with virtue, and then you will have no need to bid them be virtuous.

It is not meant to be asserted that children can be made in love with philosophical virtue, in the abstract theories of the ancient sages; but they can most assuredly, be made in love with the virtuous principle in action, infused, in the manner described, into the simplest narrations about children of their own age, or about the very sick, or the very poor, the very young, or the very old; and the nobly unselfish deeds of those who succour them, or who suffer patiently rather than tell a lie, or be guilty of an unkindness, or commit a dishonest or a dishonourable action; the magnanimity of those who so pity him who has done them an unkindness, for having the misfortune to be thus wicked, that they cannot resent the injury; or the generous energy of those who, having a noble end in view, no fatigue can tire, no difficulty deter; the affectionate child, the devoted wife, the fond mother, losing self in those they love. In short, all that gives faith in the reality of virtue; all that proves selfishness not natural to the human He who does not believe in virtue never will be virtuous! while all that is not superhuman virtue your child will attain to, if you teach it to believe in and admire such with enthusiasm. And that you have not broken its energy of will by tyranny, nor rendered its conscience callous, and deprived it of all hope of gaining your approbation or its own by reproaching it with being bold

every time it has been thoughtless or noisy.

If an objector should arise who should imagine that to awaken this enthusiasm in children would be the difficulty, his objection would only prove that he knew nothing of children; with their quick, nervous temperaments, ready to respond to every slightest touch; with their sympathies so tremblingly alive that they shed tears but because they see them, and echo the merry laugh without Nay, a child cannot even pretend to weep in knowing its cause. sport, without finishing by shedding tears in good earnest, and becoming so much affected that you will have some difficulty in soothing it. But what is still more directly to our purpose, all who have lived much with children must know that a child cannot hear you express approbation of any one without longing to do as the person so approved of is described to have done. servations are drawn from living examples, and written surrounded by a family of ten children, nephews and nieces; and each day's experience but the more fully convinces the writer, that if the tales you relate to children, with a view to inspiring virtuous ambition, be simply and naturally told, and that you yourself appear moved-for this is the great secret-there will be no bounds to the enthusiasm which you will be able to raise in favour of the principle involved in your story, however exalted or universal that principle may be.

It is sophistry, hard-heartedness, worldly-mindedness, artificial combinations, for which children find no types within their own breasts, which it is difficult to make them understand sufficiently to feel. It is when you laugh at a child's innocent wonder, how some one of whom it has just read or heard could have been so unkind or so unjust, and you tell it that it is the way of the world, that the sparkling eyes of the child grow dull, and its little face

becomes a disappointed blank!

Observe further, therefore, that while you cannot tell a child too many inspiring tales of virtue and magnanimity, you must avoid, as far as possible, the common warnings against vice in the shape of stories about those who have done wrong. You must not make sin, selfishness, and unkindness appear to be every-day affairs, or you will lower, in the mind of your child, the standard of morality, and infallibly slacken the efforts of its soul towards assimilation with moral greatness. Few adult minds have strength enough to resist so fatal an influence. Those of children cannot even contend with such. As long as circumstances will permit, therefore, let the child know nothing but virtue, and that of the most attractive and inspiring order. As to its own little faults, treat them as mistakes, the result of ignorance and inexperience; and seem to expect, that when you have shown it where the error lay, it will not repeat the fault. Prepare it thus for the time when the evil that exists in the world must come to its knowledge -when it must be duly and fully prepared not to become the dupe of the wicked; that it may then look on all who do wrong as greatly and terribly mistaken; and so far from imitating their follies, feel the utmost compassion for them, and be ready, with benevolent self-devotion, to consecrate its best exertions to the rectifying of all those errors which stand between human nature and that felicity which we should enjoy did moral order prevail. How different this from the reconciliation, amounting to careless fellowship, with vice, and participation in sin; which intimacy in theory with such from childhood too generally induces.

CHAPTER VIII.

The training of veneration is the education of conscience.

It is a common error, induced by neglect of mental science, to say that conscience is, as Johnson's Dictionary explains the word, "the faculty by which we judge of the goodness and wickedness of our own actions." But conscience is not judgment. Conscience is the faculty which congratulates us when we think we have done right, and stings us to the quick when we think we have done wrong; because instinctive conscience is the instinctive desire of our own approbation, without which we must be wretched. This

instinct supplies the motive to action, but does not tell us how to act. Hence the murders and religious persecutions committed

at the instigation of mistaken conscience.

Now, the deductions of judgment from experience, and the advice of all the moral faculties, must be brought together to show instinctive conscience of what to approve. It is when conscience has been thus educated by the united powers of every moral and intellectual faculty which God has given, that her voice represents the voice of God speaking within our hearts. The desire, then, of our own approbation being the natural instinct or affection by the force of which conscience acts on the will, the enlightening or education of conscience, which entitles it to represent the voice of God, will be found to grow out of the training of veneration just described; for he who has been habituated to admire, with an intensity amounting to veneration, the highest order of moral excellence in others, cannot possibly approve of unkindness, injustice, or neglect of active benevolence in himself. His conscience, then, cannot possibly make mistakes. His conscience must know when to approve and when to condemn. This is self-For instance, he who had been thus habituated to love, admire, and venerate, with an intensity amounting to worship, the attributes of God, and that illustration of those attributes addressed by God himself to the veneration of the world in the life of the Saviour, devoted to doing good; in other words, those attributes revealed in action upon earth, in a human form, to facilitate their imitation by human beings, could not possibly imagine that he was doing such a God good service by cherishing any intolerant or uncharitable feelings, much less by murdering, burning, and torturing his fellow creatures for differing from him in some speculative creed. Yet this terrible mistake has been made by the unenlightened consciences of men calling themselves Chris-They sought, thus, their own approbation, as supposed by them to represent that of God. But, by so doing, they proved that their thoughts were unconsciously striving to worship a false

God is invisible to our outward senses. We can only know him by perceiving his moral and intellectual perfections. These, to us, constitute his identity. Any change in the qualities forming our idea of his nature, is, then, a change in the identity of the object we are endeavouring to worship. Those, therefore, who think they worship a being whom they believe to be cruel and revengeful, have changed the identity of the object of their supposed worship, and are endeavouring to worship the devil, though they still call him God; for the identity of that great Being whose nature commands the homage of the soul, cannot consist of letters in which a human language writes a name!

But such mistakes are not worship!

Qualities not calculated to excite veneration may have altars raised to them, but they cannot be worshipped!

What, then, is worship?

It is this,—God, invisible to our senses, appears to our souls through the medium of our faculty of perceiving moral and intellectual perfection. This contemplation induces an intensity of admiration amounting to worship; and thus, through desire of the approbation of conscience, exciting every corresponding faculty with which our own minds are gifted to an activity and development tending to produce assimilation.

Those, then, who really worship, must worship the true God:

and cannot worship him in vain.

But, to create this intensity of veneration, which shall thus act on the will through that noble ambition of the soul—desire of the approbation of an enlightened conscience, and so produce a strong effort at assimilation with moral perfection, it will not suffice that children be told what they ought themselves to admire; their sympathies must be acted upon by example; they must hear and see their mothers, in particular, and, if possible, every one around them, admiring with enthusiasm all moral greatness and goodness. The whole moral atmosphere that surrounds them must be impregnated with like sentiments. This is the grand, the infallible secret. Nor would this be so difficult as may be imagined, if all who were to be about children were trained for the purpose, and, to help their memories and understandings, provided not only with the selections and stories alluded to, but also with the comments they were to make on such, printed with the selections and stories. Nursery-maids take the trouble of learning such wise sayings as, "The cow jumped over the moon," or such tales as, "The bonny bunch of blackberries," with, no doubt, the laudable intention of amusing the children committed to their charge. Could they not as easily, or more easily, learn words with an amusing and interesting meaning attached to them? And could they not be taught themselves to understand and derive amuscment and gratification from the instances of kindness, justice, and magnanimity they thus learnt to relate? We must not forget, that the human instruments we thus propose employing possess themselves the faculty of veneration, which, when thus addressed, would awaken genuine enthusiasm for kindness and nobleness in many, who would thus learn to enter into the spirit of what they In the next generation nearly all who had been themselves so trained from infancy in establishments for the purpose, certainly would. But even in the mean time, aided by the forms alluded to, and superintended by intelligent mothers, who had taken the trouble of informing themselves on the subject, or in schools by heads of establishments, the method attempted to be described would provide the desired moral atmosphere to a

sufficient degree to be of immense advantage to the rising generation.

Children thus trained would be, in a great measure, armed against the wrong sentiments which they might accidentally hear fall from strangers. Having been treated with kindness and confidence, they would refer to their mother, who would tell them that the persons so expressing themselves were greatly mistaken and much to be pitied, as they could not have been taught what was right when they were young. Neglected children, on the contrary, pick up whatever a stranger says as the opinion of a grown person, which they are proud to adopt; but which, not being in the habit of confiding in their parents, they give them no opportunity of correcting. Or, if they be children who have been treated with harshness-their questions checked by desiring them not to be troublesome, and their excuses silenced by telling them they have no business to think, but to do as they are ordered, the case will be still worse; they will but long the more for independence, and, as a step towards it, adopt in secret every stray opinion that does not come in the shape of a command to entertain such.

The mental process is this: The tyrannical manner of the parent arouses the faculty given us to resist undue encroachment; and, neither reason nor affection being awakened as counterbalances, the mind of the child acquires the fatal habit of hating all authority. Such children grow up with so pitiable a jealousy of being ruled, that in after life they will not listen to the advice of their best friends, or even to the voice of their own conscience.

All this is the result of parents and teachers not thinking it necessary to make themselves acquainted with the natural laws which govern the human mind; all of which laws we can adapt with infallible certainty, to the noblest purposes, but none of which

laws we can change in the slightest degree.

How different the picture when a mother has, by her winning caresses, her endearing solicitude, her gentleness, steadiness, and reasonableness, known how to win the fond affections, and command the involuntary respect of her child—how to make her tender love necessary to its happiness. Such a mother will find that her child's natural instinct of desire of approbation, which in all children is powerful, will have blended itself so beautifully with its affections, and become so completely identified with its desire for her love, that her child will obey her willingly in everything, rather than forfeit her smile. And that if by thoughtlessness, or forgetfulness, or some momentarily wayward impulse, it should be betrayed into committing a fault, that the withdrawal of her smile, the steadily witholding of the smile till submission be obtained, the looking sorrowful, or shedding tears, should the fault, however trivial in appearance, involve a grave principle, will always

suffice to obtain obedience and repentance, accompanied with all the best feelings brought into play. But she must have the resolution not to give back the smile she has been obliged to withdraw till its return be merited by unqualified submission. A child must not have one victory to remember; or, guided by the instinct which teaches it to seek the same ends by the same means, it will often renew the struggle. And, take especial care that you gain your first battle, and for ever after, in all cases in which severity is supposed to be necessary, firmness will answer the purpose better. The mind has an instinctive tendency to recur to the first experience as the rule, and look on new results as accidents. Having once, therefore, convinced the child, by its own experience, that it is hopeless to contend with you, it is not likely again to take the trouble of trying, even if it had no better motive. Pronounce your determination, then, mildly, and remain inflexible, but without so much as frowning, no more than smiling, till submission be This foundation being laid, hasten to build upon it, as obtained. early as the dawning of each faculty will permit, the obedience of affection and of reason; convincing the child, first by tenderness of manner, and, gradually, by simple explanations, illustrated by a thousand little circumstances, that you demand obedience, because you love it too fondly to permit it to make itself unhappy by doing wrong. A mother may here interest and fix the attention of a child, by telling it that God had sent it into the world little and weak purposely that it might not be able to do much harm to itself or to any one else, before it had acquired experience ensugh to know right from wrong; and had given it into the charge of its parents, who had experience, and did know right from wrong, and whom, therefore, he required it to obey, because he, too, loved it, and willed it to be happy.

But while a mother must never suffer her child to gain one victory, she must take care, on the other hand, that she never commences an unnecessary struggle. She must make it a matter of conscience, between herself and her God, never, from indolence, inadvertence, whim, or change of mind, to cause her helpless child, whom he has committed to her hands, one moment's useless Your child may not live to enjoy a future in this life; let it enjoy the present as much as is consistent with its serious wellbeing. Constant checking is a great error. How many things, about which poor children are made to cry bitterly, were no faults till made such by having been thoughtlessly forbidden. Do not put a stop to play, and check merriment, merely because they are troublesome to yourself. Let there be seasons for behaving in a quiet and orderly manner, in obedience to your deliberate arrangements; for such obedience, and such forbearance, are moral lessons: but when it is the season for play, if you do not love your children well enough to enjoy the sight of their happiness, send

them to another room to be happy.

When you do forbid anything, let it be for some very sufficient reason, and then never say, "Don't do that, my dear!" and let the thing be done. If the wrong or the annoyance be not of sufficient importance to render it necessary that it should be stopped effectually, take no notice of it, and let the child follow its own little devices, uniting innocence with happiness, without being entrapped, by your inadvertency first, and your indolence or even indulgence afterwards, into the sin of disobedience at the moment, as well as, what is much worse, the habit of not thinking it necessary to obey. For, constant checking loses its effect, so far as obtaining obedience, and preserves only its power of worrying the child, souring its temper, and impressing it with the idea that it gets all its pleasures in spite of you, instead of having them from you.

A mother must not only avoid unnecessary struggles, but she must take care, when the struggle is necessary, that the instant the child yields, she rewards it with the entire return of her kindness. Let there be no after reproaches, no tauntings, no reminding it that it had been bold, no lowering of its self-respect; but let it feel the delightful contrast, in strong relief, of being restored completely to her approbation, and to that of its own conscience, which, at this age, echoes the decisions of the parent. Mothers! follow this method, and be assured that no other rewards or punnishments will ever be necessary to establish the most perfect authority—an authority rooted at once in the affections and in the convictions—a holy feeling, which would no more allow your children to disobey your wishes in your absence, or after your death, than openly to rebel against your commands to your face.

In a child trained in infancy on the system described in the foregoing pages, religious as well as moral education is already far advanced. The desire of its mother's approbation is become indispensable to its happiness, ready to be extended to the desire of that of God. The desire of its own approbation is quickened within its breast, ready to blend with both, and assume the voice and authority of conscience. Its love and veneration of its earthly parent has filled its soul with enthusiastic admiration and awe of tenderness, wisdom, and power, as hitherto represented by the parental relation, ready to be exalted into love and veneration of its heavenly Father, in whom it will now learn to recognise the great source and centre of that love by which it has been hitherto cheered, that wisdom by which it has been hitherto guided, and that power by which it has been hitherto protected.

How urgent, how inspiring the motives with which such views furnish mothers who have not themselves received careful moral training, to undertake self-culture, and become worthy of the veneration of their children. Nor is such an effort, inspired by such a motive, likely to be unsuccessful. Maternal tenderness, that best earthly type of God's parental love for all his creatures,

is ever operative in generating virtue.

The mother, though neglected in her own childhood, will be, as it were, born again with her infant. New susceptibility of impression through the medium of her new existence as a mother, her new hopes, her new fears, her new affections, will at once so sweeten and so facilitate the task of self-culture that, without hypocrisy, she will commence by seeming better than she is, and, through the exercise of the gentler affections and higher faculties, end by becoming better than she was. If to this be added such study of the laws that govern the human mind as may enable mothers to adapt those laws to the formation of the associations and mental habits of their children, the great difficulty which now exists in consequence of the neglect or mistaken performance of this portion of education in the last generation, will be, in a great

measure, got over in the next.

Nor let fathers who, in their boyhood, may have been taught more prosody than morality, and who, consequently, may now feel that they have many faults, fear that there would be a blameable hypocrisy in endeavouring to appear faultless in the eyes of They ought, no doubt, to purify their own hearts, their children. rectify their own tempers, and exalt their own natures; but, until they have done so, it is not only permitted them, but it is their sacred duty, sedulously to hide their faults from their children, that they may reverence them sufficiently to learn virtue at their And while they are thus dressing themselves in the robes of righteousness to meet the pure eyes of their innocent offspring, are they not likely to see all things through a new medium, and fall in love with the beauty of holiness (for she is beautiful)? Are not their own consciences likely to become more tender? Is not their own standard of morality likely to rise? Will they not become ashamed and afraid to be what, in the eyes of their own children, they dare not appear to be?

In moral training there is one rule which admits of no exception:—Mothers, fathers, teachers, and attendants—one and all—must have a perfect command of their own tempers. No one will ever do any good with a child who either exhibits or excites anger. If a child has been pained and insulted, whether by your blows or your reproaches, the very preoccupation of its mind, independent of the opposition set up by resentment, will prevent your lessons taking effect. And, if your reproaches lower it too much in its own esteem (which, if often repeated, they undoubtedly will), it becomes hopeless, not only of your approbation, but, what is still worse, of its own; ceases all attempts to obtain either, and sinks into a spiritless creature, condemned to crawl through life deprived of that ambition of the soul to rise to its destined elevation which, unconsciously perhaps, but not the less certainly, sustains the

efforts of all who achieve anything noble.

The subject of temper is thus frequently recurred to, because

too many consider the crime of poisoning the peace of others by its baneful influence but a venial offence; yet temper, as it infects the adults of the present generation, from the neglect of moral training in their childhood, is the great moral pestilence of the domestic world—one that makes a desolation or a hell of too many a hearth where else peace and happiness might dwell. And to those who have left father and mother to become all the world to each other, who have it in their power, by "trifles light as air," to sweeten the daily cup of existence for each other, how often is temper the Juggernaut before whose chariot wheels many a gentle affection, that fain would pardon and still cling around the harsh offender, is flung down, and crushed into the very dust. And for what? To make him who does the wrong quite as wretched as his victim.

Parents, train your children to consider how great a sin it is to make others miserable without a cause—out of mere ill-humour—meaning no harm perhaps.

What! "last you so long, live you so merrily," that you need grudge each other the few fair moments you might enjoy between the storms of life, its necessities, its sicknesses, its deaths?

Parents, train your children to respect the rights of others, and to recognise, among the most sacred of those rights, the right not to have their feelings wounded—the right to all the happiness which, in the relation to which you stand towards them, you can give them.

Parents, teach your children that a tone of voice, an expression of countenance that gives needless pain is a crime; nay, that to withhold the kindly accent or gentle smile which would have sent joy to the heart that loves us is a wickedness as great as though the sun in the firmament were a moral agent, and should refuse the Almighty's command to cheer our hemisphere with its light and heat.

Are not the smiles of affection the sunshine of the moral world? What right have we to make the heart which cannot blossom without them wither?

With respect to the rewards and punishments which regard the mere book lessons of children, all that need be said in an essay on the present subject is, that care must be taken that they do not counteract moral training.

The rule is this:—No child must be made to feel that the gain of another can be his loss, or the loss of another his gain. Prizes, therefore, must not be offered to relative but to positive merit—that is, all who reach a certain proposed standard should receive a prize without any reference to how many others may have fallen short of, or attained to, or surpassed the same standard. This duly develops and rewards desire of approbation without exciting any wish to keep others down, that we may rice on their ruin.

The base passions, awakened by competition, have been known, in some schools, to induce pupils to steal and secretly destroy the testimonials (called journals) by which a rival candidate would have been entitled to the prize, for the purpose of making their

own secondary testimonials rank first.

The tendency of competition will appear in the fulness of its mischievous absurdity by supposing, for a moment, the favour of God offered on the principle of school prizes to the holiest member of each congregation. If such were the case, no pious clergyman could be expected to preach the truth, lest he should shut himself out of heaven by having the misfortune to make some of his parishioners better Christians than himself.

(To be concluded in our next.)

IRISH PEASANT'S SONG. THE MAID OF BALVOURNEY. *

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

(Written to the air of "Rory O'More.")

Love crept, like a thief, to my bosom and stole The heart that was in me so careless and free: So here's to the bright little star of my soul! Oh! the Maid of Balvourney's the darling for me! The light-hearted sons of green Erin enjoy The dance and the song when their labour is done; And there never was seen a more true Irish boy Than myself, though I say it, for frolic and fun-Till Love came (a thief!) to my bosom and stole

The heart that was in me so careless and free; So here's to the bright little star of my soul!

Oh! the Maid of Balvourney's the darling for me!

Young Shylie† has stolen the wit from my brain, And made me as dull as our drowsy dusheen; ‡ I shall ne'er be the same happy mortal again, Till I wed or forget her, the dark-eyed colleen! When she saw me with Norah at Donnybrook fair, She curl'd up her sweet little lip in disdain, While the glance of her eye, through her dark glossy hair, Sure it told that she loved me again and again. But woman's a riddle, as all lovers know, Her heart and her looks very seldom agree, The one saying yes, while the other says no; Oh! the Maid of Balvourney's the darling for me!

† Julia.

The fine monastery of Balvourney means, literally, the Town of the Beloved. Balvourney is often mentioned in old chronicles.

MY BACHELOR DAYS.

A coop roasting Christmas fire in December 1844—which is not so long passed but that any of my readers may vouch for the sharpness of the air—made no bad accompaniment to the agreeable meeting of four persons who were sitting around it, in the pretty little village of Ayot St. Lawrence, in Hertfordshire. It consisted of an elderly gentleman, Mr. Frank Tellis, Alice and Beatrice Campbell, his nieces, and Mr. Evelyn Ferguson, then passing his Christmas under the friendly roof of the "good old

gentleman of the olden time."

Every call upon the active duties of daylight had passed away. Tea had been dismissed, and, seating himself, as was his custom, in his ample arm chair, Mr. Frank Tellis had made room for one niece on a low ottoman between his chair and the fire, whilst Alice, the elder, occupied the middle, playing with a hand-screen, and Mr. Evelyn was vis-a-vis to the old gentleman. The centre of attraction to all was the cheerful blaze, and there seemed a sort of determined do-nothingness pervading all the party; for not even a bit of Berlin wool, or ladies' implements of industryor busy idleness-peeped forth from a half-shut work-box, an over-filled basket, or a gay-coloured bag, so minute in size as to seem only fitted for a fairy. There literally was nothing in the room but the live inhabitants before named, a dog who seemed to watch the movements of all from under his half-closed eyelids, a large mahogany dining-table which had served for tea, and been pushed back to make room for the fire-side circle, a sideboard, and the usual allotment of dining-room chairs. Opposite the fireplace was a large window, leading into a greenhouse, and from thence into the garden; but the time-night, and the cold frost and snow of a December night, will invite no one to quit the blazing light and warmth of the fire.

"I am glad to welcome a return to an old fashioned winter," said Mr. Tellis; "it reminds me of the days of my youth and

the hall of my ancestors."

"But here are we all three, dear uncle," said Beatrice, "wandering quite away from your old fashioned notions of family assemblings at Christmas."

"Much more agreeable here," added Alice, "than our cold

northern winter."

"Oh no!" replied the laughing Beatrice; "give me frost, give me snow, give me anything that belongs to bonnie Scotland."
"That's right, Beatrice; there's nothing like contentment

with our lot. Much as I love to have you with me, I own, girls, I have often wished you could have been even now in Perthshire.

I do love the assembling of a large and happy family group at Christmas time; it seem a sort of cementing of the family chain, a polishing anew, a looking over to see all the links are firm, and

that they will hold together for another long pull."

"I trust, dearest uncle, that will ever be the case with ours," said Alice; "and you must even give me a small share of praise, too, for contentment, as well as to Beatrice," said she, playfully; "for you know I could not change my lot if I would."

"What lot, my dear Alice? Lot! did you seriously wish to

change your lot?'

The mingled laugh of the three caused a bright blush to spread

over the cheek of Alice.

"Cannot I assist you," said he, still continuing his bantering, as he saw the contagion had spread not only from Alice but to Evelyn.

"Uncle, you know I meant-I said-I could not be in Scot-

land if I would," said Alice.

"Could not be in Scotland! my dear Alice; surely, truly, verily, you said you could not change your lot, and left us to

guess what lot."

Alice was so crimson, that the burning cheek had nearly caused the tears to stand in her eyes, whilst the laughing of the others still continued; but by a glance over the screen she held in her hand Mr. Tellis felt he had gone as far as he might; and goodhumouredly he now turned the laugh upon himself, by declaring, in a half-comic tone, he wished he could change his lot, and no longer be designated as the "Old Bachelor."

"You, uncle, you!" said Beatrice, in unfeigned amazement;

"I thought you never could have had such a wish."

"Ah! so Mr. Tellis has often said," added Evelyn; "how came you to be so ready to quit the fraternity to-night, sir."

"Because I believe the thoughts of my young and happy days brought the wish with them that I too had a large and cheerful circle around my and their own fireside; for, without the kind aid of you all, my three dear friends, what a lonely hearth would Sancho and I have shared." (Sancho opened wide his eyes, without raising his head from between his paws.) "Yes, old Sancho, you and I must (The old dog could stay no longer, have talked to one another." after hearing his name twice repeated, but he slowly rose and edged himself in till his nose was laid on his master's knee, and his master's hand was fondly placed on his head.) "I feel your kindness much, I assure you, in sharing my winter with me; but then I am not selfish enough to forget how very much you have given up in your desire to enliven the Old Bachelor."

The trio unanimously seemed to wish to convince him they

were well pleased with their winter quarters.

"Now," said Evelyn, "do tell me why you have set me so bad

an example."

"Not one I wish you to follow, my good fellow, nor one that I have chosen; but circumstances made me what I am; but if you like to hear of my bachelor days, you shall do so."

"Oh! very much," said his auditors.

"Well, then, I will begin in the true story-telling style. Once upon a time, there lived a family in the north of England who might, for what I know, have traced their genealogy from Noah. It is enough for me to know, my grandfather could tell us, his grandchildren, that he had set in the same hall, in the self-same old oak chair on his father's knee, that we were now so well pleased to gather round when he was seated in it. A very reverend looking old gentleman was my aforesaid grandfather, and many a bitter tear it caused me to hear he was gathered to his fathers, when I was at college; for then I was destined for the church, though I afterwards followed the bent of my own inclination in the choice of a profession. My father died when I was only four years old, so that, in reality, my grandfather seemed the head of our house."

"You were not born in Northumberland, uncle," said Beatrice.

"No, my father left the paternal roof to enter upon his clerical duties on a small curacy in Wiltshire; in which county he found as fair and beautiful a specimen of feminine loveliness as, to my fond eyes, was ever created. She was soft in countenance, gentle in manners, and all she said, and all she did, was fondly said or done; and though she never yielded her will to the foolish vagaries of childhood, yet her very contradiction of our froward wishes had in it so much of tenderness and kindness, that we were fain to yield a ready obedience."

"There now, sir," said Evelyn, laughing; "you wish to prove to us how much better a boy you were in your younger days than

you find is the case with the rising generation.'

"No, pardon me; much, and very much, as I do think the rising generation behind their forefathers in reverential behaviour to their superiors, I can claim no exemption for myself individually; I was one of the most unruly of boys; no one ever indulged in a greater number of mischievous pranks than Frank Tellis. Pastimes which the modern refinement has now nearly classed as crimes, were, in my extreme boyhood, in full force. Badger and bull baiting, otter hunting, night fowling, wildfowl catching, nest hunting, and many others of the same class, if I was not old enough to partake of, I looked on at as a spectator; and, as strength increased, joined them all, and became a noted wrestler and fencer. There was not a hill, nor a cliff, hardly an accessible spot for miles around the hall that I left unexplored or was not acquainted with. I roused the deer from her lair, and I scared

the lone owl from her haunts. Though I left you in Wiltshire, it was a very short part of my career that was spent there; I was one of the youngest of the large family that assembled around my father's table, but I can hardly remember either him or my birthplace; the recollection of a green gate to our garden, an old tree in the garden, and a swing on which they used to put me, are nearly all my childish recollections of that place: for when death deprived us of my father and home, we went to dwell with our grandfather, and there I made one among his eldest son's children and my own sisters and brothers. My dear mother met with a painful accident, and became perfectly lame, so that she never could partake of any out of door amusements with us; and as leading such a life as the sportsmen of these times did, necessarily kept us young ones (who are ever eager to join in such sports) much out of doors, therefore it was but little I saw of my everloved mother. A few short hours of each day I might spend at her couch, but as she never left it for many years, it was there alone I could see her; and before I had finished my education, my poor mother was no more."

A pause ensued which the young auditors seemed loath to interrupt; but a call upon Evelyn to stir the fire and throw up a fresh log, and, "Alice, brighten our light a little," seemed to rouse up the old gentleman again.

"Why was Winchester chosen for you?" asked Evelyn.

"A Tellis, and not at Winchester, sir, would be like a lord chancellor on a bag of apples instead of his woolsack! for no other reason than all the Tellis's of whom any account had ever been recorded since the flood went to Winchester; so to Winchester go I loved school well enough, for I believe the novelty of the feeling, that I had time for reading and information, was something to me like a charm; I had but little of it in Northum-The holidays brought me back to my old sports, except when occasionally I made an excursion in the holidays to see a schoolfellow whom I loved as a brother, and whose mother was far the best living resemblance I had of my late mother."

"Did you remain at the old hall as your home altogether,

uncle?" asked Beatrice.

"Yes, during my grandfather's lifetime it was ever my home; but you, dear Alice, who are so aften rapt up in the mysteries of heraldry, will best understand me when I tell you I was a martlet, and therefore had no right to a roost in the old mansion when my grandfather was no longer the head of it."

"Martlet! oh! do tell the uninitiated what uncle then was," said the upturned, smiling face of Beatrice, addressing her

"No, no! let those that use the terms explain them," replied Alice.

Evelyn—
This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet does approve,
By his lov'd mansionary, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here."

Mr. Tellis began humming-" I

"I wish I were a little bird]"
To sing my love to rest."

with a comically-expressive glance at Mr. Evelyn, who suddenly checked, coloured, though he smiled.

"Well then, Beatrice," said Mr. Tellis, "you might fix the

same heraldic title on Evelyn, if you pleased."

"Not till you give me a meaning, uncle," returned she.

"Oh! you are afraid of me, Beatrice, are you," said Evelyn.

"Old Guillim himself shall be my interpreter, then," resumed Mr. Tellis, "and amusing enough is the idea; they are little birds represented without feet—the mark of younger brothers—to show them they must trust to the wings of virtue and merit in order to raise themselves, and not to their feet, they having little land to set their feet on. Little land indeed had I to boast of—not an inch I could call my own—but as to the virtue and the merit"

"We, your auditors, are better judges there, sir," added Evelyn, "and must sing the praises, must we not, Miss Campbell, of

the 'good old gentleman of the olden time.'"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Evelyn," said Beatrice, "wait a little for your song; dear uncle is a boy yet; it seems to me so comical, even in idea," said she, laughing.

"You speak as if you saw him so now," said Alice, smiling at

her sister's eagerness.

"Oh! yes," said Beatrice, I just fancy I see him actually walking about, that very same boy with his red coat, and long straight-cut waistcoat, and his brown hair curling down his back, that we saw the picture of in the old hall."

"Now was I not a very handsome boy, Beatrice," said he,

stroking his chin.

"Yes, I think so; but I like the old uncle still better," said she, jumping up for a kiss on his high open forehead, round which the silver hairs were now floating.

"Many a younger one would envy me such a salutation by and

bye, dear Beatrice," said he, fondly returning it.

"But uncle, were not such gay dresses very unfitted for such

proceedings as you describe your sports to have been?"

"Oh, we had our rough dresses too, our jerkins and leather spatterdashes, our frieze coats and our worsted hose, our shoes, such as, I am afraid, would shock a modern exquisite turned out at Melton. Health was on the breeze, pleasure on the wind; and many a happy day have I spent on the mountain-top. You, my

little Highlander, can well understand my delight—no one better than yourself—for you can climb a mountain like its own native cat, with the best of us."

"And mark your game with an eagle's eye," said Alice.

"Dear!" said Beatrice, with all the energy of her nature, "I wish, instead of our proposed visit to Brocket Hall, to-morrow, we could all transport ourselves to the top of Ben Venue."

"Or be joining the Perth hunt, to-morrow, Beatrice," rejoined

Evelyn.

"Not exactly that! I dearly love to join my brothers on their

sporting expeditions."

"Not only brothers, Beatrice," said Evelyn, with much of her enthusiasm; and his brightened countenance threw a sidelong glance at Alice.

"Beatrice is gazing on a Scotch prospect, Evelyn," said Mr.

Tellis.

Evelyn coloured scarlet, but added—" Not only brothers, Beatrice, for you permitted me to join the party sometimes."

"Not my permission, but my brothers to me," returned Beatrice; "for sometimes when there is a very careful sportsman like yourself, Mr. Evelyn," said she, bowing gracefully, "I am permitted by my brothers still to go; but they are so much over my precious head, that with some they will not let me even outside the

porch when they are setting out on their expeditions."

"For fear of a random shot, eh?" said Mr. Tellis. "Well, I will tell you a curious circumstance that a shot reminds me of; though it is many a year since I heard it, and may be the tale is not quite correct. Colonel Dash, a friend of mine, who had a good estate in the country, had invited a neighbour to shoot, who arrived on an appointed day, but brought with him a stranger, whom he did not introduce. Before the trio left the house to go on their shooting expedition, Colonel Dash said he was in want of a man servant, and he asked his brother sportsman if he could assist him; his neighbour said he thought he knew one likely to suit him; and just then all three went out to shoot. Colonel Dash, thinking a good opportunity offered when the stranger gentleman was at a little distance, asked his neighbour- Who is your friend?' The neighbour, supposing he still alluded to the servant, told him he was the landlady of such an inn, mentioning her name. Colonel Dash felt rather surprised at the son of the landladybeing brought as a guest to shoot; but being a peculiarly goodtempered man, he made no observation, and he proceeded to show them the best sport he could; and it was continued with, I believe, good success, till, at the close of the day, this stranger gentleman fired and lost his bird. They spent some little time in fruitless search on the river's bank; when, as they had previously agreed to give over, Colonel Dash, addressing the stranger gentleman, with great good humour, wished him good evening, and said—'Doubtless your bird is in the river, and will float down to the Saracen's Head (or whatever the name of the landlady's house might be, which stood on the river) and will be there before you.' With this they parted; the neighbour and the stranger wondering at the oddity of this speech, and Colonel Dash equally wondering that the son of the landlady should have been brought to shoot over his preserves. The next morning the truth came out, when the real son of the landlady appeared to offer himself for service; and then Colonel Dash discovered what a comical mistake had occurred; nor was it easy to offer an apology, as probably it would not be very civil to say—'I mistook your friend all day for the unpolished son of a landlady of a country town.'"

"How very provoking such mistakes are," said Evelyn; "but you have wandered away so far from the boyish days, do let us return. I want to know—for I almost suspect—your holidays were not spent with your very dear friend and his amiable mother alone!"

"You do, do you," said the Old Bachelor in return; "you have made a good shot there, I believe; and so, I believe—I believe—I must—oh! Beatrice, can you believe it, I was not the Old Bachelor then."

"No, no; you were a boy. But I thought you were going to say something else."

"Else! what would you have?"

"Who was it, uncle?"

"Was what?"

"Now you are more provoking than anything." (A loud squeal from Sancho disturbed the whole party, and made poor Beatrice jump up in a trice; for, unwittingly, in her eagerness to know something more, she had set her ottoman on Sancho's tail.) "Oh dear! Sancho; I humbly crave your pardon," said she, as Sancho now made his usual three magical circles to reseat himself in front of the fire. "Do, uncle, tell me."

"Well, I will make another shot, Beatrice," said Evelyn; "it

was the friend's sister."

"Give me your gun, my dear friend; a double-barrel, too!"
"Come, you best of marksmen; run, Beatrice, and pick it up,"

said Alice.

"Is he right uncle? Was there a sister?"

"Yes, truly, there was a sister; and who do you think she was like? Just a mixture between you and Alice. She had much of your energetic sprightliness, with a good deal of the tempered sedateness of your sister."

"But Alice, you know, is not always so sedate; only you know in mamma's absence now she thinks she must play the matron and

take care of me. I assure you she is more sprightly than me some-times."

"Oh! it is a would-be matron, is it; I beg your pardon, Madam

Alice."

"How can you be so ridiculous, Beatrice!" said Alice. "Do you perceive," said she, adroitly turning the conversation from herself, "uncle wants to puzzle you?"

"To put us off the scent, Beatrice," added Evelyn; but we

will not let him, will we?"

"Oh, no, no! did you love her, uncle?"

"Point blank shot dead by an arrow from your bow now, dear Beatrice," said her uncle, throwing himself back with closed eyes in his chair. "Yes, I did love her."

"And did she not love you?"
"I never asked her, my dear."

"Uncle! why not? she surely would have loved you."

"Because you do, my dear?"

"Oh! but uncle, you know everybody does, it is not only me. Do help me, Mr. Evelyn; does not everybody say they love uncle?"

"I should think so," said Evelyn, who joined heartily in the laugh at her extreme energy; "but Mr. Tellis did not say she

did not love him."

"When shall I get into the right road! Do, dear uncle, have done laughing, and let me hear the end of it; for I thought you never loved any body but relations and the poor people so very particularly; I mean as I suppose now you loved her."

Instead of attending to her injunctions, the trio only laughed

the louder.

"Can't you add dogs, my dear Beatrice, to the list of my loves?"

"Oh, yes! and horses, and cats, and all the feathered tribe—everything that lives; but do go on. And the lady could not love you, then? Why not? Don't say, 'I never asked her,' but tell me why you think she could not."

"Why, dear Beatrice, how could a lady say anything if she is

not asked," said Alice.

"Oh! true, true; they cannot change their lot, you know," said her uncle.

"But why did you not ask her, uncle," said Beatrice, deter-

mined not to be put off again.

"Beatrice, my dear, you cannot imagine," said her uncle, with mock seriousness, "how difficult, how very difficult it is to say— "Will gou have me?" it is so very very difficult!"

"Then all the difficulty is not on your side, for-for-if it

must be 'no'

'In substance you shall hardly find that form Which shall convey it pleasantly. In truth———
To mould denial to a pleasing shape
In all things, and most specially in love,
Is a hard task, alas! I have not wit
From such a sharp and waspish word as No To pluck the sting.

"Bravo, Beatrice! I see you too have studied this important matter deeply. Early days for you, my dear."

"Oh! you know I hear all Alice and my sisters say."

"A dangerous protege you have taken, my dear matron," said her uncle, addressing Alice; "you have a troublesome charge, I guess."

"Yes, truly, if Beatrice was not unintentionally romancing," said

Alice, colouring deeply.

"But the lady, sir, your lady," said Evelyn. "Beatrice, I fear she will be in a mazy labyrinth lost if we lose sight of her again."

"Well then, uncle," said Beatrice.

"Well then, niece," said Mr. Tellis, with a far more settled sadness in his countenance than his auditors expected, "whilst I deliberated what course to pursue to gain my point effectually, she was removed from us all; but not before I had spent many and many a cheerful week at different time sunder their roof, whilst her mother lived, during the time I was at school and college, and afterwards (when I, from choice, changed my profession from the church, which had been intended for me, to the medical profession) whilst following my medical duties, I still found time to be an occasional inmate of the rectory. We won her back to cheerfulness at last, though for a long time the loss of their inestimable mother saddened the social hearth. I was at that time plodding my weary way as a medical practitioner in the country; when at home I was rapt up in the profession of my choice, and I found full occupation for body and mind. But having had an ample-nay, a very handsome fortune left me by my mother's relatives, I had no need to toil in a profession which has this disadvantage, it must necessarily break in greatly on the comforts of domestic life, and I anticipated sinking the doctor in the squirenay, I even meditated foreign travel, as I thought, for a few years, it would be an occupation to her thoughts (if she would unite her fortunes with mine); for I almost feared there must be the totally opposite to the happy routine of a home fireside to reconcile her to a change and separation from a brother on whom she doated as much as he did on her. I was not one who had the engaging address and many nameless charms that linked her to her brother. Had he remained amongst the fraternity of bachelors, I should have been quite contented to do so too from the utter hopelessness

[·] Pt. Van Artevelde.

I should have had of gaining her affections; but when he engaged in a matrimonial alliance, I then felt I had a better chance of being noticed with favour. So I thought and re-thought, and at length, having settled all my concerns so that I might any day 'throw physic to the dogs,' I mounted my courser, unlike the the Baron of Mowbray to ride away, but to ride to meet my ladylove, if I might ever be permitted to call her mine; but

"Tween our shadowings and their ends doth intervene One that doth love us, shaping all for good."

I went—but to draw the black curtain of bitter regret over all my day-dreams of happiness—I passed a carriage which descended Whitover Hill with far greater rapidity than I thought safe; alas! the drag had snapped, and the impetus was given which ended in the overturn of the vehicle, in which she actually was; and with it ended all my hopes, for she was lifted out a corpse." (Here a deep, unbidden sigh broke heavily from his heart.) "But such is life," said he, whilst he endeavoured to regain a steadiness of voice.

Poor Beatrice! her silent tears trickled slowly over her lately animated face.

"So it is no wonder," he added after a pause, "I wished not again to try to find a partner for my lonely hearth."

Evelyn rose as if to break the silence, and rouse the party again; and leaning against the chimney-piece, he said—

"But her brother, sir."

"My tale about them all is a sad one; he could not sustain the shock, and his over-wrought frame sunk beneath the blow. As executor to her brother, I found a packet of papers of hers which had fallen into his hands on her demise, and so new to me; and there, from some lines which she had entitled—'Now you are mine,' and dated on a particular evening on which we all walked together, I found she was not unsuspicious of my inclination towards her. Though I believe she had not guessed the real cause why I was so very backward in my movements, still this might be said but to have sharpened the edge of my regret."

"What a mournful ending, dear uncle!" said Alice.

"Don't let it end here, sir," said Evelyn. "We want to arrive to the old gentlemen of the present time, Miss Campbell; so you must join us for a continuance. Beatrice will, I am sure."

"Do then go ou, dear uncle," said Alice.

"After having finished all I could for the widow and the children (for my friend left two), I quitted the spot for ever, I then supposed; for I directly set out for that curious city Venice."

"But, uncle," said Beatrice, her eyes still glistening with her

tears, "did not one come to comfort you?"

"My own immediate relatives, my sisters and brothers," con-

tinued her uncle, "had long been settled in life in different places—some in different climes—and I had not resolution to call upon them for sympathy, for I never told my tale; my sorrows were hid within my own heart, and truly I could say,

'What, then, so painful as that secret grief To which not even friends can give relief!'

and I felt too they were selfish sorrows. I should have wished her continuance in a world which had lost all its early freshness to her; and could I confidently flatter myself with me she would actually have been as happy as I anticipated? No; she might not have found me what she would have expected, if she had consented to marry me. She might have been ever involuntarily comparing me in her own mind with her best-beloved brother. Now there was no one to sorrow peculiarly for her-indeed, I believed no one would sorrow for her as I in secret did; that is, for my own sake: so then I turned my mind inwards, and tried to school myself to the belief that it was better for me to have been deprived of her ere I had tasted the happiness of her sympathy in my joys or my cares. I believe her death made me more forcibly think of the lessons taught me in early youth by my loved mother's couch, and made me more earnestly strive to spend my manhood so that I might, in my own appointed time, leave the world without regret, and, with a deep and humble hope and firm trust, look forward to the future. I made no one the sharer of my sorrows, but eagerly strove to conceal it from all eyes, and to make myself useful in any situation in which I might, by the force of circumstances, be thrown. Venice I reached in safety, and the first sight of it will not easily be effaced from my memory. It can hardly fail to interest a stranger from the novelty of its situation. It seems a city apparently floating on the clear blue sea; its glittering domes throwing a reflection on the waves as they swept softly round with the murmuring sound that the waters make on a fine calm, still summer evening. The gondolas glided noiselessly along, leaving their glittering track across the waters. I took up my residence in the Piazetta."

"The Rialto, sir," said Evelyn; "surely you must, for Shak-

speare's sake, have visited that."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Tellis; "during my stay I frequently had to cross that noble bridge."

"Is it true it is built of marble?" asked Beatrice.

"The novelty," answered Mr. Tellis, "is not so much in the material (which is marble, and perhaps not more valued there than our granite is in Scotland), but the noble arch, a span of ninety feet."

"The Inquisition, uncle," said Alice, "would almost frighten

me from Venice; I could almost fancy traps and pit-falls in every street."

"The time," Mr. Tellis remarked, "is past for those horrors to frighten the mere traveller, such as I was; and all I saw interested and delighted me, and quite answered all the expectations I had formed. I was not without society; for, on my new plan, I was not to be a lonely recluse, but an active member of society. and I did not feel then inclined to be over-scrupulous as to the exclusiveness of my clique. I looked neither for rank, nor beauty, nor money, nor for any of the mere worldly attractions in my acquaintances. I determined, if possible, to see every variety of character and of life, and to cultivate the friendship of the estimable in whatever rank they might be found; to practise my profession if occasion tempted me so to do; to plunge deep into all the delights of literature; -in fact, I was going to study man, and so add to my own little knowledge and to the public good by making valuable collections of all kinds for a public museum. first fell into company with a middle-aged man and his sister, travelling for amusement, happy in themselves, happy in each other, and contented with their good fortune in life. I easily persuaded them to shape their uncertain course to Venice with They were the son and daughter of people who had been originally in trade, but had amassed much wealth, and this person might be called something between a farmer and a gentleman, though perhaps the scale weighed much more heavily on the first I knew them both to be most sincerely and truly estimable; as they had lived in a neighbouring parish, and I had professionally attended him. Their oddities and their whimsicalities, their singular adventures, which arose out of their ignorance of the world, were a never-ending fund of amusement to me. I allowed them to be my caterers; so we shared one sitting-room, and one vehicle when we travelled. I had met them on board the vessel that conveyed me from England. My first inquiry as to Miss Olive's former peregrinations was answered by an-

"'Oh, no, not my first journey; I have been at London and

made a tower.'

"Whether she rivalled the real architect of the real Tower of London, I could not venture to ask."

"But what could she mean?" said Beatrice.

"She meant, I believe, my dear, that she had made a memorable tower in her mind of all she had seen," said the old gentleman, laughing.

"Why, Beatrice, you are dreadfully dull of comprehension.

Cannot you catch it, that she made a tour?" said Alice.

"A tour!" said Beatrice, laughing heartily; "not I; it ever struck me what she meant. But, uncle," she added, "I do think you will hardly understand as queer a misnomer as I unriddled

the other day; even Alice did not understand it, and you know she is always so very clever. When I went into the cottage to see poor sick Mary, she told me that she was so interested in a book the ladies at the Park had lent her; it was such a pretty book. Alice asked, 'What is it?'

" 'Clubs,' said she, 'and so remarkably interesting.'

"What do you suppose she meant?"

"One ready prepared to knock me down?"

"No, not at all," said the merry-faced Beatrice; "just what many young men do, I have heard you say, Calebes, in Search

of a Wife."

- "Ha, ha, ha! well done, Beatrice. I suppose she thought when they completed their search, to prevent their escape, they knocked them down with their clubs. But I will give you credit for this discovery. Now I will introduce you to Miss Olive leaning on Mr. Olive's arm at a little fishing-place we at one time stopped at. The net had just been hauled in from the sea, the fish had been scattered on the beach, and the group of fishermen and women and all the idlers of the place standing round.
- "'Dear me! what queer fish, Herbert! Dear, only see; and what may they be, sir?'—addressing me, for I was her interpreter.

" ' Dog-fish.'

"'Oh, what a wonderful thing!—fish created on purpose for dogs! But, bless me, what fine soals and turbot! Bless me, how fresh they are!"

"What!" interrupted Mr. Evelyn, "did she suppose they

would be stale?"

- "I can't pretend to say," answered Mr. Tellis, "what she supposed; I can only give her actual speech. But I can assure you there was so much sterling worth as well as genuine oddity in this good couple, that I really parted with them with regret; and especially I felt it on my return, as she was gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Deeply is her loss felt to this day. To the poor she was ever a true benefactor, a tried friend; and I learned a lesson from her I shall never forget, that we must not despise the roughness of the nut, but search for the kernel within. Mr. Olive left his estate and resided in Ireland after she died.
- "Another family I visited at Paris, but beat a speedy retreat, finding the mistress of the mansion bent upon marrying off some half-dozen of her nieces, and she meant to entrap me for one. The manner in which she bungled, either from excitement and over-eagerness to gain her point, or from the peculiar light of her room—dim, or rather softness of light, arising from the alabaster through which the light came—"

"Just stop, uncle," interrupted Beatrice; "through alabaster, how?"

"All the lamps or candles," replied Mr. Tellis, "were placed either in alabaster vases standing in pedestals, or suspended from the ceiling. There was no other light, and the softness it gave everything was very peculiar. I had two quiet young friends, who, with their mother, were, like myself, travellers in a foreign land, and we all met at a soirée at this lady's house. She had seen the two young ladies in the morning; therefore, she was by no means a stranger to their persons; but, by some unaccountable, though no less true blunder, she mistook them, in the assembled crowd, for her nieces. She approached these ladies; told them-

"My dears, yonder is M. Tellisseé, a very rich nabob-pockets lined with many thousands of British crowns; make yourselves very agreeable to him when I shall make him introduced to you. Lose not so good a chance, and despair not, one or other, of being his wife, and calling his wide-spread acres, his handsome These English like the home and the wife as domain yours. well as the roast beef. I shall bring him, and introduce him to

my nieces.' "It was in vain they assured her they were not her nieces. Oblivion of all but the British crowns had stolen over her imagination; she would not listen to their arguments, to their excuses. She quickly turned her footsteps, and, advancing towards me, told me she would introduce me to her nieces. Of course I did not decline it, and she led me to my young acquaintances, presenting them by the names of 'Mademoiselle Elise and Alsé Gratzs, my nieces. Now,' she added, 'you can talk of the Tuilleries,' and she disappeared amongst the busy throng. You may guess my surprise. One of the young ladies ventured to assure me Madame Barilli had made a mistake. 'There,' said she, 'are her nieces, standing by that large picture; but I chatted with them some time, and then, seeing Madame Barilli returning, I abruptly wished them 'Bon nuit,' and went down the stairs and out of the house, followed, as it appeared, by a college friend, a cousin of the young ladies, whose mother had explained to him the mistake that had occurred and the previous conversation upon my broad lands, which I did not possess."

"Of course, Mr. Tellis," said Evelyn, "you did not enter her

domain again?"

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Tellis; "I considered it quite as bad as the woody preserves of our park adjoining—'Spring-guns and men-traps set here; and, not being a personification of Clubs, I would not subject myself to any rough usage in such a snare; for, though Cupid's arrows now fell around me harmless, I felt that I might be a target—but it never entered the bull's"Smiling, doubtless," observed Evelyn, "at their fruitless at-

tempts at archery."

"Truly it was so," Mr. Tellis replied, "with all but one; and she, poor thing! possessed everything but common sense. She had not the sense to see she was nothing to me; so I quitted Italy (where I was then lounging) and the lady together, and next traversed my way to the frozen climes, and saw life in a new form. My kaleidoscope was shifted from looking on at luxurious idleness to the toil of the hardy mountainer."

"How I should have enjoyed to have been with you, dear

uncle!" exclaimed Beatrice; "I wish you would go again."

"What!" said Mr. Tellis; "with the hoar frost of winter settled on my head, Beatrice? No, there is a time for all things, and I think it is a time to eat. Suppose you ring a merry peal on the bell, Beatrice, and John will bring the tray."

"On one condition," said Beatrice, laughingly laying her hand on the bell, "that you go on to the good old gentleman of

the present time.'

"Not enough yet?" replied Mr. Tellis. "Yes, I will, if you each will promise me a favourite song in conclusion; or, 'No song,

no supper.' "

All readily agreed, and the bell had hardly ceased to sound ere John entered with an oval tray, fitted with sundry white dishes with brown edges, forming what used to be termed a Wedgewood supper tray.

"I do like a supper," said Evelyn, as he drew his chair close

to Alice; "it is such a very cheerful meal."

This was responded to by all, and would be echoed by me, indulgent reader, perhaps for the cheerful converse that enlivens it; but to sit at the table merely to hear the name of what fills the oval centre dish and the other little surrounders, will be to us as much child's play as the dinner set of that dear little representativ of all childish playfulness, my niece yonder, who is now even spreading them out to tempt me to a sham participation; so adieu till I can be the invisible amanuensis after supper.

The light and pleasant meal being concluded, the party again seated themselves, having dispatched both the supper tray and

old Sancho together.

"There is one of the follies of an Old Bachelor, the admission of an old pointer into his sitting-room. In my younger days no one more scouted the idea of dogs in rooms than myself; now I find a companionship in animals, and when I have no other living models to study, I study them."

"And those," said Evelyn, "who have not done so can hardly credit the extent of instinct; in dogs it actually, at times, borders

ery closely upon reason."

"Yes, undoubtedly it does," said Mr. Tellis. "But to return to myself. The dog will carry me back to Kamtschatka, where I have been in a sledge, so comfortably at my ease, with a friend and a driver, drawn by five dogs."

"The dear creatures," exclaimed Beatrice; "I should have

enjoyed such a drive."

"And we have actually gone upwards of ninety miles in the day," resumed Mr. Tellis, "carried on by these docile creatures."

"How far did your expedition extend?" asked Evelyn.

"Not farther than Kamtschatka," answered Mr. Tellis. then returned and remained many years in Norway, till I was almost become a native, so delighted was I with the scenery and the hospitality of a Norwegian family with whom I resided—the Olaffsons. I was enabled to give them much comfort by prescribing for a daughter of theirs, and who, after years of suffering, I was rejoiced to see amongst their happy circle again, restored to perfect health and strength. At length I thought it was time, after a voluntary exile of twenty long years 'in wandering spent and toil,' to return to Britain; for truly I found my heart longing to see old friends again. I found my eldest brother (who was now getting on to the old gentleman of the Hall in Northumberland) the only remaining one in England; the greatest number of my relatives had settled in Scotland, so thither I bent my way; and after having shown the travelled monkey to all the living relatives I yet had left, I settled myself in Edinburgh, to pass, as I intended, the remainder of my days in arranging the collections of very great value I had made for the museum I intended to give to This taste I believe I early imbibed from hearing my the city. dear grandfather speak so much of his young friend, Mr. Tweddell, of Threepwood, near Hesham, who was travelling, when I was at college, in Switzerland, and he used to keep up a regular correspondence with my grandfather for his amusement; and he fondly hoped to live to see the day when he would again be at Threepwood; but his young friend, as he was wont to call him, died at Athens, about thirty years of age, a few months before my grandfather himself was buried at Hesham. My house at Edinburgh was fortunately far removed from the house I then called my warehouse; for, in the sad fire of 1824, every article I had collected with so much care fell a prey to the devouring element; my books were in safety with me, and I lost nothing more than the thousands I had expended in this museum."

"What a sad, sad loss," said Evelyn, "not only to yourself,

but to the city-to the public."

"Where did you go then, dear uncle?" asked Alice.

"I remained but a very short time longer in Edinburgh then, my dear Alice, because I had hired the house I was in from a gentleman who had been burnt out of his own; so I was glad to

give up the lease I had of his house to shelter him and his family; and I quitted the scene of desolation, regretting keenly my loss, I cannot deny; but still, how could I dare to murmur,—I lost but my superfluities, the produce of years of amusement, and here were many poor wanderers without a farthing or a home. I now took a new fancy, and thought I had actually an opportunity offered me of being of use; so I determined to go to a manufacturing town, in which I obtained what is termed very heavy practice in my profession, and the entire proceeds I devoted to collecting a large fund to be appropriated for the benefit of all sufferers by fires that I might chance to hear of."

"Oh! that is what you call your fire fund," said Beatrice.

"It is so, and much satisfaction have I experienced from this of my professional abilities, which I continued till my seventieth birth-day, when I thought it was time to give up work, and it was time to give way to younger hands; though I did not forget the young, for I always had in my house every day some ten or twelve young medical or other friends around me, who were free to come and share my table whenever they pleased, and to gain any information I could give them. I did not live in a house of my own, for I wanted not the trouble of housekeeping; so I sought out a worthy old married couple with whom I boarded, having my own private apartments, and I made a sort of public table for dinner at four o'clock; if I could be home to partake of it, well, but if not, still there were my friends; but we all separated by the hour, for then I retired to my room alone, or with such friends as I asked to join me for the evening. My good old couple are living still, and I meditate a visit there soon. You will all remember my next move—the time I spent in Perthshire, at your own dear home, my nieces; and there I met with one whose acquaintance I have gladly formed, and appreciate his worth," said he, extending his hand to Evelyn.

"Dear sir," said Evelyn, with evident gratification, "I can safely say I never felt happier than under your hospitable roof, and in being permitted to enjoy your friendship; and I hope I may add, the lessons I have learnt from you have made me a more

thoughtful man."

"I have ever endeavoured, my young friends," said the old gentleman, "to promote cheerfulness amongst all classes, be they rich or poor. Cheerfulness I ever consider a duty incumbent on us all; and many, very many, are little aware how much their cheerfulness promotes the good of others, and softens their own adversities, and lightens cares. A little exertion on our own parts would lessen half the evils of life, which I have seen exemplified amongst the numerous classes which from circumstances I have been so situated as fully to study their characters. There is a very wide difference between dissipation and a moderate share of

the recreations and amusements of life; the latter of which, also, I have always tried to promote. And I have ever been fond of the society of young persons; there is naturally a freshness in their ideas before ambition, avarice, and the long etceteras of the cares and troubles of life, have soured the temper and corroded the heart; and I think there is a great deal of good gained by the mingling of old and young, especially to the latter."

"When will you revisit us, dear sir," said Evelyn; we shall be

glad indeed to welcome you in Perthshire?"

"I think it not at all impossible," returned Mr. Tellis, "that

the old citizen of the world may end his days in Perth."

"What! dearest uncle," cried both his nieces at once, "do you contemplate coming amongst us again for a permanency," said Alice.

"I have indeed had such an intention," replied he, "if the year is permitted to come round again for me; but, at eighty years of age, my young friends, man can but count upon the fleeting hour, and dare not reckon upon years."

"But if you do, dear uncle," said Beatrice, with eager delight.

" we shall be so happy."

"Well, dear Beatrice," replied her uncle, "I will promise this, if I do I will take you a tour through the manufacturing districts and the lakes, and show you all that is worth seeing in our progress till we reach Perthshire."

Oh! dear, dear uncle," said the delighted Beatrice, "what joy-ful news. Oh! what a happy prospect," said she, clapping her

hands.

"You must not build too much on the movements of eighty, you know," said Mr. Tellis; "though you are in your airy chariot."

"I am sure there will be many, many to welcome you at Burnside, dear uncle," said Alice; "you have given us quite a gleam

of sunshine."

"Over your already pretty sunny prospect," said Mr. Tellis, smiling. "Merrily life passes with the lively Beatrice, but not less happily with the sedate Alice. Indeed, my girls, I think you have much to be satisfied with in your lots, and you shall ever have my best wishes that it may continue as unalloyed as we mortals can hope for in this changeful world. But come, now I must claim my songs; for I think our matron seems to look as if she thought it was nearly the proper hour to retire. Come, Alice, 'Duncan Gray,' if you please," said he, with his usual goodhumoured smile, when he felt he was silently amusing himself.

Alice blushingly replied—"What, a single song, uncle? I fear it will sound but poor; but if you wish it I will try," said she.

"Shall I give a bass to it?" said Evelyn.

"Do," said Beatrice, "Alice will get on so much better."

Whether Alice thought so or not was left undecided, for Evelyn commenced a hum ere she replied. The song was accordingly sung, with much approbation from the old gentleman. Beatrice followed, when called upon by her uncle, in a full and sweet voice, with "Auld Robin Gray." Evelyn seemed to fear some joke would be aimed at him, so quickly decided his fate by saying—

"Now I must give-' The good old gentleman of the olden

time.'

"Oh, yes! assuredly," said Alice, we must not forget him."

And Evelyn sang it with great expression.

"Now," said Mr. Tellis, when he had thanked each in his own kind way for their several songs, "we will bid each other good night, and remember, dear Beatrice, Brocket Hall to-morrow."

"Oh yes! dear uncle, and Shetly will, I am sure, be as glad as me; he will think, when he comes out of the stable and sees the

snow, he has got back to Shetland again."

Mr. Tellis, addressing Alice, asked her if she thought she really

would like to walk so far.

"Oh yes! dear uncle, I am quite equal to the walk as well as Beatrice, and shall enjoy it very much."

"It must be one and all I think, sir," said Evelyn; no one can

be spared; we must have even Sancho, too."

"Well then," said Mr. Tellis, "I will be at the breakfast-table

by nine, and we will set out as soon as we can."

So the happy group dispersed. The ladies withdrew for the night; Evelyn lingered a few minutes longer with Mr. Tellis, fidgetting from the fire to his chair, from his chair to the fire.

"Sir," at length he said, after a pause, "can you not give me

your kind aid to compass a point very near my heart?"

"Ha! what?" said the good-humoured old gentleman, professing a surprise he did not feel; "what can that be? to mount you to-morrow as well as myself? or what is it, my dear young friend?

Evelyn with a deep blush was again at a loss how to commence. "No, sir, not exactly the mode of conveyance for to-morrow, though I own to-morrow was in my thoughts. I want, sir," added he in a hesitating voice, "with your permission, to claim kindred here and have my claims allowed." Will you understand me now, for I believe my wishes have long been guessed by you; and if I may find them, as I have fondly hoped, not disapproved by you, I should indeed then trust that they will be consummated."

"To mystify you still farther, my dear Evelyn, would indeed be unkind. It is a satisfaction to me to assure you that it will ever be a pleasure to me to think I could aid your wish of a farther acquaintance with a justly-valued niece. I guessed, indeed, the end of your voluntary visit here would be this. And now what is it I can do; you will have seen I could not form the pleasing phrase to suit myself; but this I will say, I think dear

Alice will not require Beatrice's aid to pluck the sting from no! So all the advice I can give is, to-morrow is your last day here, improve your opportunity, and I will require overmuch the aid of my laughing Beatrice to guide Shetly's steps aright. So good night, for I see your heart is too full, too happy, now for longer chat; my blessing goes with you, and so good night."

"Good night, and I truly thank you," said Evelyn Ferguson, as he warmly grasped both the hands of the Old Bachelor and

withdrew.

LEGENDS OF ANTIQUE YEARS.

No. V.

THE SLEEP OF ENDYMION.

THE moon bright watch is keeping Throughout the midnight skies And her quiet light is streaming Where a mighty mount doth rise. Fair is the silvered landscape, And far it spreads around, And fount, and stream, and forest, Are compass'd in its bound. But purer in their beauty Than that stream-bright region there, Are a youth and maiden resting On the mountain summit fair-Fairer than earth can show. My words have power To tell the glory of the midnight hour; To paint the valleys glad'ning in its ray, But under such deep beauty faints my lay. Think, that all colours which my song can use, All tones through it their music can infuse, Are weak and feeble to the glorious dower Of beauty, gleaming on the midnight hour. Neither is gazing on the earth or heaven; The youth seems chain'd beneath deep slumber's night, And the maid's looks but unto him are given, For him alone her eyes of radiant light. The youth rests on the blooming hill-slope there, And if around have sprung those flower-cups fair Of their own will, never so sweet a bed Has earth provided for so bright a head. Is he a hunter wearied with the chase? And to the deep wood doth her smile lend grace? For, beside her small feet there sparkling lie A pearl-wrought bow of wondrous symmetry, And silver-chased arrows, with a horn Whose glorious summons through the woods hath borne. And round her foot, pearly as ocean's shell, The golden buskin marks the arched swell.

And a belt of gems restraineth
Her garment's flowing grace,—
But robed in all her beauty,
What sadness in her face!

Now glance we to the heaven— It wears a look of love, But it is not in her splendour The crescent shines above. No dark clouds are fast sailing, No light mist wanders there, Yet seems her brightness failing, The silver queen of air. She rideth through the chrystal, As though some guiding power, To her wandering will had left her-A lone deserted power. As the spirit of her brightness, The life that through her burned, From the chariot of its triumph, Neglectfully had turned. But the sad sweet lips are moving, Of that beauteous lady there; O list to her complaining, As it melodizes air: She speaketh to the sleeper, Deep must that slumber be, From which at that soft wailing, He doth not bound to thee!

O waken from long sleeping! O murmur but a tone Of conscious love, the whisper, In reply to me, my own! How lorn is all the Heaven, When looking down, I see No more the glance, whose sweetness Was ever lit for me. O lift those pearly eye-lids, That o'er-veil from me the light Of the deep eyes, whose dark lustre Still drew gladness from my sight. I have loved their long curled lashes, That cast delicious shade On the brightness, in my presence, Thy smile hath ever made-How should I joy, to see them But once returning, throw The lightness of their shadow, Upon their lids of snow! O to my love give answer! It is not meet from thee, This cold, unmoving silence, Should my requital be. There are those have called me haughty-Who complain, I still shine on

Unregarding their entreaty,
Or forgetful when they 're gone.
They are avenged if they see me now,
Scaning in grief o'er thy moveless brow;
But never hath mine ear disdained thy woe,
Or mocked thy plaining, that it should be so.

Let mortals have the gleam and shade, The ebb and flow of love, But changeless as my nature is, Should our affection prove.

Changeless! so have they deemed me;
But the glow of life is gone,
That breathed through all my calmness,

And in my lustre shone.

O, that its springs were failing!

Where thy soul's home may be;

Could I leave this death immortal,

Beloved, to dwell with thee!

If sleep hath bound thy frame, should not thy soul Answer, superior to such control?

It should respond to mine, if still thy form Unconscious lay, in breathing slumber warm.

How is it thou can'st rest beneath mine eye, Nor spring to welcome me with swift reply?

I am unjust to thee—'tis not thy will, That here thou'rt lingering, moveless, calm, and still. Thou art not faithless to a stronger love Than Venus, or than Juno e'er could prove. They can console them when the loved are gone; Their loves are many, but I have but one. Yet, O, rouse thee from long sleeping!

Oh, murmur but a tone! As conscious I am near thee, If wake to that alone."

She is silent. Oh! who are they?

Vain question of my heart!

Not a breathing form has entrance

Such mystery to impart.

Still is the scene, as life nought had there—

From princely oak gleams no Dryad fair—
In earth below, and the heavens above,
No voice is heard, save that of love—
Low voice, sad tones—that the musing Night
May in stillness drink from her arch of might.

No huntsman waketh his greyhounds near;
No reaper sharpens his dull scythe here;
Roves through the waste of moon-lit flowers, no Seer.

What name would echo give thee?

Who may these bright ones be,
Upon the lone hill resting,
Where none their glory see?
Still is the mount's wide circle;
I gaze around its seat,
And no wandering life confronts me,
Their titles will repeat.
Yet by his dream—like beauty—
By his dark curls clustering there,

Than midnight flowers more fragrant,
Round a brow as marble fair;
By the dim veins darkling o'er it,
That still and pulseless keep;
That with brightest

That with brightest eye were bounding,
If unsealed that charmed sleep;
By the crook that rests beside him,
By the circlet on his brown

By the circlet on his brow, Like gold its pale light shining As a shepherd ring, know; By the shadow on his temples

'Neath the darkness of his hair,
As the breezes loved to wander
By that depth of slumber fair;
By that lip's unconscious murmur
That half-breathes, as in a sigh

That half-breathes, as in a sigh,
Name ne'er before love-uttered,
Though the brightest in the sky;
By the rose-tint that in gushes
Stains the crystal of his cheek,

As the heart-sent sudden throbbing,

That the carved lip may not speak;

By you bright dame's gordianed tresses,

In one massive knot slope

In one massive knot alone, That is golden as the sun-rays

There were tangled and there shone;

By the spirit of the outline
Of that sad face, as 'tis seen
Clear yet soft against the glimmer
Of yon moon-lit tide, I ween;
By her large eye, that doth rival

In its tint of darkest blue,
Tract of sky when noon is hottest,
Glade of wild wood peeping through;
By her clear brow, that is gleaming

In her sorrow o'er him there, Like the moon whom darkening shadow Seems to follow through the air;

By yon rose-lip whose bright arching Giveth hint how clear a tone Sent its music voice through heaven In the joyous summers flown;

By her stately form, unequalled
In its light and queenly grace;
By her small feet, golden-sandalled,
Whose fleet bounding leaves no trace;

By the white neck that is shining Like a pearl upon the air, Unconcealed in its soft bending By its wealth of golden hair,

On that brow the rich braids sleeping; By her silver-sounding moan

Diana watch is keeping Where rests Endymion.

Fair tale of the old time that greets our eye With woman's one deep love and constancy.

BATAVIA SPERANS.

A DRAMA .- BY JOHN DUNLOP.

[WE have not space to give our readers the whole of this piece, but out of the five acts, we have chosen to afford room for the fifth—in order that a fair judgment may be made how far the author is equal to the task he has imposed upon himself, of representing the professive terrors of a besieged city; and the final triumph of indomitable and conscientious aspirations for liberty, during one of the most interesting struggles that ever happened on the world's stage, for independence, civil and religious;

we mean the emancipation of the Dutch province from the Spanish yoke.

The work opens with an interview between the Prince of Orange and Lord Vanderdoes, governor of Leyden, in reference to the expected siege; and there are here evolved the general reasons and prospects of the war of emancipation. The scene then shifts to the Escurial of Spain, and to Philip II. surrounded by priests, magnates, minions and instruments of torture; and depicts a counter view of the provincial rebellion, such as might be expected to be taken by men long habituated to the most arbitrary notions of political sway. In the third scene, Augustin and Gertrude appear, two young betrothed citizens of Leyden, on whose exertions much of the safety of the city historically depends; and here the state of the town, the incipient distress, and the general feelings of the inhabitants are unfolded. We are then reconducted to Madrid, where Count Vandervelde, a young Dutchman, carried in his infancy to the Spanish court, reveals to his friend Velasquez, a captain in Philip's body guard, his determination to join his native land against the king; the gallant Spaniard is petrified with astonishment-he conjures his friend to desist from plunging into infidelity, treason, and rebellion; a terrible strife of sentiment ensues—expiring friendship revives and wanes; alaimed loyalty, disruption of all former ties, former days of affection and kindness—but loyalty to the throne, triumphs in Velasquez, who arrests his friend as a traitor; a combat ensues in which the Spaniard is in this accident severely wounded, and the Count escapes to Leyden, now in extreme distress and close pressed by the enemy.

The second act proceeds with the progress of affliction in the besieged city; and the development of a heartless conspiracy, hatched by the Jesuite party, under the conduct of Balthazar and Typo, two men of deep design and great energies: the perils of Vandervelde's escape to Holland are set forth, and he finds unexpectedly

an uncle in Governor Vanderdoes.

The third act contains the advance of the conspiracy, and proposals even by some of the well-disposed citizens to save their own lives, by admitting the Spaniards. Some painful scenes of starvation succeed among the inhabitants—the extreme of woe supervenes, mixed with horrible mirth and joviality among the conspirators.

In the fourth act we are introduced to several new characters of great worth and interest; but among the rest to a diabolical female fortune-teller, a most shocking, but at the same time jocular wretch, whose present calling is to kill children for the necessities of the siege; the mothers not having heart to do it with their own hands. Amid this dreadful exhibition, some beautiful instances of generosity and charity are unfolded—particularly in the family circle of the noble De Werf, the burgomaster: but the distress increases on all sides till it becomes intolerable, and the conspiracy is about to burst. The fifth act will explain the rest of the history.—Ed.]

ACT. V.

SCENE I.-LEYDEN.

Augustin and Gertrude.

GERTRUDE. Oh Holland, Holland! land of my father; delivered by their indomitable energy from the lowest sands of the great deep; trimmed by their

skill as the garden of Europe; reposing soft in recumbent meadows of verdure and gold, under the mild blaze of a most genial sun; glistening, red, violet, orange, green, with brightest variety of flowery pride and garniture,-how art thou become grown over, weed-entangled and barren; the matted grass crowns thy tulip beds, gravel walks, and dialled parterres; the rose shrinks, choked with cockle and darnel; the lily withers, stung amid noisome nettles. Labour languishes; men's hands cease; the race of man decays away and perishes, as the skeleton leaves of the forest: the field lacks its hedges, and the street its passers-by.

AUGUSTIN. Alas! for Holland! once the emporium of the nations, mistress of the waves; whose flag has peered into unknown and nameless seas, and lowered the pride of Spain. See! now it lazily flaps the spars in harbour; it droops half-mast high, and no longer rushes to cleave asunder or ingulf all

that floats in anger to our native land.

GER. Purity is supervened by abject filth. There is no comfortable washing of pavements and side causeways in our town. Tidy girls no longer mop the walls with their clever water-engines; everything is soiled, dingy, and dirty. People want spirit to sweep and clean, and to mould things into fairness and splendour. The beauty of neatness in the parlour is vanished, and the brilliant glare of the inner court and staircase hath subsided. Sordid disorder occupies all things. People never visit their neighbours, but keep solitary and desolate; and the ten scores of bridges that unite our streets over the canals, have crowds of wayfaring folks to mount over them cheerily no longer.

All labour is at a stand—all merry-hearted industry; the mason and carpenter have gloomily put up their tools; they sit motionless, sad of heart, with their hands clasped together. The window-shutters of our shops and arcades, are darkened and closed; none put forth their goods now to the light of day; they decline in their back warehouse dungeons; they shut out the

unwelcome light, and think only how to die.

men tending cattle, or dear children picking flowers. The song of the summer meadows is unheard. The handsome, peaceful cow, no longer homeserving, feeds leisurely on the turf in rural safety; nor does the sportive colt snuff up the zephyrs in his verdant pastures. Their carcases have long been brought to the shambles, and been consumed. No pleasure dog ornaments the running conjugate parameter meatiff have from the kennel; no inferior the running equipage, nor watch mastiff bays from the kennel: no inferior animal is to be seen; all places are empty; no cagebird, cat, squirrel, or silver fish: nothing that has muscle or flesh. We may not dare to say, to think, what has been done with them; and yet more than six thousand human creatures have already drooped and sickened; and, caught in the inevitable net of death and hunger, have dismally parted with an earthly existence.

Famine, throughout our vast city makes, every quarter of an hour, perpetual progress. It is certain as the pace of the sun. We are at the last verge of our provisions; soon nothing more will remain of any object that can come between the teeth of man as sustenance. The waste of the human frame proceeds throughout our thousands, without anything to replenish the sources of life; lest he should take from him his all. Nobody is loved. An affecting apathy has taken possession of the inhabitants, they do not converse, or look at one another, nor salute in the streets. All interest in affairs is lost; every thing but the instinct of appetite is gone. What used to concern people, as their horses, carts, wares, vessels; the animation and bustle of life, have departed: and the markets are as a dead calm in the far midst of the Pacific

sea. GER. People do not, as before, gain oblivion of their woes in sleep; their bed is a place of torment: they are agitated with cruel dreams of plenty, which they cannot reach. They awake amid pangs so new and unaccustomed, that they spring up as if to escape from an agony that has become intolerable; but drop down again upon their wretched couch, because they cannot support

April, 1845.—vol. XLII.—No. CLXVIII.

themselves more: they feel that death lies by them side by side, and that he

hath already half-mastered pith and sensation.

Some men having waited long in hope of relief, stung with despair, rush out on the lines to attack the enemy, scarcely knowing what they do. They are soon spitted on the Spanish boyonets, and turned over like dead dogs into the ditch.

Alas! when will it end? Can the people stand out any longer? Will they not burst the gates, and surrender to the Spaniards; and lose all for which life is desirable?

Ah! would it were only Spain and Popery we had to contend with. But the ultimate squeeze of giant hunger is different: a day or two must now determine it. And I tremble that a small matter of offence among the people, or a slight suggestion of the popish plotters, may work a squall that shall be insurmountable.

GER. And do you think a day will now determine it?

I do so, from a knowledge of the state of provisions, and the supply necessary. But I feel quite prepared to stand all out, and die for my religion,

liberty, and country. What say you, my dearest one?

GER. Oh! live my Augustin. But seriously, seriously, I would fain be of some use, and assist in the common cause, however small my aid may prove. I wish to accompany you even into that which may be accounted immediate danger, and which my sex is unwont to intermeddle with. If I do, will you not think me outstepping the proper bounds of woman's duty?

Ah! my dearest, we are all in a new and strange case; former experiences have passed away. New operations open up, and perhaps new

duties.

Thanks, for mercifully saying so, dearest Augustin. Now then I can tell you that the procession of the Governor and Magistrates to church today, will be dangerous. A great crowd always then occupies the marketplace. Balthazar's secret emissaries are at work. So I have learnt from the documents he sent me by mistake: and the Governor and Burgomaster judge also, from the anonymous information they have themselves received.

Well, who would have thought that the hunter would place his pitfalls there; yet nothing is more probable. I have been expecting some outbreak every hour for a fortnight past; the astonishing thing is, that it has not taken place long ago: but nature can stand it no longer, and there will be

a horrible explosion.

Be you there then, dearest, and let me accompany you; it will be

at least consoling that we perish together.

Aug. Well! if your deliberate judgment approve, I shall not baulk your intentions. We are in the mouth of Leviathan. Have you thought over the matter well, and made it a subject of supplication to the eternal throne?

GER. Oh! yes; blessed be the name of the Almighty; I seem to have a new and unusual tendency to prayer and devotion, and a marvellous trust in

the omnipotent arm, which is unwonted with my faithless heart.

Aug. Then all is, and shall be well. We must justify Heaven in all the acts and arrangements of its providence; even in those things which are not for the present joyous but grievous. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Come to me at four hours bell, and take me with you. GER.

Meantime I go to inform my comrades of this unexpected ambush: they I know will be staunch and true; and if we make some previous arrangement as to how we shall act, it may help the proceedings of the authorities, and of those who stand by law, honour, and peace.

Till then, farewell. O my beloved, I have not lost my affection for you. Shall we meet once more on earth? If we die to-day, let it be at the

same moment, and in each other's arms.

(He embraces he in silence, and exeunt.)

SCENE II .- LEYDEN.

Frau Zoetloff and some other women engaged in sewing. To them enter Frau Mik.

F. ZOETLOFF. Come away, neighbour; you are welcome. Here is more delightful work from our Burgomaster. Be all that's good and gracious showered down on his time-honoured head. It is for our poor friends in the hospital; and he has sent something to eat, while we work. So then give us a touch of your needle, and you shall have your good share of the meat.

FRAU MIK. You are mercy and friendship itself. I would my ten fingers were swallows' pens to serve his honour. If all gentlemen were like him,

there would be less misery in the world.

(Sits down.)

Hand me over your housewife, and a skein of thread; and let me try what I can do now.

F. ZOETLOFF. Neighbour, you used to enliven our work with a song.

F. Mik. Well a day! Singing times are over. Neither heart nor tongue incline now to mirth. Oh! there is a sad weight upon my heart. I sigh much and sing little. But the light of food and work mind me of former happy days.

(Begins to sew and sing.)

GATES barr'd—a fearful ring about, Of foes, and none go in or out; Bullets and bombs around us fly, And death walks furious through the sky.

Our foes a deadly oath have sworn, Our lofty towers to overturn; And kings and priests, combine with mirth, To raze our name from off the earth.

All day we watch in mute despair,
All night forlorn, sicken with fear;
The morning doth no help descry,
More friends are lost, the end more nigh.

Return, sweet peace, at Leyden's suit, Ope wide Batavia to our foot; Heaven throw the shield of rescue o'er us, While thanks and joy hymn in our chorus.

(Scene closes.)

SCENE III .- THE MARKET-PLACE OF LEYDEN.

An unusual bustle, and ominous invitation pervades the multitudes there assembled. Typo and others of the Popish and Spanish conspiracy are seen going from group to group, throwing out various suggestions. Augustin and Gertrude, accompanied by various Protestant ministers, speak with the inhabitants, advising them to quietness and resignation.

2 H 2

Typo convenes together a number of persons of d appearance, and comes with them to the front, separate from the throng.

Typo. (Addressing them.) Now is the moment we have looked and longed for. Stand to it like men. Your fortunes are made. Be sure employ all your energy; everything, hands, arms, legs, tongues: throw yourselves, body and soul, into the thick of it. Fear nothing; you shall be well supported. The Spanish troops are at this moment under arms. Have I not the General's hand-writing for it? Possession of the south gate itself will do. You have each of you about you a butcher's axe. See to it: smite Vanderdoes and de Werf as soon as you possibly can come near them, after the signal is given; but not till then. Be most particular not to do anything before the signal Mind also, hit about the head or the back of the neck and spine. Ye all know well enough: let no second stroke be required. I have told you all these things before.

And in the meantime separate yourselves well among the mob, in band of two or three at most; disperse yourselves widely about. Respond to me in all things. When I stop in my address cheer me, each from his own station. The Magistrates will believe we have possession of the whole city, when they see a commotion and outcry at once, from so many points of the meeting. And the moment that I unfurl the Spanish ensign, then up and at the authorities; lay well about you, and happy is the man who chances to nick Vanderdoes or de Werf; his fortune is completed on earth, and the pope will keep a good berth for him in heaven? Haven't I told youall this before? off with

you then, for they are just coming.

The conspirators disperse themselves among the populace. In the meantime a slight commotion appears at the farther end of the space; and the Governor and Magistrates are seen advancing, preceded by an officer carrying a silver mace. On their coming forward to the centre, Typo climbs up into a platform, which has been as if accidently, made of the scaffolding of an old house, which is being pulled down. He immediately addresses the authorities.

Typo. Lord Vanderdoes, and you de Werf, and others who have hitherto had the government of this people, we charge you to stand; and before those whom in reality cometh your power, give an account of your doings. This is but fair; if your transactions have been just, you will have nothing to fear, and if ye have done wrong, the sooner you are set to rights the better.

The emissaries of the plot, who are dispersed about, cheer this address, and effect a noisy and simultaneous applause; which brings the procession of the Magistrates to a stand.

Typo. I have to thank you, Magistrates, for thus promptly attending to the voice of the sovereign people. I trust you will display equal discretion in your future conduct. But now, what is the result of your line of policy? Have we been delivered from our enemies? No! Has King Philip in peace, yielded up his ancient sovereignty to your hands? No! Have you established the Protestant religion? No! Is the city in plenty and comfort, as the consequence of your domination and rule? No, no, no! this multitude will witness that there is not ing of the sort.

The emissaries of the plot applauded in loud huzzas from various parts of the assembly. Upon the Governor attempting to address the people, Typo and the conspirators raise a tumult, which drowns his voice.

After a small interval silence having been restored,

LORD VANDERDOES. This is somewhat unjust, my friends; I am accused, so far as I can understand, of malversation of office, and I am refused to be heard.

Typo. You have been heard long enough elsewhere. You have had

things long enough your own way, and all on your own side. The people must now be allowed to have a little speechifying for their own share. Is not this your opinion, my friends? We must be taking matters now a little into our own hands.

(Strenuous cheers from various quarters; but the people in general preserve a dead silence, and look on fearfully and attentively.)

Typo. These men, my friends, who assume to be your Governors; where is their authority? Have you ever voted them into the place they occupy? They have rebelled against their lawful sovereign.

(Clamours and hisses, mingled with cheers.)

Well; let that pass, but what are the results of their government?

AUGUSTIN. (From the summit of a stone fountain.) I apprehend, my friends, that the speaker would bring us into a mistake here. The Governor and Magistrates have been appointed in the usual manner, in accordance with the ancient laws of the state, under which we have been all born and bred. As to the legality of their authority and appointment there can be no doubt. If they have abused their power, it is for them to answer. But where is the man to make specific charges against them? Loose and general asseverations on such a point are insufficient.

Typo. Who can doubt that they have abused their authority? How otherwise is the city in such a situation? All pleasure and comfort driven away, away. (hear, hear.) All business, trade and wages, at an end. Men, women, and children starving; lying in the streets unable to rise, like half-dead brutes. It is impossible to sustain such a pressure any longer; when peace, plenty, meat and drink; copious provisions, roast, boiled, butchers' meat and vegetables in profusion, and of all kinds, are at our beck in the Spanish camp for the mere taking.

(Immense sensation and uproar.)

Come, come, my friends, let us no longer act the part of madmen. When sweet fruit is within reach on the bough, the very stray passenger is permitted to pluck it and quench his boiling thirst—much less to accept food wherever he can find it, in order to preserve himself from the tremendous tortures and painful enduring agonies of hunger, which humanity cannot stand, nor was intended by Heaven to stand. Let us call on our true friends in Valdez' camp to come to our help in this our last resort and ultimate extremity.

UTENHOVEN. O my friends! beware of the serpent. If you obey this man, then oppression, slavery, false idolatry, will be to you and yours for ever and ever. The serpent, the fell serpent, thus beguiled the woman, our general mother.

Typo. You are the beguiler, you false prophet; the people perish. Their

Hoogstraten. My Lords, Governor, and Burgomaster, I have no connection with any of the former speakers, but I announce the sentiment of a large bulk of the community. We have joined, from the first, in endeavouring to repel intolerable political oppression and persecution for righteousness's sake. We have borne quietly misery upon misery, woe upon woe; we have seen our friends cut off by mere want, or disease occasioned thereby, and our children are carried off by hundreds from our bosoms to the grave. Every family has lost a first-born, and we have sustained the curses of Jerusalem's siege. We have performed what human nature can achieve; but there is some limit to all things. If we stand out longer, it is clear, and may be made a demonstration, we must all literally perish; it is just a question of time, that may be solved by the most scanty arithmetic. Why, then, madly persist, and control what seems the will of Heaven?

Typo. Hear, hear, hear, he is. We have endured till the pang has reached the soul, when it is endurable no longer. Who can abide the last extremities of hunger? Nothing human can; it is vain to speak of or imagine it. We cannot even look upon the famine agonies of our infants; we cannot crucify our spirits so as to regard it for a second of time. Come, come, come, my friends; rise up, rise up; put forth your glorious strength; rouse up your transcendant energies. Cut off the persecuting hands that furiously and impiously withhold from your black and parched throats the smoking soup the savoury vegetable, the delicious dripping roast, ever delightful to the soul. Arise; be strong. The hour is now come; relief and joy immeasurable.

(Prodigious sensation and clamour, during which the speaker unwraps from a white table-cloth the dead bodies of two infants, and holds them up on high in sight of all the people.)

There, there, my brethren—there are the fruits of Vanderdoes' misgovernment. There, there, to this ye must all come, and that forthwith—immediately, instantly. See, see; there is no time to lose.

(A dismal silence follows this mournful exhibition, and then a frantic general clamour. Typo, judging this now the fit moment, having laid down the dead bodies, seems to be preparing to unfurl a small yellow flag; when Gertrude, having sprung up on to the platform behind him, winds a mort-cloth or funeral pall dexterously round his face and neck; and he is pulled down from behind her by Augustin and his friends, who secure him by force, and prevent his re-appearance.

Gertrude, taking advantage of her position, addresses the people.)

GERTRUDE. Friends, brothers, sisters, mothers, and fathers! pardon, oh, pardon a woman addressing you; but I am your flesh and blood. Dear, dear friends, pause and ponder for a moment. Beware, at this instant, of sudden deeds. A woful and most treasonable conspiracy is on foot to put the knife into the throat of our ever-dear and honoured governor and our chief magistrate.

(A dead silence pervades the vast multitude.)

Around their sacred heads, O my people, your affections have long been entwined; for who have sympathised in your woes as they have done, and sacrificed all for you and our country?

But now pray, pray; a little longer perseverance; a few, very few hours is all that is demanded. The state of the clouds and skies indicates a blessed change. This is the real belief of many experienced old inhabitants among us. Wait, wait, I beseech you. Throw not your glorious interests for time and eternity—all, all—into irremediable destruction and perdition. Oh! remember that help will come from above to the faithful. Heaven never left his own utterly to perish. He hath chastised Leyden sore for her sins, but hath not given us over unto death. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Let us expire before accepting the false and dangerous help that comes from bloody Spain, rattling with chains of iron and affliction to be wound around and around you and yours—fetters of body and soul for all generations. Remember the doom of those who trust alone to the fell protection of masses, penances, saints, and pretended miracles. They fall into the red pit of perdition, never to return in all ages. Ah! my friends, the unextinguishable pains of the helpless damned are worse to endure than earthly pang, however formidable.

I beseech you, pause awhile—a short little moment. Relief may be most confidently expected from those who are our real friends, who sympathise with us in every thought of the heart, who will passionately rejoice over our release from present woe, and over our immortal spirits in release from worse

than death, and who will receive us as brethren and sisters in the Gospel of our most blessed Saviour.

Behold! behold! I see the azure and ruddy skies moving to our help. Perceive ye not the countermarch of those glorious allies, the white mountain clouds of heaven? Inspired by the omnipotent command of the Almighty, the propitious winds advance in celestial columns to our assistance. Look—feast your eyes and your souls with the auspicious change from what it was when the firmament was a battery of brass against our devoted city. O friends! friends! in these very skies ye are regarding shall be seen, in the last days, Him that cometh with clouds; when they that pierced him and his saints shall wail because of him, and all nations shall behold his ineffable glory.

(Addressing herself to Vanderdoes and De Werf.)

Moreover, my Lords, Governor, and Burgomaster, be not alarmed or reduced to despondency at the false appearances of this day. They are not as they look, believe me, believe me. The clamour and opposition against you, which has been forged and fabricated this hour, is not real. It is totally artificial, and does not at all show the true and genuine sense of this great assemblage. A gang of the emissaries of the bloody and cruel Philip and of the Court of Rome are dispersed in the meeting; and, being separated, they guilefully raise noise and confusion in various different parts that shows as if all men were on their side; but it is an unquestionable, an incontestible mistake and palpable error, as God will help me to show you.

Hearken unto me, therefore, O my people; this once obey my voice. I ask it in the sight of the Judge of all, and conjure you to respond as ye shall answer to your conscience and your country. All ye who stand for Vanderdoes, De Werf, religion, liberty, hold up your hands; lift them well up, I entreat you. Display them forth all around, that every eye may witness the truth, and take courage. Up, up with them all!

(A vast forest of hands is held up.)

Now on the contrary, ye false Popish plotters, whose hearts are full of all superstition—cruelty, and whose hands are red with the blood of innocents; hold up your accursed talons, and show how many there are of you prepared for every atrocity and wickedness.

(No movement is made, but a deep silence prevails, each one looking anxiously around him.)

My lords, it is impossible not to perceive how affairs truly stand, and that you are still in the midst of a noble, Christian, and loyal people.

(A murmur of surprise and approbation arises throughout the assembly, which, by degrees elevates itself into a mighty expression of joy and applause that makes the air ring.)

ADRIAN DE WERF. My dear and worthy friends, I little expected this at your hands; but this is not you. To be stopped in progress to the house of God, and such things said against you, and proposed! Dear friends, in what have I offended, or where failed in my duties? Has any one been unjustly dealt with, or made the victim of oppression under my hands? Who has been wrongfully imprisoned? When have I refused to plead and judge thecause of the poor and needy? Bear witness against me, ye very stones of the streets of Leyden. Whose property have I taken, or whose cause have I not searched?

And have I refused to give my property as common good in the straitness of the siege? Have ye not all lived on me, and fed from my hands? Would, oh! would that my means of sustenance and aid had been a thousand-fold, for your sakes. You should have had it all, and a burgomaster's blessing into the bargain.

And now, as has been well said, the weather does indicate a change. I am old, and skilled in these matters. I prognosticate an honest change. (cheers.) And give us but a little patience—a little, little, once more, dear friends and all will be well. Four-and-twenty hours is all I ask. Oh! refuse not for that brief contracted inch of time. Only, only a day's time; that's all. But if not; if ye will have it differently, take me; possess me; seize this poor body; it is yours; I bequeath it to you as a lawful prey. Give me the death stroke. Let torturing hunger instigate you to do with me what you judge proper. Dissect my bones, sinews, and flesh, and make a full end of me.

(Plucks off his garment and bares his breast.)

HOOGSTRATEN. No, no, noble-minded De Werf; we will all of us die with you before that comes. Come, friends, take courage. Give his honour twenty-four hours longer.

Augustin. Huzza! huzza! cheers and confidence for our beloved burgo-

master.

(A general hum of approbation throughout. A voice from the crowd calls out distinctly.)

Voice. Carry on, noble governors; resist Popery and Spain and the powers of darkness, even unto the death. Trust in the people; be not afraid. We will back you, only lead on. The Turk rather than the Pope; the Turk rather than the Pope.

(Another voice from another part calls out loudly.)

SECOND VOICE. Noble governors, we are all in a most destitute condition, but go on; we will stick to it, never fear. Don't be afraid of Leyden. Leyden knows not fear. Go on; go on; we will suck the blood from our left arm, and fight with our right for life, religion, and liberty.

(Immense approbation, with calls of " Where are the traitors?")

AUGUSTIN. Seize the Spanish plotters; every ruffian that is found with a butcher's axe in his possession, let him be secured.

DE WERF. Yes, my friends, detain any that have butchers' axes; that is

the mark of the conspirator.

Aug. An axe to murder the governor and burgomaster; that is the mark of the atrocious gang; and the crimson cut-throats do not muster three dozen after all.

(Partial tumults in the assembly; several persons are seized.)

LORD VANDERDOES. My beloved friends and countrymen, I pray you all to disperse and retire to your homes, such as do not propose to accompany us to the cathedral. This is the method by which you will best serve the public cause at this moment. We trust implicitly to your friendly protection; and to show our confidence in you all, notwithstanding this commotion that has happened, we go forward, as was originally proposed, to religious worship. The legal officers will receive those who have plotted against the commonwealth; and, in the meantime, we go jointly to the house of God to lay our destitute case before our heavenly Father, who has all the affairs in his hands of time and eternity.

(Typo and the other conspirators who had been seized are received by the officers, and handcuffed and conveyed to prison.

The procession of magistrates and others goes to the cathedral.

The rest of the multitude disperse, and the scene closes.)

SCENE. III

Various discharges of artillery are heard, as of feus de joie; and the ringing of bells, and cheering of multitudes, as proceeding from gladness, and exultation.

A number of people walk hurriedly across the place, bearing flags and ensigns, and throwing up their caps, laughing wildly, and exclaiming, "Safety and deliverance." The expected change of the wind into the north-west has taken place, which, it is hoped, will carry the rescue of the flat-bottomed Flotilla, under Commodore Boissot, up to the walls of Leyden.

Some are seen holding up their hands to heaven; others dropping down on their knees giving thanks. Many well-dressed persons come out of their houses with victuals, which they bestow on the poorer sort.

A more sedate procession march across, on their way to the Cathedral to render public acknowledgments for mercies received.

But small groups of candaverous-looking wretches seem unable, and too far gone with starvation and disease to partake of the general joy.

A ghastly spectre-looking man rises from among the steps of a public building and advances slowly, and with difficulty, to the front. He speaks—

Pleasant it is to hear once more the sound of mirth, and the notes of joy where everlasting sorrow seemed to reign. Time was when I could have joined with the rest in the general exultation; but it has passed away, and I perceive in my inmost heart, by undoubted tokens, that my few moments on earth are numbered, and have at the long last come to their conclusion.

The inscrutible hand of God hath prepared funerals without our consent, and hath laid out in protracted lines and numbers the corses of our dearest; and we could but lay our hand upon our mouth, and say not a word. We drooped our heads and sat in astonishment and silence. The Almighty could not spare, for our sins fore-ordained it, and his pressure was as with burning fire, which could not be restrained. The sword, the famine, and the pestilence, have stood in our cross ways; affliction has enlarged itself as the sea—who could escape? Man wallowed, stifled in their imbecility.

Nevertheless, now, Holland, the hour of rescue is come. Dance, sing, land of my fathers, among your sand and wavelets. See, the sun shall glare in triumph on all your morning works and labour, and pour a flood of hope and fruition on your noon-day wharfs, and precious repositories; and he shall dart a smile of peace on your graceful fishing squadrons as he sinks into the western main.

France! remember that dark and bloody night; it shall be required at thy hands, most guilty and atheistic of nations. Ruled over and trampled upon by an adulterous government, thou shalt break thy bands; but the worst scene of the world's worst history must be waded through; and in thy freedom thou shalt make freedom a bye word in all lands.

Germany! indolent and partial in the work of reform, go on in thy slow progress. Handle the pen and the printing type; unrol the ancient manuscript; look on the depths of thy forests, and imagine unintelligible things, and constrain Europe to admire thee by force of intellectual toil, unparralleled among sages. But amid the swarming abundance of thy crowded condition, the knowledge of the one thing needful shall be perplexed; in the lurid cloud of thy dark discourse and raving philosophy, essayed to be poised beyond the reach of man's capabilities in an unattained chaos, that must remain ever unrevealed.

England! thou hast received the honest fugitive into thy homes; it shall be returned a hundred fold into thine own bosom, and the blessing of the

stranger shall breathe on thee for ever. Make perfect the cause of liberty, to flow from thee to the uttermost end of the earth. Let thy masts be as the top branches of the Black Forest, and thy skilled men as the pismires for multitude; let thy dominion extend, till the sun cease to go down upon it.

Spain! the virulent sink of Popery and ignorance, descend into poverty and contempt among nations; and when thou art to be cancelled from the map of Europe, let thy preservation be ascribed to the arm of another. Let the golden provinces thou hast abased suddenly deliver themselves, and remain thou as a den of abject priests and robbers in the face of enlightened Let the patriot's heart bleed in Spain, till the hour of favour come.

Who shall sing to thy praise, William of Nassau? a merciless Achilles shall find a minstrel, and Roman spoliation many bards; but thou shalt die unsung, except by angels. Nevertheless thy country shall wrap itself in the

mantle of thy favour, and sit down in peace.

But mine eyes shall behold none of these things. I shall no longer retire to my home with the exquisite hope of looking on the welcoming orbs of my partner, or feeling the luxurious pressure of the little arms of my prattlers. Ah! they have been withdrawn from my grasp in the midst of our months of horror, and their hearts that loved me are mouldering in the silent grave. They are no longer seen, and what else pertaining to time could comfort me? I have prayed long enough to be taken innocently away, wherefore I rejoice that my minutes are short. Soon shall I see my dearest ones walking among glorious countenances in unparalleled beauty, and listening to still nobler strains than those of apostles and prophets. They were the Saviour's while on earth; they slept in his faith; they were recorded on the palms of his hands, and set as a seal upon his arm.

Farewell then, William of Nassau, the deliverer. Adieu, my native land, and ye, my brethren of affliction. Enjoy what remains of earth; but I go to a nobler sphere. Farewell, thou blazing sun, that shines on the meadow of Holland, and illumines her towers. I have done with you all. Jehovah is my strength and my song, and to be my everlasting salvation. Behold he cometh.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

(He kneels, and clasps his hands in prayer for a short space. Falls over motionless.)

(Scene closes.)

SCENE IV. -GOVERNOR'S HEAD QUARTERS, LEYDEN.

Lord Vanderdoes, De Werf, Count Vanderrelde, Capt. Wingelman, and other senators and officers.

LORD VAND. Friends and brothers, thank heaven, that hath altered the winds of the sky, so that the great waters flow in and deepen all around for Yet, after all, the progress of the lagging ocean, is as the pace of the tortoise to the bird's flight, compared with our wishes and the flying speed of our necessities.

DE WERF. Ah, me! our triumph was short-lived and premature; we had no right to rejoice. I do regret that I ordered public demonstrations of

gladness; it seems now as it had been but a cheating of the people.

LORD VAND. It is needless, dear gentlemen, to conceal it from ourselves; but the most arduous part of our strength has not yet come. Sufficient water, it is true, has nearly arrived to float Boissot's little squadron up to us. But the Spaniards are inexpugnable; they oppose at every fortified portion of the dykes, as he comes along; they fight as between the point of the bayonet and the destructive sea. Besides, they expect to overpower us, and take possession of the town before the rescue can be made effectual; and then our ultimate

ruin will be achieved, notwithstanding all our long-protracted privation and distress.

DE WERF. When does it occur to your lordship that their last and greatest assault will be made.?

LORD VAND. It must, per force, be this day, else the tide will float Boissot past all difficulty in spite of their teeth.

DE WERF. Then what are your orders, dearest friend? We are by no means yet out of the death-net.

LORD VAND. My desire would be, if it were possible, that as much salutary and grateful food as remains, be forced together, and furnished to the men who are under arms; instantly, as much as can, by the most strenuous exertions, be accumulated. The great danger is, that our people, from long starvation and inanition, shall not have physical force to resist the onset of an enemy in full vigour and condition; they must be supported to the utmost of every means in our power.

DE WERF. In expectation of this, a sufficient, yea, abundant provision of good food, considering our circumstances, has been volunteered by a large body of the citizens, and is ready to be served forth to the troops at a moment's warning.

(To the officials in waiting.)

Gentlemen, please to put this order into execution immediately. Let the provisions be now carried round to all the stations, and regularly furnished to the men. You have a strong guard, which, alas! is but too necessary. I know you will attend to this duty.

(Officials make obeisance and exeunt.)

LORD VAND. We may now perceive and discover how beneficial our old disappointment has proved, of being garrisoned by regular forces. We have had none to feed but our own town's people. A few thousands, additional to regular troops, would, by sheer eating, have placed the city at Valdez' disposal by this time. Thus, Providence turns apparent evil into good.

I know our men are staunch and resolved, I have had long experience of them. I can trust them in the furnace of trial, as the artist can his triple steel. Many of them, if they find corporal power utterly to fail, will throw themselves in the way of hostile pikes, that their half dead bodies may be an impediment, at least, to the advance of the foe. We must take courage, for the present is a case when the indomitable constancy of our national character indicates itself most strongly.

DE WERF. The short and powerless hand of man is vain. But we hold of a greater help; be His name magnified. However men may show and avoid the thought, there is a present God; and, in cases like our's, this consideration ought to shine like the face of a mirror, and in it we should spy out all consolation.

Count Vandervelde. Fear not, reverend friends, we have the prayers of thousands, at this moment, direct to the throne of the real God. I am comforted, amid all our difficulties, in this, that I am among rational men, that apply for aid to the true source of Almighty power; and have no confidence in images, relicts, human saints, and wretched idolatries. I feel as if I were already amid the general assembly of the first-born, and I have no fear of any result on the earth, be it what it may. Let us strive to do our duty, and leave consequences to that Providence who cannot err, and who will cause all exigencies to work ultimately for universal benefit.

LORD VAND. In the name of that Merciful One, whom we all adore, let us all go forward to the work. Let him smite this day the four corners of idolatry in Europe, and the end cannot choose but be happy and glorious.

SCENE V .- THE FORTIFICATION ON THE RHINE IN FRONT OF LEYDEN.

A body of men, under the charge of Augustin, march forward and occupy the post.

Augustin. Friends, 'tis your last struggle. You have done your duty for many tedious months, through tremendous distress. I pray you finish off correctly this day. The long, dreary siege is nearly ended by death or victory. You are not as you once were, men of vigour and blood, in healthy condition and high stomach; but what then? ye are Hollanders, and have done, and can do what no other men have 'attempted: let it be, that you do a deed this day that none else in Europe could achieve. You lack corporal strength, your enemy is full of life, well fed, and strong; but the will of a Hollander knows not how to bend.

They come! they come! Oh! then the last push for our people, and our God. Be steady, cool, and deliberate, and in heaven's name receive them.

(A Spanish platoon marches promptly up. The Dutch retain their fire, till the enemy is within pistol-shot, and their volley, coolly and warily given, does wide execution.

Skirmish.

The parties are mutually forced back, and return forward; but after a desperate contest the Hollanders are forced to retire to a superior part of the fortification.

A pause of some time intervenes.

Both parties being strongly reinforced, the Dutch advance once more, under command of Count Vandervelde; while the Spanish force re-appears, largely augmented, under orders of Velasquez.)

VELASQUEZ (To COUNT VAND.) O! my brother, my brother! turn aside into another part of the field. How can my heart bear to conflict with him who was my soul's delight, morning, noon, and night? See, your valour and patriotism can find another prey. Leave me! How shall I strive to harm his person, who is the apple of my eye, the covering of my heart?

COUNT VAND. My brother, indeed; but how changed; yet not changed. O! Velasquez, if the wrongs of this afflicted country may not move you, will not the outrage perpetrated on yourself goad you to resist the gloomy despot of Spain, and his cruel devices, which are designed for universal evil, and

that only?

Velasquez. Vandervelde, in this strange and dreadful position in which we stand, of mutual contest and blood, respect my feelings still. Lay at my bosom with the lawful sword, but wound not my inmost spirit with lacerating reflections. My prince has for a season failed in his truth, and the ways of right are turned aside into confusion; but my principles are the same; and what can change the heart of a Spaniard?

Count Vand. Beloved Velasquez—and now more than ever—I dare not stand to converse. Every moment my famished men remain on their feet is a thousand deaths to our cause. God, liberty, and Leyden, thrust us forward! Let us die together, since heaven prevents our friendship. Yet, oh! once

more come to the side of faith, mercy, and love.

VELASQUEZ. No more! let love bleed to perdition! To the charge, comrades, advance! I fight for monarchy this hour, the true faith, and mine honour. Oh, woe worth the unhappy day! Yes, my stainless character as a soldier at stake. None can abide the sting at my soul. Onward, Spaniards! onward! So it must be; though sweet heaven lay hold.

(The conflict is resumed, and continues with various success; but on a final

charge and onset, throughout the whole of both lines, Velasquez and Vandervelde come into immediate collision at the sword's point: they close, and are ultimately both slain in mutual combat.

Augustin and a few rush forward and secure the dead body of Count Vandervelde.

After a desperate resistance, the Hollanders are again forced back, but retire in good order.

A pause.

General Valdez, having now brought up the bulk of the Spanish force, with a view, by one vast concentration of energy, of overwhelming the city before the relief under Brissot should arrive; and Lord Vanderdoes having come forward with the reserve, the battle becomes general over an extent of country. The thunder of great guns is heard continually from the bastions and ravelines of Leyden, in aid of the exertions of her other troops; and

also from the Spanish parks of artillery.

The combat is protracted for many hours; but, by degrees, the obstinate gallantry of the Dutch is degenerating into an imbecile pertinacity and apathy, and an utter prostration of bodily strength; when a sound of trumpets give notice, abruptly, that Cammodore Boissot and his flotilla, filled with fresh troops for the raising of the siege, has arrived. This produces a sudden stimulation and active vigour on the part of the Hollanders, who renew the most strenuous exertions all along the field, and are excited to deeds of the most amazing valour. The sentiment is raised still farther, by signals of hope displayed from the ramparts, and steeples of the city, and ringing of church bells, and cheers of crowds from the battlement; wherever the Spaniards evidently relax their former zealous activity of effort.

Boissot and his Zealanders now attacking vehemently, the hostile columns, in flank and rear, they are wholly broken and disorganized; and the soldiers perish by thousands, in the various fatal charges that they now sustain.

Lamma, the only fort that remained in possession of the Spaniards, is taken by violent assault, at which Commodore Boissot presides in person. And then vast multitudes of the Spanish troops are forced into the sea, from the dykes and ravelines, and are drowned in the deep waters.

The ruin of the Spanish camp and army is soon rendered complete; and Lord Vanderdoes and the army of Leyden, accompanied by the Commodore, retire into the town, and are received with the most frantic expressions of gladness

and exultation from all the streets and buildings of the city.

A long retinue of provision waggons follow, brought up by Boissot, for the relief and sustenance of the inhabitants. Immense joy spreads abroad, and all the families as soon as the arrangements permit, receive a gladdening supply of wholesome provisions; and the almost rapture, which human kind, under such deplorable previous circumstances, can attain to, is now generally enjoyed throughout the dwellings of Leyden.

(Scene closes.)

SCENE VI .- FIELD OF BATTLE, THE DAY AFTER.

People are seen carryiny away the dead corses of their relations, throughout the whole expanse.

Enter Gertrude.

GERTRUDE. O checquered joys, that remain for human life! Excessive happiness is too generous a supper for mankind. It would require the energies

of an angel to bear up and endure the superabundance, and extravagance, and exquisiteness incident to protracted transport. Such consummation was not intended for our present sinful state; and therefore the general joy of Leyden is saddened and lowered by the thoughts of the departed, never to return.

Ah! battlefield! battlefield! let those who thirst for glory come here; who combat for vengeance or lust of power. If sight of this agriculture of blood do not surfeit humanity for ever, and visibly forbid one man at all to raise up hand against his brother, I know not what will. Human strength! where is it gone to? but here is human weakness with a witness. Ye valiant Goliaths—ye giants that revelled in the magnanimity of your heroism, and in the spring flood of your power: ah! where are those arms that charged yesterday so doggedly with the musquet and pike?—weak and cold—cold and stiff. O

what abasement!

If life is the most precious boon: a texture finer than the golden brocade of the highest sky in the heaven of heavens; how impoverished does death leave the mortal that once breathed the vital element. No beggar reptiles on the threads of the shrub-bushes, are so poor as all this once buoyant field. O glorious, precious, living men, standing in the zenith might of your ancendancy. O lowly, mean and abject dead corpses: ye have had a below zero descent, far beneath the ratio of the vilest mire of the streets. Ye hearts that no longer throb in stern emulation and hope; ye are as the clods of the valley that shall eftsoons cover you; to be thrust mercifully out of human gaze. Ah! me, ah! me.

But where shall I begin to search for my Lord Velasquez? This is the very spot. Augustin described it so vividly that I cannot misconceive.

(Approaches a dead body.)

Here is the diamond gem sought for; here is the mine of gold. Gracious me, how young he was. O my heart don't leap from my breast! how high and beauteous he looks, even in death. As the early forest sapling he has been pitilessly swung down to the earth, and all his fresh boughs, and juicy foliage along with him; and no voice may bid that prostrate form arise, and once more stand up a living and a speaking man. . . . Let me not think of these things, they are too full of mortal paroxysm: they cause my spirit to moulder, and unfit me for the duties of time. But don't let me mistake; let me confirm my suppositions.

(Bends down, and examines the uniform of the dead narrowly.)

Yes! yes! 'tis he: here is no mistake. Truth is too much truth here. O lady mother! lady mother! little dost thou think that all thy golden and purple hopes lie blasted on the meadows of Leyden. Aye, aye; here it is—

(Unwinding something from the neck of the corpse.)

Gorget of the first regiment of Spanish Caçadores. Alas! the same legion in which his mortal adversary, and he of yore took sweet counsel together.

But now Ernest Count Vandervelde; thy funeral this day will be conspicuous with banners, and will reverently proceed heeded by multitudes, amid the roar of all the cannon of Leyden; and thy turf sheet be watered profusely by bitter tears of the governor of the whole land. And shall the companion and mate of thy youth be taken up as a carrion, shall the gallant Velasquez be huddled into the capacious and noisome pit of common dissolution? Nay, nay, it shall not be. Spirit of Vandervelde, since thy brother is laid low by thy hand, encourage me to toss over the last poor dues to his memory.

O perverse fate! O generous youth! a glorious heart that meant the best of all things, and sought to seize the fruit in the topmost boughs of the tree

of life. But his mental vision was shrouded by early prejudice, too strong for his fettered spirit to overcome. Dear, dead Troubadour! if any of thy nearest or kindest blood from thy native land, ask in after period where they may come, and solitary weep over all that rests of thee, let them be told that Gertrude Grovendahl gave thee a place in her father's tomb, and drenched it with a true maiden's tears.

But time moves on; and all the things of time are in this progress shifting their places. Come let us be doing, and away.

(She kneels and undoes the crimson silk sash of network that girds Velasquez; and having wrapt the body therein, she beckons on two attendants, who come up, and introducing a pike into the prepared apertures of the sash, carry off the dead body slowly from the field.

Gertrude following with her hands crossed on her breast.)

(Scene closes.)

SCENE VII.-LEYDEN. TOWN HOUSE.

The Prince of Orange, Lord Vanderdoes, Commodore Boissot, De Werf, Utentroven, Hoogstraten, Augustin, Gertrude, Winkelman, and a large assemblage of the authorities of officials of the city.

PRINCE OF ORANGE. Well-beloved and chosen friends of my country and my heart, it is with deep gratification and joy that I meet with you after the solemn period that has elapsed since our separation, so fraught with events of the most awful and momentous character; and after the dreadful conflict which Leyden has undergone, and the perfect victory over her oppressors with which Divine Providence has favoured her.

LORD VANDERDOES. May it please your Highness, in the name of the garrison and authorities of the city, I have to express their continued confidence in your character and public labours, and their devotion to your person and government. They are aware that what the hand of man could do on their behalf in the way of assistance, your Highness has performed to the uttermost; and if delay has taken place in raising of the siege, and in deliverance from the horrors of war, they universally attribute the mischance to the uncontrollable opposition of the elements alone, and to no slackness or interruption of paternal zeal on your Highness's part.

DE WERF. I may be permitted to add in the name of the inhabitants, that in submitting themselves to such a siege, and without the aid of national troops, making a successful resistance in circumstances unparalleled as yet in the world's history, they trust they have given the most signal testimony of their approbation of the glorious stand which your Highness has always made for the civil and religious liberty of your country. And that they may be expected ever to persevere, under Divine guidance, in seeking, and assisting their countrymen to seek, for freedom as for hid treasure, dearer than all earthly joy.

LORD VAND. Welcome again, therefore, to Leyden, most excellent Prince. May the Heavens preserve your Highness, and may your family long be the beacon in Europe on which the eye of the patriot shall rest in hope. And in the full and blazing view of your political rule in this land, may all other nations have opportunity to see the fruits of honest wish and endeavour on the part of a chief magistrate for the universal and equal happiness of his people.

PRINCE OF O. Good friends, you will not doubt that the Executive Government will make the most favourable report of the glorious transactions o. Leyden to the States General; and although your exertions have been above all human applause, yet, to encourage others to such deeds, there shall not be wanting the rewards that are customary to those whose services have specially contributed to the public cause.

In particular, the grant for the establishment and endowment of a university, for the promotion of science and literature, as suggested by your enlightened

governor, shall not be lost sight of.

LORD VAND. Thanks, thanks to your Highness; and may the cause of general education, and instruction in philosophy and science, go hand in hand with sound religious teaching, and perfect the social structure of our nation.

DE WERF. Your Highness is aware that the names of various individuals, with their public services, have been recorded, and submitted to your council in a prepared list. In the meantime two of those persons are now present, by general consent of their fellow-citizens. They are young in years, but old in good works; they are of different sexes, but connected by betrothment; they have rendered services to the public weal so signal and essential, that, by a universal request, I am, with your leave, to present them on this occasion to your Highness.

(Steps aside, and takes Augustin and Gertrude in either hand, and brings them forward to the Prince.)

These young people intended to have married some time ago, but, with much propriety, resolved to postpone their union till public difficulties were over. Your Highness is partly acquainted with their merits; their peculiar services have been registered in the memorial transmitted in the dispatches you have

already received.

PRINCE OF O. I know of all, and am grateful to heaven for such citizens. I shall bring their case before the council, and, meantime, shall rejoice in being a spectator of the ceremony which shall unite them in the bands of wedlock. I shall, if agreeable to the parties, act the part of "father" to the bride, and help to strew the wedded pair with flowers, according to our customs; and may their countrymen and countrywomen ever follow their inestimable example.

(They kneel and kiss the Prince's hand.

And now, brothers and sisters of Leyden, knit together as natives of the same spot, coadjutors in the worthy cause of liberty and genuine faith, sweetly chained together as partners of unwonted and amazing circumstances of peril and affliction; continue to hold one another dear as your own heart's stream; and may the world hence see the paramount benefits that can arise from constancy, patience, and perseverance in a righteous cause; and be persuaded that in some cases these homely qualities may splendidly swallow up and excel more impetuous brilliant virtues.

(Scene closes.)

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PASS-THE ONSET-THE COMBAT-THE TROTH-PLIGHT ACQUITTED.

THE sun already looked from the westward on the bright-green vineyards and flowery pastures about Issoire, and the noontide fervour of his rays began to be attempered by a soft and balmy air that blew from the mountains, when that small company wherein voyaged the Breton maiden and her young brother rode forth of the town, after some short tarriance to ease their beasts, and held the track to Clermont and Montferrant, trusting to arrive there at sunset in as prosperous a

fashion as they had come thus far from La Nonnette.

And foremost of the rout went the merchants from Saint Flour-three in number-with two sturdy varlets bearing thick knobbed staves, and having in charge as many horses, laden with linens and draperies for the dames and damosels of Montferrant. Next after these, but with a lance's length between, rode those from Bretaigne, all in line—the girl and boy in the centre, still enveloped in barbe and cloak, but arrayed otherwise in fair and fitting attire in place of the poor disguise wherein they voyaged erewhile. Also were Rougemain and his fellow-squire now harnessed with sword and buckler, bearing them in all points like men who had a ready answer for any questioners they might meet by the way; and behind came two mules with their baggage, led by a knave hired at La Nonnette. There was likewise a gouty canon of Rheims travelling homewards in his litter from pilgrimage to our Lady of Roquemadour, with some half-dozen of servants; and a mendicant friar of Clermont, whose lean jade was sore travailed to bear both him and his heavy scrip: so that, first and last, the company fell not far short of twenty, though, saving those twain with the damosel of Roche Keronel, little enow of sword-craft or stout-heartedness was there in the whole rout.

Howbeit, when they had ridden a pace or more out of Issoire, there overtook them three new companions, dealers in horses from the Limousins, on strong and goodly coursers, with which they were voyaging to Dijon for the Count of Nevers. These last were rough hardy yeomen, well harnessed and provided at all points for persons of their degree, and assuredly, in appearance and bearing, seemed little to need for security the fellowship of monks and chapmen—over and above that they found it no easy matter to rein in their eager coursers to such slow pace as fitted the beasts of the others. This notwithstanding, they chos: to ride the hindmost of the whole rout, save the litter of the canon, whose mules paced over softly for their company; at which that worthy man, who liked not their array or aspect, was so aghast—suspecting them of a design to cut him off from the rest—that he would fain have taken up his place betwixt the Bretons and the merchants; wherein being withstood

by Rougemain, who liked these new comers no better than himself, he speedily raised so angry a clamour as stayed them all for a space; nor would he be appeased until, finally, the chapmen gave consent to his going also before them, and in the fore-front of the whole procession—with which place he was at last right well content, since he would then travel the farthest off in the whole company from the strangers.

Little talk or fellowship was there of any kind amongst them; for the canon kept himself close in his litter, as beseemed the dignity of holy church, and the Damosel and her folk (as you may guess) sought not the discourse of such mates as those present: so that, save the prate of the friar, who strove ever and anon to gain something for his convent out of the devotion or the fear of the chapmen, as also, that at whiles one of those from Limoges would have fallen in speech with Rougemain, who made him but curt answer in return, they wended their way in so silent a fashion as seldom is seen amongst those of their

gay and sprightly nation.

But, since need and peril are in all countries great movers of fellowship, scantly had they begun to wind up and down the passes of the hills that lay now, for the space of some leagues, betwixt them and Clermont, ere the chapmen would needs press closer up to the canon, the Bretons to the chapmen, and they of the Limousin again to them; for this part was indeed the most dangerous of any between Aloise and the Bourbonnois by reason of the ruggedness of the country, which made it only too easy for the English pillagers from the neighbouring provinces to lie concealed near the highways in wait for voyagers, whom they would surprise and rob, and then quickly fly to their strongholds -haply many leagues distant-in Quercy and Rouergne, by mountain tracks known to few beside. Of which exploits of theirs it may be imagined that tales not few in number were told one to the other by the canon's people and the merchants as they journeyed past the places where those things had befallen, though softly and whisperingly for fear of those behind, who were by this time more than suspected of the whole company for little else than some of the caitiffs of whom they spoke.

But by how much greater was the disquiet of one and all when, as they drew toward the most perilous pass in all the way, those three were perceived to fall back, and tarry behind the rest in a narrow space at the foot of a hill, where they were descried by those who last gained the top, busied in bracing on, over their fustian jerkins, good strong habergeons, which, together with steel caps and battle-axes, they drew forth from mails borne on their cruppers, that, in sooth, seemed empty enow of any other gear; and having thus heedfully arrayed themselves (one keeping watch whilst the other two did on their harness), they remounted, and rode slowly after the rest, who were by this, one and

all, over the point of the hill.

The way down on the further side was short, but of exceeding steepness, so that the best courser living could not mount at more than a foot-pace; and below lay a narrow valley, filled by a deep and strong river coming from the mountains, through which was but one fording place, that lay straight before them. On the far side of the water rose there another hill, of even greater height and steepness than the first, over

whose crown ran their road; the country on either side being open mountain greensward, with some small thickets scattered up and down

nigh unto the road beyond the river.

"Now, my fair sirs," said Rougemain, so soon as he had spied well around them from the hill they were about to descend, "if you will hearken an old man's say, I counsel that we tarry here a space, and send the while to see what kind of game may be stirring in yonder covert below. The proverb saith, he speedeth well that knoweth how wisely to abide; and methinks we shall find it sooth at this present."

No sooner heard the canon these words, than he rent open the curtains of his litter, and thrusting his body half out thereat, began to whoop and shout as he had twenty throats, crying to them to take no heed of that old ribald's words, but make all speed down the hill without more ado; for that truly their enemies were not in front but behind, and they were fools and madmen if they profited not at once of the grace the saints had given them, by getting as far up the next mountain as they might before the three they had left on the other side should overtake them. Which exhortation so moved those from Saint Flour, that they started off forthwith; and the Bretons being constrained to follow, since other choice was there none, the whole rout went headlong down the hill and into the ford without stopping; that goodly man the canon leading their array, shrieking and shouting to his yeomen to drive on the mules, and sustaining all the roughness and steepness

of the way as if he had felt naught thereof.

After this manner fell one and all to wading through the stream as fast as they might, and the foremost of the company were now midway therein (the whole distance being less than a stone's cast over) when suddenly there arose a loud whoop from the thicket hard by; and at the sound forth started some seven or eight figures on foot, whereof two were clad like men at arms in plate and mail, and the remnant in light hauberks, or cuirass, or leather jerkin, as might be their hap, but every one provided for defence with mailcap and buckler, and armed with These last, tarrying not for parley or sharp sword and poll-axe. courtesy, cast themselves into the water, and incontinently laying hold of the mules that bore the litter of the canon, which were large and goodly, after the wont of churchman's array, began with their long knives to cut away at the harness and other gear, until, in short space, down fell both litter and canon into the river, whence that worthy ecclesiastic was with some labour drawn out by his people, the robbers going on to ease them also of their beasts, which were amongst the best in the company.

Whilst this was doing, and the overturned litter, lying still in the midst of the ford, hindered the passage, those with the Breton maiden and the little page, who had made their way out of many a sore strait before, turned their steeds and rode hastily out of the river, with design again to climb the hill, being followed by one of the chapmen from Saint Flour, and both the knaves, who left their cattle and goods to fare as they might. But the robbers, quickly guessing their intent, threw out the canon's litter into the deep water, and made after them; which Rougemain no sooner perceived, than he caught from the furni-

212

ture of one of his mules a small coffer, and cast so rudely to the ground that he burst it asunder, and gave liberty to a goodly shower of golden

franks that rolled down the hill side.

In verity, this rich booty underneath their very feet was not passed over by those pillagers, who incontinently fell one and all to gather it up so diligently, despite the outcries and oaths of their men at arms who were keeping the other bank, that the Bretons had time to gain some few paces of vantage ground up the hill, where they stood fast; the two squires with the merchant, in front, the girl and boy behind them, with the varlets, who showed will enow to fight as yet, on either hand.

"Rougemain," said Alcyone, who had not before spoken, save at whiles a word of comfort to the pale, trembling child at her side, "hast thou marked the voice of him yonder who shouts so fiercely to those below us to fall on?"

"Marry, sea-bird! do I know a wolf by his howl, or a raven by his croak? This thief shall not hold him content with our gold alone, as I

trow."

The maiden spake not again ere she had drawn nigher to him, so that none beside themselves might hear.

"Hearken!" she said, in her stern, lordly fashion; "ere that befall us, bethink thee-I have a throat, and thou a dagger; use it, I com-

mand thee, so soon as thou seest that naught else may avail."

"Ay, ay, sea-bird, when better may not be; but we have made the shore ere now through a fouler mist. You rascaille pack are none of our stout Bretons that he lured away with his lies, but the sweeping of some Gascon or Bèarnese garrison; and, by Saint Hubert, begin I to smell a friend in the wind beside."

With that he raised his voice, and shouted the loudest he could; as good need was there, for those ribalds were now coming on in earnest, Aymery Taillefer calling to them from beyond the river,—" Ten franks in gold to him that brings down the foremost," when in this very stound the three that had tarried behind showed themselves over the brow above.

Certes, Sir Aymery had not been aware, until now, that the company were more in number than when they rode forth of La Nonnette in the morning; he and his band having come all the way since they passed Issoire by short bye-paths amongst the hills to the left hand with design to get first to their lurking-place. Still less looked he for what next befel; for these last comers no sooner discerned how matters were going below than, utterly regardless of the perilous road, they struck the spurs into their coursers, and galloped headlong down toward the fray.

But the pillagers, who had no will to wait the onset of such enemies with the ground to their disadvantage, at first sight of them sped quickly back to the other side, driving up the bank in their course the canon and the rest, who had got too far over the ford to go back; whilst Messire Taillefer and his companion ran straightway into the thicket, whence they quickly returned, each on a good vigorous steed, and

with lance in rest, as beseemed a trusty man-at-arms.

Now this worthy Sir Aymery, or Messire Piers, whichever pleaseth

it you to call him, perceiving that, as things had fallen out, this adventure was liker to bring him loss than gain, concluded with himself at once to yield up the smaller booty, and void the place of as many adversaries as he could at the same time. Wherefore, bidding his merrymen array them in as seemly order as they could at his back, he moved

forward, and courteously saluted the canon and the rest.

"Now, by my sooth," he said in his smoothest and gentlest voice, "here hath been a grievous misdeem, whereof I pray you, good people, and my lord the canon, over all to hold me guiltless; I being here but in pursuit of a wicked ribald and robber who hath stolen away my wife; and truly was it to rescue her, whom we thought to be in the litter, that my people have unwittingly done you so sore displeasure. Pass forward then, I beseech you, worthy sir, with your mules and yeomen at will; and you, reverend friar; and you also, my good men, with your wares; and call over likewise your fellow with the two varlets, and go all of you on your way without more—and God be with you."

That noble canon, on whose ills his bath in the mountain stream had verily wrought a speedier cure than would have done all the pilgrimages in Christendom, tarried not further leave-taking, but straightway, with help of his servants, got him up on one of the mules, and made up the hill before him, followed by his household, as also by the friar and the chapmen—even that one who had at first shown so bold a face—together with their knaves, leaving the Bretons to their hap, and hastening on so soon as they were assured of safety to themselves and

their goods.

"And you, my fair sirs," then quoth Sir Aymery, riding down to the river and waving his hand to the three strangers—of whom he that seemed to be the chief was in talk, by this time, with Rougemain, and the second with the other squire—"ride forth on your way, I beseech you, and leave me to end my debate with yonder evil man, at whose hand I have sustained much wrong and outrage; neither seek I aught at this present, save to get back from him my wife, whom he wickedly and unlawfully withholds from me her lord and sovereign."

"Coward, thou liest!" shouted the old squire, in a voice that might have been heard half a league away: "and that will I prove, crippled

and feeble though I be, on thy caitiff crest."

"By God's sweet pine, Sansloy," answered the other, scoffingly, "thy name is a goodly surety for thy truth and honesty. Worthy sirs, now know ye truly who is your mate. Pass on therefore, I pray you, if, in very deed, you will not aid me, like good and loyal men-at-arms, to win back from him mine own by lance and glaive."

But even whilst he was thus speaking, the third stranger, who seemed to be the servant of the others, inasmuch as he had ridden last on the way, drew nigh the Breton maiden, who was encouraging, with

hopeful and loving words, the poor affrighted boy

"Lady," he said softly in her ear, "how answerest thou in this matter? Is not yonder stout man-at-arms in honest truth thy sponse?"

"Nay, by my life, by my soul, is he not!" she said vehemently;

"no, nor ever shall be-so help me very God!"

"No, by the roodbeam of Galilee!" quoth Rougemain, who had listened both question and reply. "A troth-plight all too surely hath there been, but no more—thanks to that honest little maiden and the other twain, who staid our bridal with making clear proof to us that our doughty French knight was no better than a runaway English squire who had been driven forth of his own country by reason of his dicing and drunkenness."

"Alcyone!" said the stranger, in a voice wholly unlike that wherein he had last spoken, upraising, at the word, the front of his

steel cap.

She let fall her rein as she looked upon him, and wildly smote her hands together.

"Alcyone!" he said again, "ever and only loved! canst thou pardon?"

"Alas!" she answered; "all too well thou knowest it."

"Alcyone!" said the stranger once more, "death or life from henceforth for or with thee!"

But now Sir Aymery, deeming from the silence and quiet mien of those three that they were little disposed to mell or make in the business, began to entreat them anew, after his most courteous guise, to wend on their way and leave him to deal with those caitiffs, from whom —so might he have salvation!—he sought but to regain her who was fast plighted to him by faith and troth.

"I will acquit to thee her bond," said the third stranger, making fast his helm, and drawing his battle-axe from the saddle-bow. "Abide

me there, or come over, as best pleaseth thee."

That worthy wight Sir Aymery truly liked not overmuch the short speech and steadfast bearing of him who thus answered; for he now discovered that he was fast in his own snare, and no way left him to escape but by chance of combat. Nevertheless, since fight he must, he resolved to make his advantage thereof as he might; and perceiving that the challenger was less than himself of bulk and stature, as also that neither he nor his companions bore lance, he forthwith called to him to ride through the ford, swearing that none should hinder or harm

him in the passage.

Howbeit the knight, haply calling to mind, that behoveth a long spoon to him who adventures to eat with a fiend, though he rode readily into the river, yet commanded his two squires to follow and hold the fording-place clear. And well was it he did this; for, when he was come within a spear's length of the bank, which was steep and broken, those two caitiffs on horseback ran at him together, one on either side, with their long lances; designing, if their power had equalled their will, to thrust through both horse and rider; but the last, who was alike quick of eye and ready of hand, perceiving that he on the left, who bore his weapon crosswise, the more surely to come at him, wielded it not like one well practised in the use thereof, suddenly drew toward that side, and, striking his spurs into his gallant bay steed, at one bound gained the bank beyond that villain, to whom, in passing, he dealt a blow on the head with his battle-axe that beat him out of his saddle to the ground like one dead. Then the knight, wheeling round his courser, called to Taillefer to come on; but, ere he could reach him, the whole thieves' rout had rushed between, striking and hacking at both him and his steed with swords and hatchets as oft as they could 'scape the blows that he dealt on all sides right manfully. But this unequal combat continued not long; for his squires, at sight of this treachery, had spurred up the bank after their lord, and, shouting the cry of "Beaucaire, for the count!" rode into the melée, and began to

lay about them.

Whilst this was doing, Sir Aymery, now first discovering his stranger enemy to be no other than him whose perfect skill in all knightly exercises was known to every man-at-arms in France, began to feel himself but ill at ease, maugre his advantage of plate and mail and lance to boot. Wherefore, seeing the way over the river open, and none with the maiden save her sire and Rougemain, he rode suddenly into the stream, and though the Lord Guy, the next moment, broke through the press about him and gave chase, yet was he all too late; for the robber, so soon as he had gained the firm ground, couched his lance, and spurred at full career against Sansloy, who, feeble and ill-armed, could make no defence, but was sent at once to the earth with the robber's spear through his body.

Messire Taillefer left his lance, and hurtling out of his way Rougemain (who, between the sudden onset on his lord and care of the maiden and her brother, could render little aid to any with his short sword and ill-trained hackney), he reached the side of Alcyone, whom he seized, and bore from her saddle to his own at the very moment the Lord Guy was about to ride in upon him with uplifted weapon.

"Lay on, Sir count," he cried, mockingly; "lay on, and spare not. Behold my buckler! a fairer was there never." And therewith he continued to turn and wind so as still to hold the maiden between himself and the Lord Guy's upraised arm, shouting the while for his mates to hasten over; that dauntless Alcyone also calling to the count to strike boldly, and spare not for her, who would far lever abide wounds or death itself, than such captivity.

"Aymery Taillefer," said the knight, "release her without more,

and name the ransom."

"Not for thine earldom, if thou hadst it to proffer—not for thy master's two duchies, and as many more to boot," shouted the ribald.

But here further speech was saved by Rougemain, who, running in at unawares, struck his dagger to the heart of the robber's stout courser.

Aymery Taillefer came forthwith, horse and man, to the ground, loosing, as he fell, his hold of the maiden; and by the time he had risen, and caught from the saddle his axe, he had no eyes for her, or ought save the Lord of Beaucaire, who stood, likewise, dismounted before him, in readiness for the fight.

"Now, do thy devoir," he said, "if thou hast drop of knightly blood within thee; for by the heavens above, thou or I quit not this

sod in life!"

The robber looked to the far side of the stream, where he beheld but three of his merrymen yet afoot, and those hard pressed by the Lord Guy's squires, who were both able men at arms; and plainly seeing that no hope of escape was there for him, save in his own skill and courage, neither of which he lacked when thus driven to the proof, he poised his axe, and rushed desperately against his enemy, with the fury of a boar that turns at bay.

And now began there a combat so terrible and deadly as might not speedily again be beheld; for both of those who stood there fought for life; and one for love, which he held dearer still. The robber was of greater stature and bulk, and also armed from head to heel, and lent his utmost strength to every stroke; whilst the French lord was so expert and ready of hand; so firm and light of foot; and, above all, so brave and dauntless of heart and bearing, that hard was it, for a while, to know which had the better of the debate; so fiercely did they both lay on, until the very hills rang again with the sound of the falling steel, and the ground under their feet was red with blood. And well may it be thought, with what earnest and fearful eyes their strife was watched by that hapless young pair hard by, who, with aid of Rougemain, were striving the while to raise and help their wounded and fainting sire. But after a space they discerned that the robber's blows became fewer and fainter; as, likewise, that his harness was broken in many places, and blood flowing freely therefrom; whilst the knight seemed to wax fresher and stronger with every blow he dealt; nor was it now long ere, with one heavy dint of his battle-axe he brought Taillefer to his knee, and then, with a second, to the earth.

"Lord count, I yield me prisoner!" cried the robber, who saw that

herein lay his sole hope of grace.

"Out with thy dagger, sir knight, and dispatch!" shouted Rougemain, "or we are lost yet. There are more of his mates, even now,

coming over the brow before us."

Despite his fixed resolve, the Lord Guy lingered yet a moment, with lifted arm, as loth to slay a fee who lay thus wholly at his mercy; whereupon the robber profited by his slowness, to raise himself on one arm, and, unsheathing his dagger, hurled it, with his whole strength, at Alcyone; whose life he had surely taken, had not Rougemain seen, and drawn her quickly aside.

The count staid his arm no longer, but, tarrying not even to see how the robber's aim had sped, he struck him furiously on the head, once and again, with the battle-axe he held. There followed on the first blow, a deep groan-with the next, Taillefer's feet were seen to quiver upwards-after the third, all was still and silent. The Lord Guy gazed steadfastly on his foe for a moment ere he turned away; and the maiden then heard close beside her a voice that softly said, "Alcyone-thou art free!"

Whilst this deadly strife befel on one side the river, those that Rougemain had seen, and who seemed, by the weary plight of their steeds, as if they had ridden to overtake the others, began to descend the hill; but, seeing the fray by the river, in all haste they left their saddles, and, running down on foot, at once fell on with so hearty a will, in aid of the Lord of Beaucaire's people, that in short space they made an end of the fight and the enemies together; one man alone escaping by a path so steep and hazardous that horses might not follow thereon. these last comers, who were three in number, mounting again, began, without delay, to cross the ford, with design to render such help as they could to those beyond.

"By my fatherkin," said Rougemain, "the same stout young knight that came so seasonably in our aid before, at Rochepèrion."

"Sir John des Perelles," said the Lord Guy, hastening to meet him,

"ever true and helpful at need, whether in service or counsel!"

"In good faith, little of either hath it been my hap to bring you in this tide, noble Lord Guy," answered the knight; "since, what with last night's journey—what with the distance those caitiffs had gained on us ere we set forth in pursuit, our wearied cattle might not bear us hither in time to avail aught for the defence. But, leaving this, let us see forthwith to the hurts of this poor man, who hath been so sore a sufferer at their hand."

The wounded sea-sweeper, who was by this returned to his senses, and sitting upright on the green sward, by help of Rougemain and his children, took patiently the services, not only of the stranger, but also of the Lord Guy; though well nigh, as he told them, past help of leechcraft; suffering them to draw back the lance, and staunch and bind the wound, as they could best devise, without gainsaying; looking, nevertheless, from time to time earnestly on the face of the young count, as marvelling who he might be.

"It is, in very deed, my lord the Count of Beaucaire, noble Sansloy," said Rougemain, "whose sharp glaive and stout arm have delivered our

sea-bird from that villain Aymery."

"Lord count," said the wounded man, "I would pay thee my thanks

-knew I but how Sansloy might do this!"

Sansloy," said the French lord, "I would beg of thee a boon, beyond the worth of any service under heaven?"

"Thou hast it-speak!" said the outlaw, staring wildly upon him.

"Sansloy-give me Alcyone?"

"Thou—thou?" said the sea-robber, and hastily turned towards him, whilst he half rose from the ground. "The high-born Lord of Beaucair! he that disdained—spurned her?"

"Aye, Sansloy; yet now makes suit for her, as the most precious

gift that thou or heaven can grant him."

"Bethink thee, Sir count; Alcyone is an outlaw's daughter."

"Yet here do I swear to thee, Sansloy, Alcyone, or none, shall be

the Lady of Beaucaire!"

"Ho! ho!" shouted the sea-sweeper, as if naught had ailed him; "sits the wind there at last in very deed? for truly guile and glozing were never vice of thine. By Saint George, if thou canst get the wench's forgiveness for thy past fantastic fashions, mine own shall not be far off! For thy suit, I know not; since betwixt thy asking and my granting, there stands recorded a vow to our Lady of Hatred, at Trigwier. But of that will we speak further to-morrow, at the house of the White Friars, in Clermont, whither I would now with what speed I may; for, by my fay, small is my skill in chirurgery, if yonder coward's lance hath left me many days wherein to settle my worldly gear."

In short space the wounded man, being lifted on his beast with all care, and upheld on either hand by Rougemain and a squire of the Lord Guy, that small company for the last time forded the river, and gladly left behind the dismal sights of that dreary valley; Sir John des

Perelles, whose gentleness of nature ever led him to befriend the most feeble, taking charge of the poor child, who looked liker one dead than alive; and the Lord Guy being left for the guard of the Damosel his sister.

Now what sort of discourse it was that passed on the way between these two last were not over hard to guess; for well may you think that steadfast-hearted maiden could not, unmoved, see and hear beside her, him whom she had loved through all his stern and scornful bearing above all earthly things, now speaking freely to her of the earnest affection which he said had not been fully revealed even to himself until he had deemed her wedded to that ribald, and of the grief and repentance he had endured in that thought for so many long months; neither will you marvel if long ere they arrived at the journey's end, she had not only fully and freely pardoned the young count all his former offences, but had further granted to his urgent prayer the troth plight he had that day so bravely won back from Aymery Taillefer.

Then she related to him all the strife and mischief that had been raised amongst them at Roche Keronel by that caitiff, from the time that Sansloy, discovering through Rougemain his real condition, had shamefully driven him forth for a counterfeit, in presence of his band, on the very day appointed for their espousal. Which troubles were scantly appeased, ere they were constrained to leave Bretaigne, where the duke would no more shelter one he had no longer needed. wise the knight, on his part, told of the anguish he had felt at sight of her in Madam de Berry's closet the day before; how, in his first haste, he had rushed out, and taken horse to go he knew not whither; but his disquiet still pursuing him, he had at last resolved to follow in disguise, and guard her from all peril in her voyage through the duke's provinces; whereupon, staying but to array himself and his squires in their present fashion, he had crossed the country, whereof he had perfect knowledge, to Issoire, and there awaited her coming, well guessing, that if there were thieves abroad they would choose, above all places, the valley behind them for their emprize.

In such talk rode they on, until they were now not half a league from the walls of Clermont, when all at once, from a highway which there crossed the one they were journeying on, from the towns lying eastward on the Allier, there issued forth a gallant train of knights, squires, and yeomen, such as plainly belonged to some lord of high degree. Nor was it long ere the voyagers, as this company drew nigh, perceived, in the front thereof, a worshipful person, nobly mounted and arrayed, and, by his appearance, of much worth and dignity; though, truly, with a gravity and staidness of demeanor little beseeming his years, which had scantly reached middle age. Attending him was a knight of the country, with a good two score of men-at-arms, of the Count Dauphin, together with heralds and poursuivants, who came on before him crying aloud, "Clear the way! place! place! give place for the noble Earl of Derby!"

The Lord Guy, to whom this noble prince was well known, not desiring to make plain, in presence of so large a company, the cause of this his present masquerade, would have let him and his retinue pass on without question; but Sir John des Perelles, being in his proper

guise, was quickly descried by the other knight, who was of the Count Dauphin's household, and both were therefore constrained to ride forward and make their reverence.

"In good faith, Sir John," said the Earl, courteously, "I am right fain of this our meeting; the rather, that we but now vainly sought you at your own fair house of Perelles, where I had in truth purposed to pray of you a night's lodging, in my way from Marquel to La Nonnette."

"So please it you, my lord, to ride back and honour my poor house?"

" Nay, good Sir John, the time accords not with our good will tonight. Now must we on for Montferrant, and pray you to be our guest there at supper, fully resolving to profit hereafter by your courtesies."

Whilst these gracious speeches were passing, the wounded man, hearing the name of the stranger, earnestly enquired of those about him if this were, in very deed, Henry of Lancaster, the English Earl of

"Rougemain," he said, "it was my hap, in his childhood, to do this mighty prince a service. Go pray him straightway, by a token I will

tell thee, that he vouchsafe me a moment's audience.

With that he spake a word in the ear of the old man, who, without delay thrust through the press to the earl's stirrup, despite the frowns and rebukes of all for his hardiness, and there boldly told his errand.

But great was their amazement to see that noble prince, so soon as he had heard it, turn his rein, and, hastening to the side of the wounded man, hold out his hand. And after a few words had passed, whereunto none else were privy, my Lord of Derby rode back to his company, and courteously besought the Count of Beaucaire and the two knights to excuse him for a season, a pressing business constraining him to tarry for that night at the Carmelite convent, without the walls of Clermont, where, nevertheless, he would pray them to make repair to him in the morning; which being readily accorded, that worshipful company parted with all due forms and reverences, the English earl taking up his lodging, together with Basil de l'Angle and his children, at the White Friars' (the abbot waving the rule that forbade women to enter, by reason of the perilous state of the wounded man, and the request of so great a lord), and the rest bestowing themselves at an hostelry hard by the town gate.

It wanted yet some hours of prime on the morrow, when word was brought to the Lord Guy that the Earl of Derby desired to speak with him at the White Friars'; and prayed, further, the presence of Sir John des Perelles; and, accordingly, both one and the other got to horse without delay, and set forth for the convent, where they were forthwith

led into the sick man's chamber.

Messire Basil de l'Angle was laid on a couch at the far end, looking in sad and languishing condition enough, yet by no means after the manner of one at very point of death. Next to his bed's head sat that noble earl, grave and gracious as was his wont; and below him the abbot of the cell, with the little page at his knee, and at his elbow a monk bearing divers writings; the whilst, between her sire and the English prince, stood Alcyone, with white robe and golden crownette, in semblance of some eastern queen.

"Lord Count of Beaucaire!" said the robber, so soon as the first salutation had passed between those high and noble persons, "I pray thee draw nigh; and all these noble lords here present, that they give audience."

"Yester eve," he continued, when all had obeyed his bidding, "in heat and haste, didst thou proffer to me a suit, whereof, haply, thy cooler thought have, even ere this, repented. If yet thy purpose hold, speak it at this time frankly, before this royal prince, and I will as frankly answer thee. If thy affection or courage suffice not thereunto in such presence, thou mayest even hold thy peace, and it shall be as if thy words of yesterday had never been uttered."

"Sansloy," said the knight, "thou has deemed of me as wrongfully in this as thou didst erewhile in other things. That which Beaucaire hath once said, will be fearlessly uphold! The boon I prayed yesterday, pray I not less earnestly to day! Sansloy! give me thy Alevone

to wife!"

"Bethink thee! my daughter? Sansloy's daughter?"

"Ay, were she twenty times thy daughter!"

"The child of a felon thief? a homicide, without home or name?"

"Nay, good Basil," said here the Earl of Derby, "methinks now you urge the noble count overmuch. Let his nobleness of nature be surety for the steadfastness of his intent, and answer him, I pray you,

without farther question."

"Your pardon, gracious lord, for an old man's tedious talk. Yet certes, need is there that I should make some small proof of the stability of this noble count, who hath vowed to me in time past that not the blood of kings and princes, might I have shown such, should win him to ally himself with me."

"Of a truth, Sansloy," said the Lord Guy," my heart even then consented not wholly to my words; whence, haply, my great sturdiness of speech. Also behoved me a stouter and loftier bearing, in that

I was a prisoner, and wholly in thy power."

"Of that con I naught," answered the outlaw, "but this know I well, that I was chafed by thy pride to vow that repentance, if it came, should not avail, as never for suit or prayer would I give thee my seabird (though truly find I that a man takes but little heed of such idle vows when he sees but the priest and the passing-bell betwixt him and the churchyard); or, but for thy haughty behaviour, had I readily told thee that by the female side the maiden is not less than noble, for her mother, my late wife, was by birth and name of the La Puglian house of Montforte. Moreover, as Sansloy's daughter, should she be of no rude or vulgar lineage, as this mighty earl and prince will give thee full assurance on my behalf."

"Yea, that will I, as God shall speed me," said the earl. "Little looked I or any for such ending that day thou didst rescue me from the

stag's horn at Bordeaux, with peril of thine own life."

"Who or what I am, or have been," went on the sick man, "touches not thee, lord count, now or hereafter. That poor, fainthearted boy is, in very deed, my son, and brother, by the half-blood, to the girl, on the mother's side. But Alcyone is not mine, save by fosterage; though well do I deem that her true father had not held her more dear or precious."

He held out his hand, which the maiden took and pressed within her own, as she looked sadly and tenderly in his face; whilst the count eagerly besought him to speak, and declare unto him the ancestry of

Alcyone.

"An ancestry, by my faith, Lord Guy, with which thine own, high and proud as it is, may not compare. Thou art sprung from famous counts, but she from mighty kings; though haply she may not claim the honours due to a lawful issue. Yet not the less is the royal blood of France in her veins, since she is the true daughter of my late lord, the princely Duke of Anjou!"

Great was the amazement of the Lord of Beaucaire at these tidings, not unmixed with shame at thought of his former pride and sturdiness. But the outlaw, leaving him not time to speak, went on with his tale.

"It was by the dying request of my Lord that I espoused her mother, whilst she was yet in infancy; in hope thereby to assure, both to one and the other, fosterage and safety in time to come. But they of Montforte were fierce and vengeful against us, and Madame d'Anjou was strong-handed and relentless; so that in the end we were spoiled and hunted from the haunts of men, until no shelter was left to us save the rocks and caves of Bretaigne. My dame lived not long after. Haply she might not brook such rude and stormy dwelling after her own fair sun and sky; but so it was, she died, leaving me my poor Monadich yonder, and the daughter of my deceased lord.

"The maiden grew apace, fair of aspect, and gracious of speech, and of heart and spirit high and royal, as beseemed her lineage. Moreover, she had been ever taught to call me father; and I, who set more store by her than by my own, cared not to tell her other; though purposing—so help me God!—never a whit the less, in due season, to provide for her such honourable espousals as should befit not my place but hers.

"The time I had established for this was not fully come, when an unhoped-for chance sent thyself, lord count, to our abode; and truly nothing doubted I to see in thee from the first the noble knight who I had been forewarned should be spouse to my sea-bird; nor was it long ere I might perceive that thou wert faster bound in love's leash than

haply thou thyself wert aware of."

"Seeing this, then, and also knowing that my late lord had given thee hard usage in former time on the matter of thine heritage, which might, perchance, make his blood less dear to thee, I concluded to keep from thee, for the nonce, the maiden's real parentage, and work on thy love to wed her as Sansloy's daughter. What followed thereupon needs not to rehearse to thee, save that, in my fury, I swore at last that not to thee or to any would I give my sea-bird, who should desire for her any other ancestry than mine. A foolish oath, lord count! and one whereof the cost hath been over heavy, for thereout sprang the lance-thrust that is even now hastening me to the pit's brink.

"Nevertheless, such amends as I might make the maiden, I have done. For this was it that I voyaged to La Nonnette, by urgent entreaty of that faithful man, whom thou knowest as Rougemain (and whose counsel, if I had oftener wrought thereby, had made me more prosperous than mine own), to obtain for it, ere I died, the countenance of a noble prince, her near kinsman in blood, leaving, as I went along,

in keeping of the reverend abbot here, those writings yonder, which shall make proof to thee and to all, of the truth of what I have now

spoken."

"In good faith, Sansloy," said the count, "if a long year of bitter sorrow and repentance might atone for my past wilful folly, thou art well avenged. And thou, Alcyone, didst thou, in very deed, know aught of this, when yesterday I besought thy forgiveness?"

"In truth did I not," she said, "until we were come hither. But in

any case my part had been still the same."

"Nay, soft there, abide!" said the outlaw; "my tale hath yet a knot therein; there shall be days and hours enow for lover's talk when Sansloy hath no tongue to plead withal. My Lord of Beaucaire! that rich treasure I whilome proffered thee, in hope therewith to buy for my sea-bird an espousal in some sort worthy of her, was not, as thou wert pleased to clepe it, the base pillage of a robber and a felon, but the dower assigned to my charge for her by my royal lord, which was kept from the knowledge and the hands of those who speedily reft me of all his gracious bounty to myself; and lodged, with the other parts of these writings here present, where it will be found this very hour, in the abbey of the Mount Saint Michael, in Normandy. For the rest, this gracious earl hath vouchsafed to take upon him the wardship, both of the maiden and of my poor soft Monadich—God reward him therefore!
—whilst I betake me, with one faithful friend, to some holy cell, there to wear out the short remnant of a troubled life in prayer and penance.

"Yet one word more! Lord count, I swore in anger never to give thee my Alcyone; I will hold mine oath. Thou shalt take her, not from an outlaw and a robber, but, as best befits her, at the hand of a

prince."

"And brighter and richer guerdon was never yet bestowed on true and noble knight," said that courteous earl as he arose, and, leading the maiden gently forward, he laid her small palm in the hand of the Lord of Beaucaire.

LOOK HOW MY BABY LAUGHS!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

It is a lovely sight to see
An infant laugh delightedly;
But lovelier the silent smile
In the rapt mother's eye the while
To mark. The pupils wide dilated
Reveal her heart's intoxicated
With a pleasure inexpressive,
Yet, at the same time, excessive;
Quite, quite a transcendental joy
At the merriness of that blest boy!

A vision I beheld like this,
And, oh! methought no terrene bliss,
Could ever equal such a scene;
Nor Cupid and the Paphian queen.
In beauty match the artless pair,
That revell'd in enjoyment there;
The mother a mere girl indeed—
The babe just from his swaddlings freed—
One as the other, innocent,
An angel o'er a cherub bent.

Her sweet employment a blush brought, Which must in the moss-rose be sought, Upon her cheek. A pearlier hue, Just pencill'd with faint veins of blue, Her infant's wore,—the stranger sun Not yet a ruddier tint had won; As careless on her lap he sat, He look'd one DIMPLING heap of fat, Unform'd—but beautiful—a thing Of Carricci's imagining!

Her gorgeous hair, with sportive grace,
She shook in her young upturn'd face;
The dancing curls, like flashing light,
So radiant—so intensely bright,
He snatched, yet his imperfect hold,
Could not retain those threads of gold;
So, with affected force she drew
The curls from his soft fingers through.
"Look! how he laughs! look, only look!"
And then again her curls she shook.

Oh! magic curls! Oh! Beauty's dower! Awak'ning with enchanting power, The gladdest laugh in infant mirth, That e'er resounded from the earth To the blue skies,—to echoed be By kindred scraphs pure as he! It was a picture passing fair, And, bless'd be God, by no means rare For the SAME ineffable joy Each mother feels,—and too, her boy.

THE GLEE-SINGERS;1

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER VIII.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
"Tuscany's" capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again.

Childe Harold, Canto 3.

THE time at length arrived when the widow Donati deemed it expedient to introduce Buondelmonte to her daughter Imma. Carlo had heedfully watched the young Florentine noble, whose expressive countenance betrayed to him every thought; and had daily reported his observations to his aunt, who was now convinced that the desired progress was made, and that the propitious moment for the introduction was at hand.

She ordered preparations for a festival in the Palazzo Donati, to which all Florentines of rank, without distinction of party, were invited; and she issued a special mandate to Carlo, that he should sedulously attach himself to Mosca Lamberti, and prevent him from noticing her intended line of conduct with respect to Imma and Buondelmonte.

On the appointed night, the heavy exterior of the Palazzo Donati was blazing with torches, fixed in the ponderous iron rings, with which the Florentine palaces were provided for the purpose of illuminations.

From the middle of the huge square tower in the centre of the edifice, 150 feet in height,* streamed a banner, bearing the arms of the Donati, which some domestics, stationed in the gallery of the tower, took care to display, by throwing on it, as it waved, the light of their flambeaux.

Groups of noble Florentines of both sexes, and of various ages, were assembled in the largest apartment of the Palazzo, the

Continued from page 286, vol. XLI.

[•] The usual height of the towers which distinguished the dwellings of the nobili della torre, or nobles of the tower.

fretted ceiling of which was adorned with the armorial bearings of the Donati and their connections, stuccoed in alto relievo. The walls were hung with tapestry, a proof of the industry and skill of the former ladies of the family; and with such paintings as the infancy of Florentine art (before the days of even Cimabue) afforded, mixed with the worthier productions of the more advanced school of Sienna. There were statues, the relics of ancient art; late flowers in vases, copied from antique models; and brazen lamps and cressets swinging from above, aided the light of the bronze candelabra.

On this occasion, the Florentines departed in a great degree from the ordinary simplicity of their attire. Their garments were of gayer colours; silver clasps superseded the ivory, and embroidered girdles those of plain leather; a slight fringe edged the top of the lawn shirt, or under dress that appeared at the neck; a light buskin replaced the heavy boot; and the young Cavalieri wore the skirted tunic, leaving the long gown of crimson or scarlet to the seniors. The wimples of the matrons were of silk; the hair of the younger ladies was adorned with a small silver ornament or band; the thin white veils had an embroidered border.

In that spacious saloon of the Palazzo Donati were assembled that evening persons whose family appellations have been rendered famous by their posterity—persons from whom afterwards sprung men whose names and deeds have been preserved by historians, and celebrated by poets. In that saloon was the germ

of much future greatness.

With the Amidei, and their relatives, the Fifanti and the Lamberti, came their more renowned kinsmen, the Uberti, so long the head of the Ghibelline party; and the progenitors of the celebrated Ghibelline leader, Farinata degli Uberti, who, in A.D. 1266, defeated the Guelphs at Montaperto; and who preserved Florence from being destroyed by his own party, in revenge for its attachment to the Popedom.

The Cavalcanti, from whom afterwards sprung Cavalcanti * the philosopher and poet; and Guido, his son, the beloved friend of

Dante.

The Ubaldini, among whom appeared the then very young Ottaviano Ubaldini,† afterwards a celebrated and devoted Ghibelline, created a cardinal in 1245.

The Abbati, the lustre of whose arms (the golden pellets) was

dicted to solitude. He died A.D. 1300.

† Of Cardinal Ubaldini it was related, that he used to say, that if there was such

a thing as a human soul, he had lost his for the Ghibellines.

^{*} Cavalcanti the philosopher, wrote so freely, that an Italian ecclesiastic said of him, "per divina providenza nulla c'e rimasto del suo." by divine providence nothing of his is extant. Guido Cavalcanti was superior to his father. His Canzoni on terrestrial love are extant, and much admired. He also composed rules for writing well. He was brave and courteous, and of an elegant mind, but haughty, and addicted to solitude. He died A.D. 1300.

subsequently stained at the battle of Montaperto, by the treachery

of their descendant, Bocca, degli Abbati.*

The Elisei (collateral ancestors of Dante,) and the De la Quona; which families, along with the Uberti and the Fifanti, are named, as early as the 9th century, in a list of noble Florentines on whom Charlemagne conferred honours.

The Salviati, who afterwards intermarried with the Medici,

and whose stem has borne some celebrated branches.

The Buondelmonti (whose chief was the Giovanni Buondelmonte of our tale), ancestors of Cristo folo Buondelmonte, the celebrated mathematician of the 15th century; and of Andrea Buondelmonte, Archbishop of Florence in 1532.

The Bardi,† celebrated for their extensive commercial negociations, and afterwards for their unfortunate bankruptcy in A.D. 1345, which shook the whole trade of England and France.

The Pazzi, who divided into two branches, the Pazzi of Florence, and the Pazzi of Val d' Arno. This Ghibelline family was unfortunate in giving birth to descendants who sullied the name; the reputation of which has, however, been retrieved in some degree, by others of the race. But, unfortunately, the world knows the Pazzi best as conspirators and murderers; the quiet virtues and attainments of the worthier part of its posterity, are lost in the notoriety of the conspirators ‡ against the Medici.

The Gondi, formerly called the Philippi, or Filippi, who, after enjoying eminence in Florence, obtained celebrity in France as

Dukes and Cardinals de Retz.

The Malespini, and among them he whose grandson was Ric-

cordano Malespina, the historian of Florence.

The Machiavelli (among the poorer nobility), whose name has been immortalized by their descendant, Niccolo Machiavelli, the too subtle politician, the secretary and historian of Florence in the 15th century.

The Strozzi, a noted Guelph family, who afterwards intermarried so often with the Medici during their period of eminence in the republic; of whom descended Filippo Strozzi, famous in Florentine history, the ancestor of a posterity that flourished in France.

The Albizzi, and the Soderini, afterwards rivals and opponents of the Medici.

Among these noble Florentines came one, a Guelph, the fame

* Bocca degli Abbati, serving in the Guelph ranks at Montaperto, cut off the hand of the Guelph standard-bearer, and threw the troops into confusion, which tended to ensure the victory to the Ghibellines.

† One of their descendants, Contessina dei Bardi, married the celebrated Cosmo di Medici (the elder). Another, Roberto dei Bardi, benefitted religious literature, by being the preserver of St. Augustine's sermons. Jerome dei Bardi, a Florentine Monk of the order of Camaldoli, who wrote a chronicle coming down to 1280, was probably, another descendant.

The conspiracy of the Pazzi is the subject of one of Alfieri's best tragedies.

of whose descendant surpasses that of all the preceding, a descendant whose name is honoured where theirs is unknown. This was Bellincion Alighieri, * the grandfather of Dante—glorious Dante—the prince of Italian poetry, who, while the Tuscan muse was yet in her infancy, burst forth with his splendid vision full of vigour and immortality, to be read with wonder and admiration from century to century, surviving many a name that in the interim rises, shines, and sets in oblivion. Dante, "the banished Ghibelline," who suffered so much for his political principles, but still more for his Guelph alliance, his ill-fated match of policy with the unamiable Gemma dei Donati, a descendant of that race among whom Bellincion Alighieri came a guest; unprophetic of the future misery thence to be derived by his illustrious grandson. That night, within the Palazzo Donati, lurked the germs of two marriages of public interest and private sorrow.

With Alighieri and the Elisei, mingled two families, who afterwards owed the celebrity of their names to their descendants' connection with the then unborn Dante: these were the Portinari, and the Guelph Adimari. The Portinari, as ancestors of the beautiful and beloved Beatrice, the first and only love of Dante,

whose name he has immortalized in his eternal poem.

The Adimari have gained an unenviable reputation as the persecutors of Dante, and the opposers of his return from exile. They were connected with the Donati by an intermarriage; a Donati and an Adimari having married two daughters of Bellincion Berti. Dante characterizes the Adimari as an overweening

and upstart race. +

Among the since celebrated names of Florentine origin, we do not find as guests of Madonna Donati, the ancestors of the elegant, learned, and plaintive Petrarch; nor of his clever, but too licentious friend, Boccacio; their rank was too mean for that noble assembly. And yet the names of Petrarch and Boccacio, rendered famous by literature alone, are better known than those of the cardinals, generals, politicians, and men of high degree,

* Alighieri was a new name in Florence, adopted by a branch of the old family of the Elisei. Cacciaguida Elisei (killed in the Crusades, 1147), had married a lady of the Alighieri of Ferrara, and his sons took her name and arms. Cacciaguida was grandfather of Bellincion, the grandfather of Dante (contracted from Durante) Alighieri, born 1265, who was at first a Guelph, but adopted, in the end, Ghibelline principles.

† Dante says, that Ubertino dei Donati was displeased with his father-in-law, Bellincion Berti, for giving one of his daughters in marriage to one of the Adimari,

of which family he says-

Th' overweening brood
That plays the dragon after him that flees,
But unto such as turn and show the tooth,
Aye, or the purse, is gentle as a lamb,
Was on its rise, but yet so slight esteem'd,
That Ubertino of Donati grudged
His father-in-law should yoke him with its tribe,

Cary's Dante. 2 K 2

the posterity of those who would have scorned the society of the mercantile Boccacio family (not noble like the Bardi, those merchant princes), and the still humbler ancestors of the notary Petracco. *

The ancestry of the poet Luigi Pulci + were too poor (though of respectable family), to mingle in that stately crowd. And the progenitors of Poggio Bracciolini, ‡ afterwards the celebrated Papal secretary, were excluded by the meanness of their rank.

It happened that there were in that noble assembly, on that memorable night, two persons who were introduced almost on sufferance; who were amongst the lowest in rank of the inferior nobility—two persons not inhabitants of Florence, but being in the city accidentally at that time, and being known to the Amidei, were by them introduced, with the cold permission of the haughty hostess. These two persons bore appellations then sufficiently insignificant, but which have since eclipsed the names of all those who then held themselves superior. One of these insignificant names became the first in Italy; the other, the first in the world: they were Medici and Buonaparte.

The Medici, at the period of our tale, were still in obscurity at the foot of the Appenines. The Buonaparti were denizens of the little Borgo of San Miniato, in the Florentine territories.

When Filippo di Medici the Guelph, and Niccolo Buonaparte the Ghibelline, two plain and unassuming men, were ushered into that aristocratic company, little thought the proud nobles that their posterity should bow down before the descendants of those humble persons.

Little could they foresee that the Medici should become first, the benefactors and equitable rulers, then the tyrants and sovereigns of Florence;—should give queens § to a foreign kingdom—successors || to the Papal chair—patrons to the arts, and contributors to literature;—that the word "Medici," like a spell, should call up a phantasmagoria of splendid personages; but all now shadows—all now passed from the scene of life; and the name, though long enduring, living now only in the pages of the past.

Still less could the haughty Florentines foresee, that a de-

^{*} Petrarch, whom to name is sufficient, was the son of Pietro, idiomatically called Petracco, a notary at Florence, who was exiled A.D. 1302, with Dante and the other Ghibellines. The celebrated poet, his son (born in exile), softened the name of Petracco into Petrarco, or Petrarch.

[†] The witty Luigi Pulci, author of the Morgante Maggiore, was often a favourite guest of Lorenzo di Medici the Magnificent, when the head of the Florentine republic.

[†] The Bracciolini were of the same rank as Petrarch's ancestry. Poggio Bracciolini, who became Papal secretary in the 15th century, was a learned and able man, and became so influential, that he was thought worthy to receive in marriage a lady of the Buondelmonti.

[§] Catherine di Medici, Queen of Henry II. of France, and Mary di Medici, Queen of Henry IV. of France.

^{||} Giovanni di Medici, Pope Leo X., and Giulio di Medici, Pope Clement VII.

scendant of poor Niccolo Buonaparte should come from the obscure Island of Corsica, to place upon his brow the ancient iron crown of Italy; to make his son King of Rome; one sister Queen of Naples; and another, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, to reign over that very Florence; -- to wear himself the Imperial purple of a mighty nation; to stride with the footsteps of a victorious giant over Italy; to follow his inherited Ghibelline instincts in humbling and abridging the papal power; to surpass in might and daring the Emperors of Germany, those idols of the ancient Ghibellines; and to avenge their injuries on the successor of their old pontifical antagonists.

What a strange under-current runs beneath the ordinary tide of men's actions. While Napoleon, the descendant of the Ghibelline Buonaparte, was labouring with a natural (but perhaps to himself unknown) instinct to prostrate the Popedom, he was opposed by the King of England, a descendant of Guelphs; * who, though a staunch Protestant, seems to have been unconsciously swayed by an inherited bias when he espoused the cause of Papal interests on the continent. And the fate of the Ghibellines in old times followed Napoleon in the 19th century: they fell before the Guelphs after many a vicissitude; he fell before

the arms of the Guelph George III.

The grand apartment of the Palazzo Donati on the night of which we speak, may be likened to some mountain region, where springs and bubbles many a little rill, that on its downward course swells into an important river, which, after obtaining a name among men, flows proudly on to meet the ocean, and there be

lost, as all things earthly are, in the ocean of eternity.

Or we may compare that festal hall, with its galaxy of names, to the starry sky, where many a luminary of different magnitude and duration has shone in more or less of splendour. whose names, like Cavalcanti, Bardi, &c., have had a short-lived radiance, and then have disappeared, to be but partially remembered, are like those anomalous stars that have shown for a time, and then vanished, to be remembered only by the studious astro-Those who, like Dante, shine with an universally acknowledged splendour, are like those eternal stars that nightly greet our gaze in the heavens. Those who derive their title to fame from their connection with a name more celebrated than their own, as the Portinari and Adimari are remembered by their connections with Dante, are like those satellites that derive their light and their importance from a superior planet. The Medici, who, from a small beginning, increased by degrees till they arrived at great power and fame, and then, gradually diminishing, became extinguished, resemble a comet, that from a nucleus, grows

[·] George III. descended from a younger brother of the Emperor Otho IV., the rival of Frederic II.

upon our sight into a vast luminous body, and then gradually fades away, till we wholly lose sight of it, and only retain its memory as a matter of history. That one great name, Buonaparte, whose reign was so brilliant, so rapid, so short—that was preceded by no remarkable ancestry, and has left no posterity behind, what does it resemble but some great and erratic meteor that burst suddenly upon the eyes, traversed the sky in a hasty

and splendid course, and was then extinct for ever.

But to return to our story. Buondelmonte had been in a state of excitement from the time that he received La Donati's invitation: he seemed to feel as if some great crisis in his fate was approaching. Without knowing, or without acknowledging to himself why, he was particularly anxious to make a striking appearance on that night, surpassing all his fellow citizens. He had been in Rome, in Naples, and France, countries farther advanced in the luxuries of dress than was the simpler Florence; and, combining in his mind's eye what he had seen abroad, he ordered for himself a habit which, though not national, was handsome and becoming.

His dress was of a rather deep blue; the tunic (with sleeves tight from the wrist to the elbow, and ornamented with a row of small gold buttons), was confined at the waist by a broad black girdle, with a slight embroidery of gold, and a gold buckle. His light boots were of bronzed leather; and his mantle, of a darker blue than the rest of the dress, was lined with white, and fastened from shoulder to shoulder by a gold chain. The top of the lawn shirt, appearing above the tunic, was edged with a white silk fringe. His cap of black velvet was adorned with a small white plume.

When he arrived at the Palazzo Donati, he paused twice at the door of the room where the guests were assembled; he was just about to see her whose image had taken such possession of his mind; to behold whom he had so anxiously longed; yet, at the idea of whose presence, he now almost trembled. His heart beat—he drew back—then making an effort, precipitately entered.

In that crowded, though spacious room, he saw many a familiar face, but he glanced away from them, and sent a rapid and eager gaze through every group in search of the beautiful stranger, as

he moved on through the saloon.

He saw at a little distance Amidea, who had exchanged her usually plain costume for a robe of a bright ruby colour, with long white under sleeves, and confined by a black silk girdle with gold embroidery. A transparent white veil fell gracefully from the back of her head; and a few late crimson flowers wreathed her smoothly braided black hair. The colour of her robe and her wreath assorted well with her brunette complexion; the rich carnation that once bloomed upon her cheek, had, this night, in great measure returned; and Buondelmonte, as she caught his

eye, thought he had never seen her look so handsome. But he was too much pre-occupied with the idea of Imma, to turn aside for one moment; and with only a smile of recognition to Amidea,

he passed on.

At the upper end of the room, he saw the widow Donati, attired in a grey silk robe, with a silver-clasped girdle, and black wimple; and beside her stood a young girl, whom his fluttering heart told him was Imma. Her back was towards him, as she was speaking to an elderly lady; but he observed that her figure was so delicately and exquisitely moulded, that it seemed to belong to an aerial being. She was attired in a white robe, with a white girdle, embroidered and clasped with silver. On account of her extreme youth, she wore neither veil, hood, nor wimple. Her beautiful bright brown hair was braided round her head, and entwined with a string of pearls, the wonder and envy of Florentine maid and matron.

Buondelmonte addressed the widow, he knew not how; and heard her, as in a dream, name her daughter. Imma, turning round at her mother's voice, displayed to the young Florentine a face of such transcendant beauty, as far surpassed even his expectations, though they had been so highly excited. She was, as Carlo had described her, exquisitely fair, and serene; and every feature was so beautifully, so classically formed, that as she turned her mild dark blue eyes upon the stranger cavaliero, his memory glanced on all that heathens fabled of sylphs and graces,

and all that Christians believe of angels and seraphs.

Buondelmonte was young, enthusiastic, a true warm Italian—his imagination and his feelings had been tampered with—is it surprising that he fell deeply in love with Imma at first sight?

The widow perceived at once that her wishes and endeavours were successful. Even Imma, innocent and young as she was, saw, with a woman's instinct, that the handsome stranger gazed on her with an expression that flattered and interested her. She saw that he was the most attractive, the most showey of his countrymen; and an admiration and a preference very like love insinuated themselves into her heart, and inspired her with a

desire to please him.

Buondelmonte, in gazing upon her wondrous beauty, and listening to that musical voice, felt like a man in a delightful dream. He saw and heard nothing but Imma—all the rest of the scene was but an unmeaning confusion to him—he knew not what was passing—he spoke and acted himself like a somnambulist; and he could not afterwards tell how it was that he at length found himself seated with Imma and Amidea near the widow, who was watching the progress of his passion, and endeavouring to ward off the observation of others.

He had led Imma into conversation on all the subjects most

interesting to her young mind; -the city of Livorno where she had passed her childhood—the sea—the ships—the convent where she had been educated-its rules-her own occupations-her remembrance of favourite nuns. Imma had a good understanding, an affectionate disposition, and a pure and simple heart; and Buondelmonte was enraptured with every word as well as every How easy it is for eloquent eyes to lend their eloquence to the lips! In proportion as she interested him, he exerted himself to please her; applauded her sentiments, insinuated delicate compliments to her beauty; but so far was he from flattering her, that he did not, could not express half what he felt. Imma was mutually delighted with him; and she felt forcibly, though without understanding why, his great superiority over her first admirer, Mosca Lamberti: it was the superiority of a heart warm, natural, and sincere, and still influenced by young fresh feelings, over a heart cold and artificial, and withered up with selfishness. Buondelmonte sought her favour—he little guessed how earnestly; his conduct was undesigning, the spontaneous effect of his deep admiration; were it otherwise, he would have disguised it in the presence of Amidea; he had no intention of being false to her, or of inspiring Imma with a hopeless attachment.

Amidea was too nobleminded to conceive a jealous suspicion. She had too high an opinion of her professed lover to connect a thought of falsehood with his name. So far from being uneasy at his attentions to the young beauty, she was pleased that he made himself so agreeable, feeling quite proud whenever he prepossessed any one in his favour. Imma's obvious admiration of him Amidea considered as a proof of good taste, and was even grateful for its

being bestowed upon her affianced bridegroom.

While everything was proceeding with Imma and Buondelmonte according to the wishes of the Donati, Mosca Lamberti could be no longer deceived by the manœuvres of the widow and Carlo. His suspicions were first aroused by the artifices put in play to prevent his joining Imma; they were confirmed by the observations he made on her and Buondelmonte; for Carlo, with all his adroitness, could not prevent him from watching them. He remembered the advantages Buondelmonte possessed, and instantly conceived the whole scheme, and became extremely indignant; not so much at the affront intended to his kinsmen, the Amidei—not so much at the disadvantage to the Ghibellines by the loss of Buondelmonte's alliance—as at his being himself duped into believing that he might obtain Imma's hand; and he conceived a decided hatred of Buondelmonte as a dangerous rival.

Though a good dissembler in general, his looks betrayed somewhat of his feelings to the crafty widow, who intimated hastily to Carlo her desire that Imma should now be drawn off from Buondelmonte and Amidea. Carlo obeyed; and after detaching his

cousin on some specious pretext, when they were out of hearing of her former companions, observed to her in a laughing manner—

"Dear cousin, we must not intrude too long on the patience of Amidea degli Amidei; we must give her betrothed bridegroom an opportunity to offer his due devotions."

"Betrothed bridegroom!" said Imma, colouring a little; "true, I had forgotten—quite forgotten—it was very wrong. Amidea

will be a very happy woman," she added with a sigh.

"I am not so certain of that," replied Carlo. "Amidea was attached to a Ghibelline officer; and I am quite sure Buondelmonte never loved her. Nay, I feel convinced that he has seen a face to-night that will effectually prevent his ever loving Amidea."

Carlo looked so significantly at Imma, that she could not but understand his insinuation, though delicacy prevented her from seeming to do so. She blushed deeply and remained silent.

Carlo resumed-" For my own part, I do not think this mar-

riage will ever take place."

"But," said Imma, in some confusion," that would be a sin, would it not? when they have been so long contracted. Poor Amidea! what a sad thing would be the loss of". . . she stopped.

"Of such an accomplished bridegroom," said Carlo, laughing. "I fancy, Bellissima, it would be neither sinful nor sad. She does not love him; her first love was too recent; she only yielded in obedience to her family. And I think it would be more sad to see the pride of all the Guelphs humbled to a Ghibelline match where neither he nor his bride could care for each other. But here comes Mosca Lamberti. Hearken a moment, Imma! He is a Ghibelline, a kinsman of the Amidei; beware how you, a daughter of Guelphs, speak to him of Buondelmonte. If we Guelphs praise him too much, the jealous Ghibellines will suspect that we grudge him to their fair lady. Party feeling, dear cousin, is a stronger thing than your young mind can imagine; so be guarded with Lamberti."

This was the innocent Imma's first lesson in the ways of the world's sophistry—teaching her to view as a good the breach of a solemn engagement—and dissimulation, teaching her to disguise her real sentiments. Could Carlo have foreseen the bitter fate he was preparing for his lovely cousin, even he, worldly as he was, the tool of an ambitious woman, would have shrunk from the task to which views of family aggrandizement and party prejudice in-

duced him.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1. page 479.

FARINATA DEGLI UBERTI is immortalized by Dante in his Inferno, Canto X., wherein he is represented as enclosed in a tomb of fire, when he addresses Dante:—

"O Tuscan, thou who through this city of fire Alive art passing, so discreet of speech, Here, please thee, stay awhile. Thy utterance Declares the place of thy nativity, To be that noble land with which, perchance, I too severely dealt."

Cary's Dante.

"Farinata was one of those great characters of which antiquity or the middle ages alone afford us any example. Controlling, with the hand of a master, the course of events as well as the minds of men, destiny itself seems to submit to his will, and the very torments of hell are insufficient to disturb the haughty tranquility of his spirit. He is admirably pourtrayed in the conversation which Dante has assigned to him. Every passion is concentrated in his attachment to his country and his party, and the exile of the Ghibellines inflicts upon him far greater torments than the burning couch upon which he is reposing."

Sismondi, translated by Roscoe.

NOTE 11. page 479.

Of the CAVALCANTI came also Bartolomeo Cavalcanti, born A.D. 1503. He was fond of literature, and among his works has left seven books on Rhetoric and a Commentary upon the Best Condition of a Republic. He left Florence young, and went to Rome, where his sagacity in state affairs was of great service to Pope Paul III., and his grandson, Ottavio Farnese. He died at Padua, whither he had retired to enjoy literature and repose after the arduous life of a statesman, A.D. 1562.

Note III. page 480.

Of the SALVIATI, Verrini, who wrote of the illustrious men of Florence, says-

"Salviatum soboles Caposacco ex stirpe vocata est; Utatur quamvis signo Margalottus eodem," &c.

From the Salviati descended LORENZO SALVIATI, counsellor of Florence, A.D. 1331.

ANTONIO MARIA SALVIATI, surnamed the Great, a cardinal, a man of literature and virtue, died A.D. 1602.

BERNARDO SALVIATI, a cardinal, grand almoner to Queen Catherine de Medici, formerly a knight of Malta, prior of Capua, and admiral of his order, in which capacity he signalized himself against the Turks.

GIOVANNI (or John) SALVIATI, also a cardinal, nephew of Pope Leo X.,

a learned man, and a patron of literature.

GIACOPO (or James) SALVIATI, called the Great, acquired the district of Bagni for Florence.

NOTE IV. page 480.

CAMICCION PAZZI, of the Valdarno branch, murdered his kinsman Ubertino.

CARLINO PAZZI, of the same branch, betrayed the castle of Piano Travigne in Valdarno, to the Guelphs, A.D. 1302.

GIACOPO PAZZI was hanged for his share in the famous conspiracy against the Medici (Lorenzo and Giuliano di Medici), in the 15th century.

FRANCESCO PAZZI, nephew of the foregoing, and the murderer of Giuliano di Medici, shared his uncle's fate.

Renato Pazzi, also a nephew of Giacopo above named, was executed likewise on account of the conspiracy; not that he took any part in it, but because he had not revealed it. He was a philosopher, and fond of literature.

Antonio Pazzi, a knight of Malta (16th century), and author of some poems; being engaged in a conspiracy against the Grand Duke of Florence, was obliged to fly, with the loss of all his property, and to accept the condition of a common groom. It is but justice to reverse the picture, and look at those Pazzi who redeem the honour of the name.

GUGLIELMO PAZZI, of Valdarno, an officer of great courage and abilities, a leader of the Ghibellines; fell honourably at Certamundo, where his troops were defeated by the Guelphs.

Cosmo Pazzi, archbishop of Florence, a.D. 1508, was celebrated for his learning. He left, among other works, a translation of Maximus of Tyre, from Latin into Greek.

ALFONSO PAZZI, a poet, whose sonnets were much admired.

MARIA MADDALENA PAZZI, a famous Carmelite nun, canonized as a saint after her death, which occurred A.D. 1619. She left many literary works. RAFAELLE PAZZI, mentioned by Guicciardini as a general of reputation.

Note v. page 480.

The GONDI. Of them Verrini says :-

"Certum est nos clara genitos de stirpe Philippi, Quos inter primos referunt venisse colonos."

FORTE DEI GONDI was in the magistracy of Florence in the beginning of the 13th century.

Antonio di Gondi, Sieur de Perron, went to France with Queen Catherine di Medici as her chief maitre d' hotel, and founded in Paris the Hotel de Gondi, since called Hotel de Conde.

JEROME DI GONDI, chevalier d' honneur to Mary de Medici, whose marriage with Henry IV. of France he proposed.

PAUL DI GONDI, a cardinal and bishop of Paris under Henry III. of France.
ALBERT DI GONDI, Duke of Retz, peer and marshal of France in the reign
of Catherine di Medici.

JOHN FRANCIS DI GONDI, the famous Cardinal de Retz, minister under Louis XIII.

Note vi. page 480.

The STROZZI.

Tommaso Strozzi joined Salvastro di Medici in the popular outbreak, A.D. 1378, in supporting the government against the Burgher aristocracy. But a fresh insurrection, in A.D. 1381, caused the exile of Tommaso to Mantua.

PALLA STROZZI (14th century) filled several high offices in the state of Florence, and took part with the Albizzi against the Medici. The cause of dissension was the census, by which every property was taxed according to valuation, and which was opposed by the aristocracy, who had never contri-

buted to the public burdens. The Medici took the popular side, the Albizzi that of the aristocracy. An impolitic war with Lucca being undertaken by Cosmo di Medici, the latter was imprisoned; but a reaction taking place in favour of the Medici, the Albizzi and Palla Strozzi were exiled. Strozzi died at Mantua; he was a man of considerable learning, and particularly anxious about Greek literature.

FILIPPO STROZZI, married to Clarice di Medici, niece of Pope Leo X.; was ambitious and wealthy, and alternately the friend and the rival of the Medici. He was the strenuous opponent of Duke Alessandro di Medici, a natural son of Lorenzo di Medici, Duke of Urbino, and he (Strozzi) and his sons quitted Florence. Duke Alessandro being murdered, and Cosmo di Medici I. being elected Duke of Florence, Filippo Strozzi and his son Piero invaded the Florentine territories; and being defeated, Filippe was taken and put to the torture on suspicion of having been concerned in Duke Alessandro's murder. But surviving the torture, and learning that he was to be given up to Cosmo di Medici, he stabbed himself in prison.

PIERO STROZZI, son of the above, attained to the rank of marshal in the French army, in the reign of Catherine di Medici.

PHILIP, son of Piero Strozzi, was also a marshal of France; he is mentioned by Brantome.

GIAMBATTISTA STROZZI, nephew of Piero before named, born in Florence, A.D. 1551, was an elegant writer, and a patron of learning.

FRANCESCO DI SOLDI STROZZI was a good Greek scholar, and translated Xenophon and Thucydides.

CHIRICO STROZZI (16th century) was professor of Greek and philosophy, and also a good architect.

LORENZA STROZZI, sister of Chirico, a nun of St. Dominic, composed a book of Latin Hymns and Odes on the Festivals. She understood Greek and other languages, and was skilled in music and science.

Note vii. page 481.

The Boccacis, formerly called the Chellini, resided at Chellino, in the Val d' Elsa, twenty miles from Florence, on the road to Vottera.

GIOVANNI BOCCACIO, the celebrated author, was the natural son of Boccacio Chellino, a merchant. Though Boccacio is, unhappily, chiefly known by his licentious Decameron, and his indecent satire on women—"Il labrinto d' amori"—he had much classical knowledge, and encouraged Greek literature in Italy, and deserves some praise for his Teseide, as the first chivalrous poem written in Italian, His classical merits, his commentaries on Dante, and his innocent poems, the fruits of true love, are known to comparatively few; his sullied fame rests on his censurable works. So true it is that—"Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water." (Shakespeare). It is a satisfaction to know that he died truly penitent for his offensive writings.

Note. vIII. page 482.

The Medici. Up to the middle of the 13th century, the Medici resided at Fiorano, in the district of Magello. Fillippo di Medici was the first of the family who came from the Appenines to Florence. The Florentine poet, Verrini, says—

"Ex Appenino celsaque ex arce Magello, Nobilitos Medicum Thuscam descendit in urbem."

Filippo's grandson, Ardingho, was in the magistracy, A.D. 1296, and another grandson, Everardo, was appointed gonfalonier, or standard-bearer, the chief officer in the republic of Florence.

MARIA DI MEDICI was gonfalonier A.D. 1354.

Francesco di Medici was chief magistrate during the great plague, A.D. 1348. He was appointed to remodel the constitution, and to protect the people against the nobles.

ALMANNO DI MEDICI, gonfalonier in A.D. 1394 and 1354; distinguished

himself in Florentine war against Giovanni Visconti.

SALVESTRO DI MEDICI, gonfalonicr in A.D. 1378, befriended the people,

and reinforced the former ordinances against the nobles.

GIOVANNI DI MEDICI, gonlalonier, A.D. 1422, was an useful mediator between the conflicting parties in Florence. He was a man of great merit, and is honourably mentioned by Machiavelli.

Cosmo Di Medici called the elder, son of Giovanni above named, ruled Florence from A.D. 1439 to 1455. He was styled benefactor of the people and father of his country. He patronized learned men, and loved the arts

and sciences, and collected a splendid library.

PIERO DI MEDICI, gonfalonier A.D. 1461. Louis XII. of France granted to him and his legitimate descendants the privilege of adding three fleur de lis to their arms, which were three golden pellets or balls, originally three golden pills, in allusion to the name Medici, or Physicians. The golden balls of the pawnbrokers are the arms of the Medici, some of whose emigrant subjects first introduced pawnbroking into England.

LORENZO and GIULIANO DI MEDICI, sons of Piero last mentioned, were declared heads of the republic. The Pazzi conspired against them as tyrants, and Giuliano was murdered, but Lorenzo escaped. The latter was restored as head of the republic, and was surnamed the Great, and the Fatherof the Muses. He enlarged and beautified Florence, augmented the Laurentian library, culti-

vated poetry, and patronized sculpture.

GIULIO DI MEDICI, a posthumous natural son of Giuliano abovenamed,

was afterwards Pope Clement VII.

GIOVANNI DI MEDICI, son of Lorenzo abovenamed, was afterwards the famous Pope Leo X.

PIERO DI MEDICI, another son of Lorenzo, succeeded his father as head of

the republic, but was ultimately exiled.

GIULIANO DI MEDICI, younger brother of Pope Leo X., was a poet. He was gonfalonier to the holy church, vicar of Modena and Reggio, and afterwards Duke of Nemours.

IPPOLITO DI MEDICI, natural son of the last named, was a cardinal, and an unrivalled musician.

LORENZO DI MEDICI, the second Duke of Urbino, was cruel, and had neither courage nor abilities. He was father of Queen Catherine di Medici, celebrated for her abilities, her cruelty, and her dissimulation.

ALESSANDRO DI MEDICI, natural son of Lorenzo II., was created Duke of Florence by Charles V., 1531. He was a profligate, and detested by the Flo-

rentines, and was murdered by his kinsman, Lorenzino.

COSMO DI MEDICI was first Grand Duke of Tuscany, an able statesman, but a tyrant and a profligate. He extinguished the last remnants of liberty in Florence, and established an inquisitorial system of spies and informers. Yet he patronized arts and literature, restored the university of Pisa, and founded at Florence the academia del disegno, or academy of arts.

Francesco di Medici. son of Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, had the vices without the talents of his father. He married first Joanna of Austria, and secondly Bianca Capello, the beautiful Venetian of doubtful character. By his first wife he was father of Mary di Medici, queen of Henry IV. of

France.

There were others of the Medici family who were patrons of literature, gonfaloniers, generals, and cardinals, but those we have noticed are the most celebrated of the name.

CHAPTER IX.

Those eyes

Are love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with.

The Bloody Brother .- Fletcher.

The supper-table of La Donati was chiefly served in those times of simplicity with fruits, iced water, and the wines of Tuscany; and around it the Guelphs and Ghibellines mingled sociably together; but they could not help smiling covertly at the pains each was evidently taking to avoid those established habits which had been adopted in Italy as party signs. The Guelph held his knife and spoon in his hand to avoid laying them lengthwise, as usual; and the Ghibelline was anxious to place his any way but parallel, as he had been accustomed. And each played awkwardly enough with his bread or fruit; the Guelph lest he should displease by cutting across—the Ghibelline lest he should seem rude by cutting downwards.

Mutual politeness, however, soon set both parties at their

ease.

The widow and Carlo had contrived to place Buondelmonte beside Amidea and opposite to Imma; near enough for the young noble to see and converse with the latter, but too far to offer any homage that might be remarkable; and Mosca had been permitted to seat himself at Imma's side. There was an air of assiduity about Lamberti that struck Buondelmonte very disagreeably. He suspected him of being a suitor to the young beauty, and a confusion of feelings overwhelmed him. Incipient jealousy and dislike of Mosca, distrust of himself, shame when he looked at Amidea (though he scarce yet knew why), caused his heart to beat so strongly that, to compose himself, he hastily poured out a cup of wine from the nearest flaggon. When he had drunk, he said unthinkingly to Amidea, "This is excellent Aleatico; will you taste it?"

What a bitter recollection he forced upon her by one word—Aleatico! it was the wine for which Arezzo was famous, and the last time she had tasted it was her parting from Florestan, when he had playfully insisted on her and Padre Severino pledging him in a cup of it to his safe and speedy return. Her eyes filled with involuntary tears at the remembrance, and she declined Buondelmonte's offer with a modest gesture. She could not have drunk of the Aleatico; it would have seemed as if mingled with Florestan's blood. But Buondelmonte did not see her altered countenance; he was too intently watching that of Imma.

The conversation among the guests became general and animated. The Bardi talked of foreign commerce; Malespina re-

lated some of those historical traditions which were afterwards embodied by his grandson in his somewhat superstitious history or chronicle of Florence; the Ubaldini and Uberti conversed of military affairs; one of the Cavalcanti talked of philosophy, such as it then was; and old Machiavelli discussed politics with much of that cold shrewdness that afterwards distinguised his celebrated descendant the author of "The Prince."

At one time the conversation turned upon party politics. Some of the Guelphs advocating republican principles as usual, Filippo di Medici observed that he favoured requblican government, because no man—even the lowest citizen—was excluded from attaining to its highest honours and powers, if he felt able to

strive for them.

"Nay," replied Almanno Amidei, "when the supreme power—be it dictator, consul, podesta, what you will—may be struggled for by the meanest citizens, the worst passions and worst means are called into play to attain them. Virtuous men retire, or are driven from, the arena, and leave power and victory to the very worst hands into which they can possibly fall."

"Speak more moderately, Almanno," said Pazzi; "this good gentleman [looking scornfully at Di Medici] expects, perhaps, some of his own progeny to be chiefs of the Florentine republic."

"Even so," replied Di Medici, firmly. "Humble as I am, some of my posterity may be the guardians of Florentine liberty."

"To end," said Amidei, "in being the victims or the tyrants of the unsteady people—the common alternative of demagogues."

Di Medici's angry reply was prevented by Niccolo Buonaparte,

who, anxious to prevent strife, whispered to him-

"Hush! for peace-sake, Filippo! Why should we quarrel about unborn posterity? Suppose I were to prophesy that one of my descendants might be an emperor?"

Di Medici laughed at the improbable suggestion.

"My good Buonaparte, I should say you were mad. Republican honours are attainable by the posterity of such as we are, but monarchical are not."

"Unsettle a nation with your republican ideas, Messer Filippo," replied Niccolo, "and, for the sake of social order, they will soon be glad to make a monarch out of any materials."

Buonaparte little thought he spoke prophetically of his descendant's elevation to the throne by republicanized and wearied

France.

A buzz of mingled voices began to discuss the merits of the Emperor Frederic II. Adimari having spoken slightingly of him as the "Boy-Emperor," excited the indignation of Amidei, who said with an angry glance at Adimari—

"To a candid mind Frederic's youth would render him an object of interest and admiration; for it shows off his rare quali-

ties, as a fine setting enhances the beauty of a jewel. An orphan from infancy, rivalled by his uncle,* discountenanced by his guardian, surrounded by powerful enemies and doubtful friends, the courageous boy has braved storms, from which men would shrink, with a spirit and an intelligence far beyond his years. A husband and father at the age of seventeen, and the defender of disputed rights, he has fulfilled these premature duties well, wisely, and firmly. What is he now at twenty years of age? More than a match for bearded warriors and hoary statesmen. He is one of the most extraordinary characters the world has ever seen."

"And he is not a mere soldier or statesman," observed one of the Uberti. "Pressed as he is by so many cares, he has acquired an uncommon share of learning. He is a linguist, a poet, an an-

tiquarian, and a general patron of science."

"And he is so handsome," said a lady of the Pazzi. "I saw him at Pavia. Though not tall, he is so beautifully formed, and has such expressive eyes and such a noble forehead. And he loves magnificence with a true princely taste, and his manners are so cheerful, and his tone so generous."

"But," said Donati, "he shows indications of a tyrannical

temper.

"Only necessary severity to traitors," replied Amidei. "But if hereafter he should really contract such a fault, blame those who have sown the seeds of misanthropy in his young bosom. What marvel if an austere manhood should succeed to an oppressed youth? When the spring is cold and blighting, what marvel if the summer fruits be sour? But Frederic is a noble creature; his great qualities will always overbalance his imperfections."

"He has no religion," objected Forte dei Gondi.

"Oh, that is the accusation of mere priestly spite," answered Amidei; "because he tries to make the clergy remember that they are citizens and men. He insists on their paying their quota to the public burdens, and being amenable for crime like other men. No wonder, then, that those who lose their dangerous

immunities are too angry to be just."

Buondelmonte had taken no part in the conversation; he had not even listened to it; he had been too intently gazing on Imma, and trying to catch, with suspicious ears, every word that Mosca addressed to her. Lamberti, in imitation of the exaggerated gallantries of the period, had been wishing himself transformed to some object that had the honour of belonging to her—her glove or her Bolognese lap-dog.

Buondelmonte, who was growing cynical from unconscious jealousy, said, apparently addressing Amidea, but taking care to be overheard by Mosca and Imma, "I cannot admire these gallantries that turn upon metamorphoses. The ideas may be poetical,

^{*} Philip, Duke of Swabia. See introductory chapter.

but they are incorrect. What advantage could the gallant derive from the fulfilment of his wish? If he became the glove, or lapdog, or the rose clasped by a fair hand, the sense which would occasion enjoyment of his situation would be lost, unless, indeed, we admit some such incongruity as a sensitive glove or an ena-

moured lap-dog."

Imma smiled, thinking Buondelmonte very wise. Mosca felt angry at this depreciation of his good taste; but he dissembled, and said in a cheerful tone, "Well, Messer Giovanni, while you question the good taste of such gallants, admit, at least, their good sense in wishing for transformation into objects whose insensibility would save them from the dangerous effects of too much beauty," and he bowed to Imma.

Amidea guessed by Buondelmonte's countenance that he was about to make some ungracious reply, at which she was surprised, for she had never seen him in such a mood before; and she hast-

ened to speak in order to prevent him.

"I wish the Glee-singers would let us hear their sweet voices to-night," said she. It was the first thing that occurred to her.

"Will my sweet voice satisfy you instead?" said Buondel-

monte, turning to her quickly.

"Oh, certainly," said Amidea, smiling, for she thought he

spoke jestingly.

But Buondelmonte was in a flutter of spirits between love, jealousy, and a desire to interrupt Mosca, and perhaps to come prominently forward himself; and the draughts of Aleatico to which he had applied, instead of composing, had added to his excitement; so that he was ready to quarrel, laugh, dance, sing—anything that the occasion might suggest.

"Yes," said he, replying to Amidea's look; "yes, I can be a good glee-man on occasion, as you shall hear. I will not give you a political ballad or a love-ditty, but a jolly old song, just fit

for the festive board."

And with a rich harmonious voice, he trolled forth the following rhymes in old monkish Latin:—

DRINKING SONG.*

Sumus hic sedentes,
Sicut conferentes,
In omnibus gaudentes,
Nullum offendentes,
Sed læti, faceti concinentes.

"Why, this is Latin," whispered Mosca to Uberti Stiatta and

IMITATION.

In jovial convocation
We meet for compotation;
Through all our sport's duration
We'll give no man vexation,

But sing and quaff, and blithely laugh, in harmless jubilation.

April, 1845.—VOL. XLII.—NO. CLXVIII.

Oderigo Fifanti. "The papal partisan wants to show off his papal learning."

Buondelmonte continued :-

Hospitem laudemus,
Sibi decantemus,
Tunc iterum potemus:
Secundum convivemus,
Honesti, modesti convivemus.

Ergo infundatur;
Si cor jucundatur,
Tristitia fugatur,
Plausus renovatur,
Et læte, facete consummatur.

"But this sounds very heathen," remarked Oderigo Fifanti.

"Heathen!" cried Buondelmonte—"far from it. The last verse contains an invocation to our Lady;" and he resumed:—

Virgo generosa,
Dea speciosa,
Præ ceteris formosa,
Paradisi Rosa,
Sit genti bibenti gratiosa.

Buondelmonte sang well and with spirit, and his mellow tones and musical skill added to Imma's predilection; an effect which, perhaps, he intended to produce, as much from a desire of rivalry with Mosca as from any other feeling. Imma, unable to disguise her admiration, observed in a low voice to Amidea,

"The Signor Buondelmonte is a very accomplished cavalier, I

believe."

"Yes," said Amidea, proud of her betrothed; "he has had particular advantages. He has learned the seven liberal arts* and the four branches of philosophy. While his elder brother

And now, in courteous phrases,
We'll sing our kind host's praises;
And as his cup each raises,
He looks on happy faces;
Then we'll be very blandly merry, till run over revel's race is.

Fill up! dull care defying—

Glad hearts, who thinks of sighing?
No; song to song replying,
And smile with smile outvieing—

Be gay, be gay, e'en while you may, for time is onward flying.

Virgin, kind and piteous, Lovely and religious, Eden's Rose delicious, Of beauty most auspicious,

Look on us while quaffing thus, and grant thy smiles propitious.

• In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries learning was comprised in the seven liberal arts, divided into two branches, trivium and quadrivium. The first contained grammar, rhetoric, and logic; the second, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music. Afterwards theology, jurisprudence, and physic, were added, and all together were called philosophy, which was divided into four classes, theoretical, practical, mechanical, and logical.

lived, he was intended for the church, and would have been a cardinal; but, by his brother's death, he has become head of the Buondelmonti, and his destiny is changed."

"He would have been an edifying cleric," said Mosca, with an

ill-suppressed sneer. "The church has had a great loss."

"And society a great acquisition," rejoined Amidea, quietly, but very firmly.

And the gentle Imma, whose heart echoed her sentiment,

thanked her with a look for uttering it.

Fortunately, at this juncture the voices of the Glee-singers were heard without under the windows, singing as follows:—

THE GHIBELLINE SONG OF LOYALTY.

Fair as lily's silken fold,
Pure as thrice-refined gold;
Bright as choicest diamond's ray,
Warm as noon of summer day;
True as blade of temper'd steel,
Faithful as unbroken seal—
Honour, blessing, praise to thee,
Heroic virtue, Loyalty!

'Tis a star of honour bright
Fitting to bedeck a knight;
Yet to men of low degree
Giving true nobility.
'Tis a sword for battle strife;
'Tis a staff for peaceful life;
A guiding light o'er wildest sea,
A beacon true is loyalty.

Let the priest in holy fanc
Preach its virtues not in vain;
Let the mother good and mild
Teach it to her duteous child;
Let the minstrel blend its praise
Proudly 'mid his sweetest lays.
Oh! happy! when mankind agree
To laud and honour loyalty.

The voices of the Glee-singers met, as usual, with the applause of both Guelphs and Ghibellines; but the latter alone loudly

commended the sentiments of the song.

The widow Donati, desirous of prolonging for her guests the pleasure of listening to the melodious strains, sent a domestic with liberal offers to the Glee-singers, and a request for more music; stipulating, however, that they would abstain from political allusions.

The domestic returned, and informed his mistress that the strangers consented to sing, but declined to enter the palace or to accept of anything but some bread and fruits. He added that the bass-singer inquired if there were any female in the Palazzo Donati who was not a native of Florence.

The windows were now opened, that the minstrels might be heard to more advantage. They soon began to try their voices in an air in which Valdo seemed to be prompting or instructing the others; and when they commenced the song, he still appeared to bear the principal part, and to sing with peculiar emphasis; while the exquisitely harmonious voice of Antonio sounded even more pathetic than ever.

THE INVOCATION.

If light unthinking heart be thine,
From due reflection free—
If love, or hope, or pleasures shine,
Too gay, too dazzlingly;
"Twere vain to bid thee these resign
And say, return to me.

But if, awaking from thy dream,
Thou lose its brilliancy;
If sorrow chace thy pageant's gleam
And spread its clouds o'er thee,
Repentant quit life's troubled stream,
And oh! return to me.

Return! my chosen solitude

Has yet a bower for thee,

Where griefs and fears that now intrude

At thy approach shall flee.

No bitter thoughts shall be renew'd—

Then oh! return to me.

And we will live in nature's light—
None else so fair can be;
The sun by day, the stars by night
Our only pageantry.
The past forgiven and veil'd from sight—
Return! return to me!

Oh! wouldst thou know what blessings wait
On hearts retriev'd and free—
Like rest, when after toss'd by fate
O'er many a stormy sea,—
This wouldst thou know—oh! ere too late,
Return! return to me!

The hearers at once conjectured that this song alluded to the unknown object of Valdo's solicitude, who appeared to be some faithless yet beloved fair one. But the expression of their opinions was interrupted by the voice of Brunetto, the tenor-singer, who took the principal part in the following song; his comrades only joining in a slight accompaniment.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell the blithe and careless heart
I own'd ere while, when youth was sweet;
Farewell the joys I've seen depart
Like April's sunbeams—bright yet fleet.

Farewell the airy fabric rais'd
By sportive Hope's delightful sway;
Alas! it faded while I gaze,
Like mists before the orb of day.

Farewell to these—but not to thee,

For whom my bosom learn'd to glow;

Thy soothing image still shall be

My own, through scenes of weal or woe.

Let fate frown on! while yet these eyes

Can read the page of memory,

And see thy fancied form arise,

There can be no farewell to thee!

Brunetto sang this song with expression and emphasis, as if it were a heartfelt address to some real person, and a fictitious lay borrowed from a legend. There was something in it that sensibly affected Amidea. She thought it was just what Florestan would have composed and addressed to her memory in absence were he still living. And then her mind rapidly constructed a sort of romance, in which she made the Glee-singer to have been a comrade of Florestan's and to have learned the song from overhearing him singing it. Then came a blighting recollection that her separation from Florestan was occasioned by his sacrilegious love for another. Then she remembered his solemn declaration of innocence, and became perturbed. She determined, however, on the next opportunity, to question the Glee-singers, and try to learn if they had ever known Florestan.

Hitherto Padre Severino had prevented her from fulfilling this formerly conceived wish; but she now resolved upon carrying it into effect, for the sake, as she persuaded herself, of her future

While her thoughts ran thus, the Glee-singers departed, and the guests of La Donati soon rose to follow their example. Buondelmonte advanced to Imma to utter his good night, and, taking a hasty opportunity while he was sheltered from all observation but hers by a leave-taking group, he caught up Imma's cup of iced water, and whispering drank "To the most beautiful," with a look she could not misunderstand. Then setting down the cup, he murmured to her the Italian gallantry—"La vostra bocca, sana quel che tocca,"* pressed her hand and was gone. And Imma hastily retired to her own room to think of Buondelmonte, his accomplishments, his evident interest in herself, and to banish as a disagrecable remembrance the thought that he must soon be the husband of another.

[·] Your lip blesses what it touches.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;1

OR.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOMETHING ABOUT WANDERING IN LONDON, AS WELL AS WANDERERS.

RICHARD BIDDULPH walked and walked through the streets of London, just as though he had been sent into the world for the especial purpose of staring at the exterior of the houses, as well as trying to penetrate the mysteries, or secrets, or skeletons, which were hid within them; for as sure and certain as he did-or as you do, dear reader-look upon a house, so was there, aye, so is there, some veiled obscurity, some coffined secret, some gigantic shadow, wrapping itself, and hiding itself from the eye of the world-and as his stomach was not over-full, having fasted nineteen hours, he was alive to reflection. The boy's mind, too, was perfectly disengaged, so that it had time to ponder over these matters as he went along; and it really appeared as if it could pierce through the bricks and mortar of immensely large mansions, as well as the stone in front of antique palaces, and behold amidst the services of silver, and the cups of gold, the over rich venison and currant jelly, with the wines and velvets, which are peculiar to the aristocracy; a number of yellow-faced, sickly, sore-eyed, poverty-stricken, determinedlooking imps, in the shape of beggars, as well as other poor people who do not beg, which diabolical creatures kept poking their thin hands through the dresses of elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen-kings, queens, and emperors-duchesses, lady mayoress's, and aldermenbaronets, bishop's lady's, and retired cheese-mongers—born aristocrats, raised plebeians, and patrons or charitable foundations. Yes, glancing their wafery paws through coats and waistcoats, soft dresses, and bony stays, and catching hold of, and pinching, and torturing hearts no larger than marbles, and nearly as chalky. Still these imps of poor people-men, women, and children-did manage to catch hold of the mere outside of the heart of the rich, and did manage to twinge it when sumptuous boards invited pallid appetites to partake of the dainties of the land, as well as of the mighty waters. Now, Richard Biddulph managed in some way or other, to see with his mind all this, as he walked along through London, and he could not; well then, I cannot help applying a force to this chapter, by stating, that the skeleton, the secret misery, the never-dropping tear, the continuous pinching, which infests and darkens the aristocrat's board and bed, arises from the fact of his seeing the misery of his fellow-creatures in

¹ Continued from page 220, vol. XLI.

the streets as well as in the fields, and not applying himself or herself to an effectual remedy, and

This is the reason why the Rich are not happy.

Let them be assured, however, that if, like the old bone, they search out practical remedies for the disorders of poor people, and try all in their power to benefit those whom hard fate, or circumstances, or misfortunes has rendered woebegone and reckless of the opinion of society, then, and not till then, will they begin to relish the delicacies of charity, which really giveth-so the old bone tells me-that joy, that peace, that purity of mind, which actually passeth all understanding. then they must benefit by stealth, because half the battle lies in that; and, oh! when they leave the opera-for they need'nt give up the opera-when they leave the opera, upon a cold, cheerless, penetrating night, they will say one to another-a duchess to a marchioness-a duke to a lord chief baron-a man to a man-and a young lady to a young lady-" Bless me, Johanna, or Ambrose, or Lord Chief Baron, though the night's cold, I feel so warm and comfortable all about the heart, and underneath the cranium, that I would'nt be cold again for the sake of Lablach; no, nor for the ten toes and slippers of Cerito put into the scale with him. For depend upon it-but stay !- that's enough of the parson. Let's look in the peepshow, and behold

"Old London thirty years ago, at night."

Well then, there were the old watchmen, who were in fact old watchmen-that is, if age, infirmities, and wheezynesses could make them so-and their thin skeletons were wrapped up and up and up, aye, and up again, after that in every variety of manufactured fustian, so that it was cheap, thick, and fiery. They abounded all through London, did these withered old men, and sprung up, and were seen most of, when the morning's light put out their antiquated lanterns, so that they may be said to be like mushrooms, only they had'n't quite so much head as that luxurious appendage to a steak, nor were they quite so strong either. Oh, they were singularly funny chaps in more respects than one; but what made them particularly funny, was about three quarterns and a half of Thompson and Fearon's old tom, which they never took unless they were invited to do so, which generally kept tally-and pretty accurately too-with the robberies and murders which happened throughout old London. After the old watchmen came, the old lamps, which were round globular chaps, having a great lump of glass hanging from them, a kind of iron crown upon their heads, and a small twinkling atom of light in the middle of their bodies, which kept trying and trying-feebly it must be owned, like the old watchmen-to get higher and higher in the estimation of the world. And there they were one after another in the aged streets, vieing with each other in attaining-like poets-a suppressed brilliancy, or a hidden, mysterious, and syncretic light. And sure enough the atoms of electricity which flew out through the thick glass of these antiquated lamps, fell upon all manner of curious objects in the shape of old London stones, which were scattered in the middle highway, as well as upon some of a larger diameter sleeping by their

sides, which formed the old pavement. To be sure these latter stones were aroused now and then by a few poor personages walking or strolling, or loitering upon their surfaces; and really the little light which was in the centre of the lamps, threw itself down upon their haggard countenances, as much as to say, "Poor souls, what a pity it is you are out at this hour of the night, and hav'n't homes to go to, or friends to make your dim eyes sparkle with very gladness; but never mind worthy people, I'll do all I can for you, to be sure I can't do much, but what I can do I will cheerfully, so here goes again." It appeared to ruminate as it stretched out its neck as high as it could go, which was not very high certainly, and then it fell again into its usual dull, melancholy, and undignified dimness. Well then the poor devils passed lamp after lamp, as well as watchman after watchman, without deriving much benefit from either, when they began to think of hopes which had been blighted, and stupid expectations which had tortured their withered hearts; then they dreamt, mind-without closing their eyelids-they dreamt they saw great lumps of cooked beef, and smiling mountains of bread dangling and twisting at each corner of the street, which vanished like unto the dagger of Macbeth, when they were about to clutch them. Poor old devils in the shape of fathers and mothers of beloved children-young devils in the shape of lads from the country, who clung to the metropolis as though it were the heart of plentyyounger sons with rich antique blood rattling through their bodies at the idea of the law of primogenitive-cradled authors of perpetual motions, poems, pictures, and works of imagination-sour-faced boys, girls, men and women just released from tread-mills and jails-industriously disposed creatures who wanted, and wished, and longed for work as a means of eating the baked flour of independence. Aye, all manner of poor devils wandered along the quiet streets of old London, thinking and proposing schemes as they went along. Some of them looked at the large houses and saw solitary lights peeping down upon them from out of their top windows, which made them dream about the happiness in the persons of glad angels who were there playing about the room, and illuminating the fancy of those who occupied the bed within it. Some of these wanderers heard boisterously drunken voices issue out of first floor casements, blended with uproariously jovial choruses about a certain dignified king, whose name was Cole, whose soul they said was a merry one, and who called for his fiddlers, as well as his trumpeters, by the three. Some of these half-famished and half-idiotic rascals, as they went along, got out of the way of fine old, as well as young, English gentlemen, who gloried in shouting as loud as they were able for a kind of personage, by the title of-Neddy to gee up and gee wo; and some wandered along the old streets without paying the slightest attention to any thing save their own gigantic sorrows, which made the blood about their hearts curdle and thicken, so that they were apparently callous—perfectly callous—to the joviality or spreeishness which was to be met with here and there, in the antiquated streets of old Now amidst all this dreariness and weariness, and wretchedness and loneliness, at least, as far as regarded the poor devils before alluded to, there were one or two, aye, exquisitely brilliant atoms of light dodging the weary people about, and watching them very narrowly; and as it is not found necessary to bring too many before the reader at once, lest he should fancy himself in the land of gas-lights and policemen, one of those atoms must stand for and represent his fellows. Well then, sure enough the old bone, yes the plain uncut and unpolished diamond, Mr. Howard, toddled along the comparatively quiet streets, as though he were searching out some darling object. He was accompanied by the young man before alluded to, whose tattered garments were hid beneath a coarse great coat, although his feelings did not appear to be wrapped beneath it, for he tried to soothe the aged man's petulence by the kindest words he could coin, and made him lean upon his arm as they went along together; and as they did go along the old bone kept looking and looking out for the boy who had so recently been expelled from the illustrious foundation. "Ah!" sighed the old man, "he does'nt know how I wish to find him; do you think he does, young man?"

"Oh, no, sir, that I am sure he, and-and-"

"But where is he now? What will become of him? He'll get into vile company. Come, look sharp, young man, do you see him?"

" Not yet, sir, but we shall, I know we shall, presently."

"Do, young man, do find him for me," the old bone continued, as they looked up narrow passages, as well as upon the stones which formed the steps to noble mansions. Then the young man crossed the road rapidly, and flew away up a long street without meeting Richard Biddulph, so that when he got back again he found the truly great man in conversation with poor houseless individuals, who found in him a willing listener, aye, and something beyond a listener too, for he told some of them to meet him at one place, and some at another, so that he might receive pleasure in ministering to their afflictions, and in alleviating the sufferings of these houseless as well as friendless wanderers; as to how many smiles were created during that night, and as to how many tears were distilled—tears of inexpressible joy resulting from the old bone's sympathy-must remain a secret until the day of judgment, when those smiles and those tears shall come into life again as witnesses of genuine uncontaminated and unadulterated charity, and good will towards all men and women too, for the matter of that. Still when the young man returned over and over again without any tidings of the boy they were in search of, the aged man appeared to pinch his thin lips together as though he were really disappointed, and in good truth he was dreadfully so, for it must be confessed that it was Richard Biddulph's expulsion, which made him wander ahout the streets of London during the hours of the night. But no! no! no! the outcast from the scholastic charity was not to be found just then, for he wandered on, on, on, with the evidence of his disgrace as well as the disgrace of the system marked in large gashes upon his back, and not happening to meet with any particular adventures, it is better to place him upon the top of another chapter. Dear reader, pray go with him.

off the feathers from the tyrant-rown, cost, and on on a warm her to

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT'S RATHER STRANGE—I KNOW IT IS—BUT RICHARD BIDDULPH DID GO TO SLEEP IN THE LEATHER MARKET.

WHAT made the boy walk, and walk, and walk along the streets of London for thirty eight long hours without wishing to put his head upon a door-step, is difficult to render, unless he was-and really he was-like every one of us when suffering under some enormous sorrow. -quite out of the land of ordinary impulses—when there is a gloom, a mist, a very thick fog around and about us, so that we only see the gloom the mist, or the very thick fog, and nothing else whatsoever, be it as full of hope as a rainbow, or as hopeful as one of Murillo's children. So it was with Richard Biddulph, as he went along street after streetthrough the day time or night time, it was all the same to him; and as to feeling sleepy, it appeared to be entirely out of the picture. West end, east end, and then the city itself-the old dingy old London Bridge city-from one to the other, walking, and walking along like a young lady who waltzes right away at the rate of twelve knots an hour from a certain corner, and then waltzes back again; although there was a singular difference, in every way, between the young lady, or any young ladies who dance, and the wretched, miserable forlorn child of nobody. After walking about for a long time, however, the boy stopped, as if mechanically, at a dark kind of short street, which led to the old London Leather Market, when he as mechanically passed through the street, and laid his weary limbs, - for his limbs were weary then, - and laid his weary limbs upon the top of a pile of bullocks hides, which were placed there for the next day's market. He had been about London all the night, so that it is not at all wonderful that he should very soon have droped off into, and laid his careworn head upon the soft bosom of mistress sleep. Yes, he slept, if seeing—and dreaming is really a singularly perfect imitator of actual life-yes, he slept, if seeing lions, tigers, and hosts of cats can be called sleep-who came closer, and closer, biting and scratching, and rubbing their red whiskers against From association, he dreamt that every skin around his very eyes. him was endowed, all of a sudden, with renewed animation, so that they might bellow with their awful long voices, and poke him with their He dreamt a multitude of dreams about old men, who shook him from their bony fingers; of kind spirits—his mother might have been one of them—who came down from heaven to dress the sores upon his back. Oh! he slept that sleep with strange medly bedfellows! But there was one who came into the front of all, who, being dressed like a Christian clergyman, held within his muscular hand a large rod, which he held up, threateningly, to little defenceless children, and said "I will, that I will;" when the boy thought he saw a resolute fellow step forth from the crowd of scholars, and rise, by minute degrees, larger and larger, until he became as tall and as masculine as the master himself; when, grappling the accursed rod from his hand, he stripped off the feathers from the tyrant—gown, coat, and so on; when he, in

his turn, flogged, and flogged, and flogged the bully until he cried out for mercy. Then, and not till then, the world cried bravo, bravo! and God, the all merciful dispenser of real medicines for the sick, did not send a thunderbolt to destroy the punisher. Richard Biddulph dreamt such dreams as these, and woke every now and then as though he did not derive much benefit from sleeping; although, to tell the honest

truth, it pleased him to dream such dreams as the last.

As the day went on porters and carters began to arrive at the market; then came primly-dressed clerks, who were followed by their masters; when the last were again followed by their customers, such as curriers and leather-dressers; and soon the dull heavy kind of business was in full operation. Buyers from all parts of London, as well as many parts of the country, surrounded large heaps of skins, which they pulled about and pinched, and pinched and pulled about, over and over again; when they asked questions of salesmen, whilst they wiped their greasy fingers; and, all the time, clerks stood by, ready, upon the instant to There was the slow man, who, previous to buying, make an entry. always haggled, and invariably got an abatement off the price originally asked for the article; and there was the fast man, who made up his mind in an instant, being well aware, that as he was known as a fast man, he was never asked more than the market value; thus the slow man was not surer than the fast man, although he thought himself so. Well, heaps and heaps and heaps of leather were disposed of, over and over again, according to the rise or fall of its market value; and the very pile of leather into which Richard Biddulph had crept, went up and down with the rest, out of one person's hands into another, and so on ad infinitum. Still he slept-if such a dreamy state can be called sleep-on, on, on, on; and he might have continued to do so for ever so long a time if he had liked, for these leather chaps were the kindest-hearted fellows imaginable, although they were dressed in greasy clothes, and had offensive-looking expressions. They saw the boy when they came to their work in the morning, did these pullers about of leather, and as he was sleeping there, there they allowed him to sleep throughout the day without disturbing him in any kind of way whatsoever; nay, one of these strange looking animals actually lifted up the boy's head, and put a roll of soft leather under it, so that it might act as a pillow; whilst another covered up his body with another skin. Now if the pile of leather upon which he slept had been sold outright, to be delivered at the buyer's shop, or warehouse, or curing ground, then, undoubtedly, Richard must have been lifted from it on to another; but as that did not happen to be the case he slept on without any kind of interruption, turning and twisting about like a restless boy, as unfortunately he was.

Business, with its thousand and two interests, all clashing against one another, went on about the same as usual, whilst the boy slept; and ships' hulls, with large wings to them, made their appearance, came flying upon the bosom of the ocean into large basins, as well as into snug docks; merchants, ship-owners, and bankers, transacted their varied businesses, and went home in their carriages; whilst some puzzled their brains over large ledgers, and atlas-looking journals, and found themselves short of the principal originally invested; others

rattled off to the theatre, or the gaming table, at the west-end; chain shook against chain, link against link, fetter against fetter, in stern, angry-looking prisons, and monthly nurses kissed little children upon their entrance into the world—still Richard Biddulph slept on throughout the morning and the middle of the day; when, towards night, as the darkness came, and occupied the same place which had been tenanted by the light of the sun, he was awakened from his restless sleep by an old watchman, who was told all about the boy when he came upon duty, and who shook and shook him again and again.

"I say, you sir, d'ye hear? why what's the matter with 'e, eh?" said the aged man, when he saw, by the light of his lantern, the terrified face of the youngster as he sprang upon his feet, being quite surprised at the shaking. "Why, what's the matter with 'e, eh?"

"Oh! nothing, sir."

"Oh, ain't there tho'! but I say there is."

"No, sir, there's nothing the matter with me," cried the boy.

"But I say there is," continued the watchman, "so come along with me, will 'e?" he said, gruffly as he took hold of the boy's arm and dragged him along after him, as though he had been a feather, out of the market into the street, when he paused, took breath, and then went on further, until he made a full stop at a little shabby-looking house, which was very dirty on the outside, although it might have been exceedingly clean within. "Come along, will 'e, eh?" the muffled up old man continued. "Oh, you won't! won't you, eh?" he repeated, as he took the boy in his arms and entered into the door of the little house, which had a dirty kind of shop front to it, and planted his charge, whether he would or would not, on one side of a dirty table, with old dog's-eared newspapers upon it, at the same time crying out, in a husky, stifled voice, "Missis, bring me two cups of coffee, will 'e, eh? and two loaves, and two butters, will 'e, eh?" he continued, after a slight pause, which were immediately set before them by a dirty little boy, dressed in a dirty pinafore, when they both set to with amazingly sharp appetites-more especially our hero, for he was shivering with a chronic cold, which he had caught whilst sleeping amongst the skins, which made him enjoy the hot, smoking hot coffee, as well as the warm conduct of the old watchman. When they had done, the veteran looked at the boy and said,

"Why don't 'e go home youngster, eh?"
"Because I hav'nt got a home to go to, sir."

"No home, eh? why you surprise me—no home? Why, where does your father live, eh?"

"I have no father, sir."

"Where does your mother live then, eh?"

"She's dead too."

"Hah, you don't say so, youngster! but an't ye got no friends' ch?"
"No. sir." replied the boy after a long reverie. "no. sir. not one

"No, sir," replied the boy, after a long reverie, "no, sir, not one friend in the wide world, save you, sir," he sobbed out energetically.

"Oh, puff, gammon, eh? But I must be off, so you had better stop in the market for the night, eh? and when the morning comes we'll see what we can do together, eh?" he concluded, as he took hold of the boy's arm just as though he had him in custody, and went back to his quiet beat, in order that he might do his duty.

When they got to the Leather Market the watchman put several skins over the poor boy, so that he might be warm and comfortable; and, after going his rounds over and over again, he sat himself down beside him; when, becoming more and more communicative, he lulled the quiet hours of the night away by relating a portion of his adventures, which may not be uninteresting to the general reader; although he informed our hero that he would not have his secret divulged to those who gave him the appointment-no, not for one half of the huniverse. But as it may occupy a few paragraphs, perhaps the better way is to allow the old watchman nearly the whole of one chapter, which is nothing more than treating him with the respect he so justly deserves; and, lest we should go to sleep, it is best to imitate the example of Richard Biddulph, in fancying, that as rare chaps are not to be met with every day-more especially upon Sunday-we ought to listen to his story as though it were all true; and really, personally, I cannot believe to the contrary; so hop, step, and jump into the old watchman's great secret.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE OLD WATCHMAN TELLS OUR HERO THE GREAT SECRET—HOW HE PUZZLED THE RATS.

" Har you awake youngster, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well then, here goes. You must know, first of all, that I've been night watchman this nineteen year, cum the twenty-first of next December; but let's see, was it the twenty-first," he continued, in a reverie-" yes, yes, it was the twenty-first. Well nineteen year ain't no short time neither, to ha' sarved in that capacity, considering-which is the fact—that it took five butchers, who was once upon a time in business for 'emselves, with four diseased tallow-chandlers, as well as one decayed tripe shop-keeper, their whole energies, to do the same bisness over seven short years, without giving any kind of satisfaction to the board o' directors. Indeed, I may say, without any fear of contradiction, that it puzzled their hearts out o' their bodies, and made 'em die boney, without enuf meat upon 'em to pay a butcher for killing Har you awake youngster, eh?" said the old watchman, as he put up his lantern to the boy's face, and found him listening with all his eyes and with all his nose as well, if it may be so stated, when he continued-"Well you'll ask, and nattrally enuf too, what it was as killed all these individuals, as well as made 'em gi up their situashons? Why I'll tell 'e, and in a few words-It was the rats, and nothing but 'em, although something was said about a doctor a killing of won, boiled tea another, drops o' gin a third, as well as the rest dying nattral, but that ain't o' no account at all, for I knows it from all their hindividual wives that it was the rats as did it. Lord bless ye' youngster, when I come into this situashon, this place was a reglar kind of market for rats for miles round, and they come, and they come, and they come

to market, but never thought o' paying the salesman, which o' course would'nt do at no price, so I had my orders to try and puzzle 'em; but dang it them rats are such sharp clever kind o' chaps, with sich bright eyes, and sich hintelectule faces, that I really thought as how they'd a puzzled me as they had done the ten watchmen before Well first of all I set on foot a enquiry as to what had been done afore I took the office, and found that tricks had been play'd upon the hanimals without number, which had no effect whatsomdever; for the varmin increased and increased to sich a extent, that they become quite unmanageable and perfectly impedent, that they did. One o' the men as had my place, got lots o' traps, and put pounds and pounds of toasted cheese into 'em, but no the rats warn't to be tempted, for it seems as how they liked leather better, so that move would'nt do. Another chap bought hundred weights of pizon, more than enuf to make a whole harmy of sodgers cock up their toes, and strewed it about all over the market, but he might jest as soon have kept the money in his watchpocket, for the rats actually come and eat it up right afore his face, and kept winking and blinking all the time, as much as to say, 'thankee old feller, for a downright treat,' which jest did get his stomac up, and made him throw his lantern at the divils; but no, they warn't to be done up quite so easily, so they took and eat up every thing that was palatable about the lantern, and left him nothing but the skeleton. Well, another chap procured a barge full o' broken bottles, which he placed all round and about their door-ways, thinking as how that would just puzzle the vagrants; but no, up they comes, whole hosts of 'em out of great bits of wood, as well as from drains and water spouts, down pillars, posts, and the sides of houses, in short, youngster, they come from out on his own waistcoat pocket, which made him give up the sitiation. Then another feller—he was a cruel feller, he was—tied six on 'em together by the tails, and after toasting on 'em alive, put 'em about as a warning to tothers; but the living took no notice of that circumstance further, than pitching into their dying brethren, and looking up into the man's face, as much as to say, 'thank 'e for cooking on' 'em.' Then there were cats placed by the dozen, but they would'nt stop, cos the rats was too much for 'em, and as to the dogs, they thought nothing of biting little holes into their flesh, and sending 'em from the market nearly mad; for ye must know that rats as live upon leather, is more fiercer than cheese or tallow rats, and would puzzle more than a kitten to kill 'em. But how har ye youngster, eh? Are ye sleepy?"

"Oh no, sir, not at all sir."

"Well o' course this continued hexertion and anxiety and all to no purpurt, naturally brought on lowness of spirits, and yellowness, and thinness on the part of the watchmen, whilst the divilish rats got fatter and fiercer, and more and more bolder, so as when I come to the bisness, they actilly come and stared full in my face, as though they would a' said, 'Hilloh old un, and who the devil are you, hay?' which o'corse put me on the tip o' my toes, or rather, I shud say, upon my mettal; so I got a short pipe arter I had come from the coffee shop, and I sets down to hinwestigate the subject, and to go into the wery root of the henquiry as to how the warmint that then cocked their tails up at me whilst they was a gorging o' the leather, was to be puzzled

away right entirely out o' the market. Well, arter blowing away full three pennorths o' tobaccy—yes full three pennorth—I come all at once into the marrow o' the secret, which I'll tell ye youngster, upon won condition."

"Name it," said the boy, earnestly, who began to take an interest

in the old watchman's history.

"Why, that you won't diwulge it to the board o' directors, will ye, eh?"

"No sir, that I won't."

"Well then, o' course I tried pepper, but that war'nt no go whatever, and mustard, but that only appeared to give the leather a extra relish, the body of a diseased alderman, but that did'nt puzzle 'em. Then I got the phizog of a hoverseer, but they warnt taken with shaken fits when they see him; the face of a saint, but that did'nt conwart 'em; the tongue of a exceeding old counseller, but that did'nt bother 'em. Then I got a stained rod, a red cat-o'nine-tails, a bow string, and a gallows, and put 'em up in the centre o' the building, but the devils war'nt to be shook by any thing at all uman, which I was a little puzzled at myself, that I can hinform ye; at last I heerd-never mind how I heerd-of a young man as was a practizing at the bar, and was a rising up to be a politishun, what had got some plan in his head for a doing away with all the poor people out o' the country, and o' bilding large prisons for sich as remained arter the warning. Well, this chap was what ye may call the poor man's sign-post to appiness, and was beloved in consequence. He ust to attend debating places in them days, when he ust to get upon his legs, and after twinging about his nose towards all the pints in the compass, he ust to say-

"'Mister President, and Gentlemen,—People as said a rale deal about the poor, and the sick, and the alt, and the distressed, but I says its all flumbango; for only let me have the power, and I'll teach the poor to be poor, that I can tell ye. Why,' the sarpint continued, 'I'd turn hall the workhouses into prissins in a brace of spikes; and I'd make sich as wanted to go in 'em cust unhappy, you may depend on't. Why the husband that was poor should be in won place, and the wife should be in another, and the child—never mind if it had'nt milk for luncheon—should cry in quite a different cell, I can tell ye; and there should be sich a squeak, and sich a number o' grunts, and sich pailsfull o' tears, until the ole o' the sirplice popilation should'nt fill a ten fut

grave; that I can assure ye.'

"Well, the President ust to look at the Secretary, and ust to think the chap a rum un, so somehow I heard on him as well as his hargiments, so I goes up and gets a quart bottle full o' his breath, which I told him was just for the sake of curosity, and I takes it back with me to this ere market. Well ye must know youngster that it war'nt all breath neether, becos there was a little conshense mixed up with it, which made it the more dearer or valiable for the hexperiment, as ye will jest see prisintly. Well, as I telled ye afore, I brought the bottle and stands it in the hidenticle centre o' this here market, with the cork fixed in tight so as to keep in the rarity, upon which I takes my place behind one o' the pillers so as to watch the heffect of the hole. In course the devils war'nt long afore they made their appearance, and in

course they began to tooth and to grind the leather, when all of a sudden, one on 'em gives a kind of a squeak so as to call their attention and sure enuf they all marches up, and takes their position around the bottle, which they smells and sniffs at with all their whiskers. One on 'em begins a biting at the cork, upon which he falls down dead; another goes a hateth of a inch farther, and in course he gives up the bucket; a third tries, and follows his hexample. Well, by this time the breath had begun to vaporate like, which did'nt surprize the varmin a little I can tell ye; for himmedately they got a scent of that ere, they all become quite ghast all of a sudden, they threw back their years, they cuddled up their tails between their hind legs, they did, and sit up sich a howl as I never heerd afore that I can tell ye. Some on 'em run one way, some on 'em run another-down the drains, up the sides o' the houses; helter, skelter, any way, or no way, it was all the same to the rats. Oh, how I cried with joy at a seeing of it, as you may hinwestigate, becos as how it was the conshense o' the friend o' the poor as had driven the varmint out o' the market, and puzzled 'em entirely. Mind yer tho'," said the old man, solemly, "tho' they aint been here since, they may come if I do away with the vartue; but I won't, I can tell ye, so long as I'm night watchman to this ere leather market; no I won't part with that ere bottle, nor that there conshense neether. But I say, youngster, are you sleepy, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, I am, rather.'

"Then I'll walk round the market, eh? But mind you don't dream

of the rats, youngster, eh?"

"Never fear, Sir," replied the boy, as the old watchman took up his lantern, and went on his solitary rounds, over and over again, in deep contemplation; for he was a man well fitted for philosophical investigation; and when, after many rounds, he stopped at the place where the boy had listened to his story, he found the leather as he had left it,

but Richard Biddulph was gone; upon which he exclaimed,

"Well, dash me, if that an't strange, eh? yes, it is jest uncommon perplexing, ain't it? Well, never mind, I does get a chap nows and thens to cheer my old heart up, in the person of a sick hartist, or a lean orthor; but dang me if that youngster didn't beat 'em entirely; for he listened with his finger-nails, as well as his eyebrows, to what I call my number-wun hinwenshun; and after hall, it's better to 'sociate with human cristins—much better—than with nasty stinking, upstart, blinking, winking, himperant rats, vot heats up all the leather they can see, and never by any chance thinks of paying for it, no, not even the

catcher, for catching o' 'em, the varmin."

Such was the old watchman's revelation, although it must be stated that he did not incline particularly to truth; for like poets, he allowed his imagination to get the better of his reason; but then his only object was this—and other watchman might follow his example advantageously: all the other watchmen before him had been surly and morose kind of chaps who took pride in warning all strangers out of the market, whereas, this old watchman rather encouraged poor people to sleep upon the soft leather within it, and told them strange stories to wile away the time; so that the rats were actually frightened away when they found human beings, as well as human voices, had taken possession of their long-inhabited sanctuary.

Richard Biddulph cast one glance at the worthy old watchman, as he went out of the market, and said "God bless you, Sir," when he was again out in the streets of London. Reader! perhaps the boy may be found in the next chapter, and perhaps he may not; so that it is necessary to look well after him, being assured, that wherever he goes, you are sure to go after him, as you are a kind of fetter—a light one certainly—everlastingly clinging to him; so that if he gets into a prison, you must follow him; aye, even into the silent tomb.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WAGGONER'S BOY.

Fortunately for Miss Susan Stiff, the parish officers took compassion upon her forlorn and deserted condition, by appointing her to the office of workhouse matron, where she removed to very shortly after the marriage of her sister, and took charge of all those unfortunates who were within its walls, as well as the rushlights and other kind of thin articles designed for the use of the poor. Miss Susan was thin; moreover, Miss Stiff was stately, and walked upright, erect; so that she was just the kind of power wanted, in order that the whole machinery of the workhouse might move on in due order and proper decorum. Upon giving up her private establishment, she had her furniture, as well as her donkey, conveyed to her new residence, when she called Mary Stone to her, and addressed her in the following words:

"Now, Mary, I am about to enter upon public duties, as well as charitable ends: I am no longer what I was, but am quite another sort of person; in fact, Mary, my actions will now be inquired into, and I shall not be able to tie my sandal without the whole of this parish knowing it, as well as the workhouse; so you had better go to London in search of a situation."

"To London, Miss?"

"Yes, to London," continued Miss Susan Stiff, "where, I have no doubt, you will get a place of two pounds a year, and only have to work hard for it. Well, do not be surprised at what I say, I mean to give you half a sovereign, to pay your passage by the waggon, and to start you in life."

"What, Miss! ten shillings?" asked Mary.

"Yes, half a sovereign, Mary," replied Miss Susan; and moreover, you may take all the clothes you now have, with the stays Miss Jemima gave you to cut down; but mind, you must go to Mister Death's, when you get to London, Mary, will you?"

"Oh yes, Miss; I'll do anything, Miss."

Such was only a portion of their conversation, which was followed by a place being taken for Mary in one of the waggons which came through the town; and sure enough, when the day came, Miss Stiff was as good as her word, with regard to the half sovereign, &c., and also to the giving full instruction to the waggoner, as to her protection. Mary kissed all the little children living near Miss Stiff's

April, 1845.—vol. XLII. No. CLXVIII.

house-shook hands with many little boys-received a pat on the head from Miss Stiff-a kiss with a bible from the rector-a smile from the donkey-when she mounted into the hind part of the lumbering waggon which got gradually into motion, when object after object seemed lost in the distance, until nothing was seen by the girl but the hedges, the road, and the waggoner's boy, who was lying upon a large bale, fast asleep. He was about sixteen years of age, with large fat rosy cheeks, and a proportionately corpulent body, which told a tale of good living, without many anxieties to bother or annoy him; he appeared to sleep as soundly as though he were in bed, although, in reality, he did not, for, without letting the girl know it, he had seen her when she was lifted up into the waggon, when, seeing that she was not likely to do any mischief to the goods, he closed his eyes again. was a bull-dog kind of chap, in some respects, for he had great courage; but then he was very kind-hearted, which was away from the bull-dog character. Strange kind of people travel in waggons-of a mixed character-both good and bad-who, between them, save the waggon from being attacked by thieves, and destroy the ennui of a long journey. Now it so happened, that the fellow who drove that particular waggon was little better than a brute-beast, for he was entirely without education, or any kind of feeling, save the feeling of driving on, on, on; and he had designed harm to Mary, immediately he saw her; for, to tell the truth, she did look surprisingly pretty, and quite womanly, for a girl of fourteen. Entering the waggon, he went and sat down beside her, telling his boy to get out and drive, which he reluctantly did, when the waggoner began to talk to the girl in a language she did not in the slightest degree understand; and after a short time, he commenced a species of conduct which made her ask in vain for his pity, which was not a part of his constitution. What he might have done to the girl, in her apparently helpless condition, was soon put a stop to by the boy, who felled the fellow to the bottom of the waggon, with an instrument called a scraper, and continued belabouring the brute until he was insensible, when he tied his hands and feet together; and took the girl and placed her on the shafts, when he drove on towards London. It appeared that this was not the first time the boy had punished the waggoner in a similar manner, which had not, unfortunately, much effect in quelling the violence of the fellow's feelings, or of subduing the spirit of evil which was within him. As they went along, the boy walked by the side of the girl, and related some of his adventures, which do not strike ordinary passers by, but which happen every day and every night wherever there are waggons, as well as waggoners' boys to drive them. It appears, from what he stated, that waggons are very difficult to drive, from the immense weight they carry, which forces both waggon and horses before it when going down a hill, even when the drag is on; but should that not be the case, certain destruction must ensue to the horses, from the immense weight which drives them before it.

"Then, again, suppose," said he, "from ten to twenty tons on a waggon, which itself might be more than two, and after the horses have dragged it half way up a steep hill, they begin to tire, when the weight totally overpowers all their efforts, and draws the whole back again to the bottom of the hill. Then, again, we can't stop waggons as they do

coaches, as it takes a time to get 'em into motion again; so we use the scraper, which I used just now, differently, and knock the bolt out whilst the waggon is going on, which is dangerous, as it has proved to

many of us."

"But ah," continued the waggoner's boy, "that scraper's of more use than that, for it protects us from our enemies. Why, I've known a waggoner keep off six men with a scraper and a boy, by using it in the same way as the soldiers use their swords. Why, I was lying down in the waggon one night, when I thought I heard a rat, and, upon opening my eyes, who should I see but a chap a-cutting away the cords which tied a large bale to the back of the waggon, so as it might have dropped into the road and be left behind us, which made my blood boil a bit. What did I do? Why, I catches hold o' the scraper, and gives him such a crack upon the bottom part of the back as made him cry out for mercy, which he did not get at the hands of the waggoner, who cut him about with his whip until he cried out tantivy, I can tell you. Why, if I was to tell you all the things as I've done with the scraper, it would quite surprise you—that it would."

"I'm sure it would," rejoined Mary, as he slapped his whip and said "Gee up!" to his horses. Upon their entrance into the streets of London, the boy loosened the waggoner, who was in a sorry plight, and rather penitent from loss of blood, who, after imploring Mary not to say anything to his master, washed himself and drove through the noisy streets. After labouring along for some time, the waggon stopped at an inn-yard near Saint Paul's Cathedral, which was its destination, when, after being drawn into it, there came forth many men with bars of iron, which they used as easily as an ordinary toothpick in removing large packages, casks with hundreds of gallons within them, and bales the size of small cottages, out of the waggon; whilst Mary stood by, watching their gigantic manœuvres, and wondering where all

their strength came from.

The waggoner's boy then took charge of the girl, and conducted her to the house where he put up in London, and gave sound advice to the landlady as to her conduct towards her—when he went to bed, after advising her to do the same, and he would see about taking her to Mister Death's or anywhere else she wished to go to on the following morning. It is not necessary to state that Mary looked about with her eyes full of astonishment at the large buildings—such as the churches and prisons—which she saw for the first time, as that is quite a matter of course with all persons; neither is it necessary to say that, previous to getting into bed, she knelt at the side of it for full ten minutes, when she got up with a smile upon her countenance, which appeared to say, "I put my trust in a great and a good God, who answers my prayer by lightening my heart;" when she got quietly into bed, where it is better to leave her for the present.

Here, again, there must be a pause for a whole month, which is tantalizing to both author and reader; but, inasmuch as it suits the publisher's plan, there is no help for it. Be it fully understood, however, that neither months, nor years, nor centuries can alter the writer's opinions respecting the system of education adopted at our schools, the

system of torture with the cat-o'-nine-tails acted up to in our army and navy, as well as that barbarous use of the rope enforced on the gallows by the penal code as a means of stopping the progress of crime. The boy at school, the sailor, the soldier, and the criminal, are all alive to the same sentiments, and there is not one pin's head of difference in their minds or hearts. At any rate, they are all—ay, the whole human family—are to be redeemed by kindness, and kindness only; for, depend upon it, punishment of any kind tends to separate man from the sympathies of his fellows, and creates selfishness. But enough; for the present month, my dear companion, adieu.

IRISH BALLAD.

SWEET DUBLIN BAY; OR, THE LOST SHIP.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

He sail'd away in a gallant bark,
Young Roy O'Neil and his bride;
He had risk'd his all in that bounding ark
That danc'd o'er the silver tide.
But his heart was young, and his hope was bright,
And he dash'd the tear away,
As he watch'd the shores recede from sight
Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sail'd, and the storm arose,
And the lightning swept the deep,
And the thunder-crash broke the rude repose
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
Young Roy O'Neil clasp'd his weeping bride,
And he kiss'd her tears away,—
"Oh! love! 'twas a fatal hour," she cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay!"

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
Some stood in their mute despair;
And some more calm, with a holy lip,
Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
"She has struck on the rock!" the seamen cried,
In the breath of their wild dismay;
And the ship went down, and the fair young bride,
That sail'd from sweet Dublin Bay.

THE FORTUNES OF MURWAREE,

A LEGEND OF PERSIA.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO, AUTHOR OF THE "VOYAGE OF LIFE," &c.

T.

THE dark sea is sleeping In midnight repose, And dew-drops are steeping The heart of the rose In tears—not of sorrow, But gladness too deep For smiles—it would borrow Grief's mantle, and weep, As the voice of the bulbul Floats gently along, And the air rests around, full Of sweetness and song. The angel of slumber Hath smiled on the world, And woes without number Their pinions have furl'd In hearts that are dreaming Of joys which are flown, Where gladness is seeming As misery's own. Oh! who, in such moments, Would wish to remain A watcher, to earth bent By memory's chain?

II.

Beside the gulf, on Iran's shore,
A stately palace stood of yore;
But now, the touch of time and woe
Has laid its lofty turrets low:
In ruins lie the princely halls—
Fit emblems of their master's doom—
And timidly and dimly falls
The lamp-light on the shadowing gloom
Which reigns—as it had right—on all,
The fretted roof, and gilded wall,
O'er which the spider's web is cast,
To veil the splendour of the past.

Murwaree sits in silence there-Ali Mahomet's ruined here-In his dark eye, and on his brow, A thousand thoughts are glooming now,-Remembrance of the honoured dead, And bitter wrongs, unmerited: His sire had crossed a tyrant's path— Had sunk beneath a tyrant's wrath, And left Murwaree's youth to feel The iron of oppression's heel: And he had known the countless ills, Whose ice within the bosom chills The hopes of youth, ere youth be past— The shadow o'er the exile cast, To cloud his path, where'er is traced Its course along life's stony waste; So had he borne, from year to year, The heartless jest—the bitter sneer Had loved, been scorned, and felt that fate, Indeed had made him desolate! Misfortune, like Al Araf,* rose, For ever parting him from those Whose lot was happiness; and now, With heavy heart and moody brow, He sat within the ruined home,— Whither his steps had dared to roam,-While feelings wild and madd'ning swept Across his bosom, till he wept Tears—bitter, burning, as alone To manhood's agony are known. He murmured then—the bat awoke, And hovered o'er him as he spoke— "And shall this be for ever? must My head be humbled in the dust, Till Mordad's + dart shall end the strife Of this sad mockery of life? Oh! would that I had power to be All that I dreamed in infancy! Ere desolation's kamsin‡ blast Had o'er our name and dwelling pass'd. Alas! such fortune may be mine, When sunbeams in Al Gandaus shine— When Irêm shall her blossoms lend Unto the peak of Demavend.

I The Simoom.

^{*} Al Araf—the partition dividing Paradise from the abode of the wicked.

† Mordad—an old Persian name for the angel of death.

[§] The Dungeon-a deep valley in the Indian Caucasus, where sunshine never penetrated.

^{||} Near Teheran, always covered with snow.

But would that aught below—above— The things we fear—or things we love— Would break misfortune's iron chain, And give me back mine own again!"

III.

His voice is hushed—a gentle sigh Through the chill dimness floating by, Falls on his ear—he looks around-Whence came that unexpected sound? Say, does he dream? a moment gone, In that drear hall he was alone; But now an old man stands before The casement, on the marble floor, With flowing robe, and snowy beard-Murwaree's soul had never feared, Or earth, or air,—but yet his heart Beat quickly, and with sudden start He rose, when by the old man's side He saw a being that defied The power of words to tell how bright She looked amid the gloom of night; For she was beautiful as thought Can picture, every feature fraught With soul and feeling, high and deep, And love yet in its early sleep-Oh! who might wake it? Whence had come Such vision to his lovely home?

IV.

Murwaree's heart beat high within
His bosom—whence had origin
Emotions which he could not name,
Yet welcome all? Now slowly came
On midnight's ear the old man's tone,
While every sound, a hollow moan
Seemed echoing through the vaulted halls,
And round the dull, dismantled walls—
As though the spirits of the dead
Were wailing round him, as he said—

v.

"Strangers we are—yet rumour's wing Hath born afar the murmuring Of Ali's doom, and Ali's child From station and from home exiled. I know thy wrongs, but list to me, And soon the name of Murwaree

Shall float upon the tide of fame, And power, and place, and honour claim. The heavy load of many days Upon my frame and spirit weighs, And on my cheek I feel the breath Of Azrael chilling me in death; My sons—the haughty and the brave— Have passed before me to the grave; The fairer blossoms of my wreath Have faded, one by one, beneath The frown of winter—all are gone! This single bud is left alone To cheer life's evening, and to weep When Mordad seals mine eyes in sleep. But I have treasures,—such as gleam But rarely on a miser's dream-Red gold, and pearls, and many a gem Well worth a monarch's diadem: These treasures which the world command I give to thee, with Zeinab's hand-Nay, look upon my drooping flower, Wilt shield it in misfortune's hour?"

VI.

Go, weigh the sunbeams! mete the flame
Which on the air of Iran came,
Since when its worship first began
In province of Azarbijan!*
Fathom the waters of the sea!
Then strive to tell what language spoke
The feelings which these words awoke
Within the soul of Murwaree.
But when his voice was still, a sigh
Once more on silence floated by—
'Twas strange! that sound of grief or pain
By Zeinab's lips was breathed again.
When smiled the sun on Oman's mane,
The old man's life had ebb'd away;
But Zeinab wept not on his grave,

Nor sought it with the morning ray, To place fresh flowers in reverence there,

VII.

Moons waned—another name began To move the lips of Isphahan;

Or by it breathe affection's prayer.

^{*} The province of Media—so called from azar, an old word for fire, because, according to Asiatic historians, it was there the adorers of fire first built their temples.

The brave, the rich, the great, the proud, No mists Murwaree's virtues shroud; No longer from his realm exiled, The sovereign on the favoured smiled; And he was courted, honoured, praised, As one whom Allah's will had raised Above earth's failings—could this be The long-neglected Murwaree? Once more his palace soars on high, Outshining stars in Iran's sky: Once more the voice of music falls, Echoing through the marble halls; And flowers within the gardens bloom; And breezes, laden with perfume, Wake in the long-deserted bowers The echoes of his childhood's hours. Yet though by all esteemed a star-A Lockman, and Isfandyar—+ His rays, true as Ildige's ‡ own, On the same spot for ever shone; Still lay his heart at Zeinab's feet, For her alone its pulses beat; For she was loved as few have been, Since first began life's changeful scene-Whate'er his path, hers was the light Which made the flowers around it bright. And yet, whene'er his lips would tell Of rank or honours won, there fell Upon his ear a mournful sigh, As though some grief were lurking nigh. "Oh! wherefore?" she would smile, and then Murwaree could not chide again.

VIII.

Years passed away—Murwaree Khan
Was still the star of Ispahan:
And Zeinab—beautiful as though
No flower had left the world,
Since first, with on her cheek the glow
Of rose-leaves yet unfurled,
She gleamed upon the outcast's sight
The starbeam of his sorrow's night—
Was in her charms' unclouded noon,
The sunshine of his auderûn;
Though sons were round him, brave as seem
The heroes of a poet's dream,—

^{*} A wise and learned man—the model of wit and talent in the East
A hero of Persian romance.

‡ The north star.

And blossoms bloomed by Zeinab's side, To claim alike his love and pride— How happy was Murwaree then, The envy of his fellow men!

IX.

The spirit of revolt began
To stir the leaves of Hamadan,*
And Murwaree was set to crush
The rebels as a broken rush:
In Alwend's deep defiles they sought
To shun their fate—how vain the thought!
He swept o'er them like the simoom,
And whelmed all in one common doom,
Rayat† and khan—their leader sinks
Beneath his arm, his cummar‡ drinks
His life blood—Allah akbar! can
Such be the doom of Mussulman?
His eldest-born, with latest breath,
Hath cursed him in the hour of death!

X.

Hours, days, and months, uncounted pass'd, Murwaree's thought returned at last; His couch is left, yet as a cloud Dark memories his soul enshroud. A band is met to hunt the deer With hawk and djereed, hound and spear, They lure Murwaree in the train— The sport may make him smile again. "Allah kerimder! Allah akbar!" On rolls the tide of mimic war-Through stream and cotall, § dark and deep, By tomb and fortune, on they sweep, And many a victim vainly flies, Struggles awhile, then tamely dies; Murwaree's form at length is seen Leading on, up a wild ravine; The game is nigh—the dart on high Is raised,—alas! his son is by, His eldest now—his hope, his pride, Spurring on quickly at his side, Murwaree wist not then how near! As at the sting of sudden fear Sprung forth the steed which Mourad bore, Murwaree, pause !—Nay, all is o'er!

& A precipitous mountain pass.

The dart hath sped—the deed is done— The father's hand hath slain his son!

XI.

In Mourad's grave, beside him, lies The sister of his heart— Bound by love's adamantine ties, In death they could not part: Yet Zeinab wept not o'er their tomb, Nor lost her cheek its rose-like bloom: Though sorrows, one by one, cloud o'er Her house, and every moment bore Fresh miseries, to deepen yet, The gloom in which its star had set: The brightest rose in Zeinab's bowers. Most beautiful of Persian flowers, Zarleb the lovely, was designed, Murwaree's influence to bind With Zeid's sirdar of Khuzistan; But Zeid was a most prudent man, He said, an evil eye had gloomed Upon the house of Murwaree, But though all were to ruin doomed, He would not share their destiny.

XII.

Such insult must Murwaree brook? Alas! when grief's first anguish pass'd, The bowers of patience he forsook; And prudence from his councils cast, Upbraided Zeid with want of faith, And threatened vengeance, ruin, death. But Zeid hath now the monarch's ear; One whisper, and that word of fear-Magic, from every lip is heard; Murwaree hath the charge incurred. Itis at once with scorn denied-A summons from his king defied; For well he knew 'twere vain to plead Where his destruction was decreed. Outrage on outrage goads him on; His dream of loyalty is gone. Soon 'neath the smiles of Iran's sky Rebellion waved its standard high; And, chieftain of a rebel band, Murwaree stained his father-land With blood and tears. Yet even then He sought some hours of peace again.

The toolsee * bloomed; the shebbu's + sigh Breathed fragrance as it floated by, And planets told night's coming noon— He sat within his anderûn; While Zarleb at his feet reclined, With drooping head and absent mind. Alas! too well the father guess'd The sad emotions of her breast. "Azezim!" †—she looked up and smiled; And, as she still had been a child, As oft of old, a peach he gave From the gold basket which a slave Presented as she lowly knelt. Allah! what spell within it dwelt? Scarce touched it Zarleb's ruby lips, When o'er her eyes death's dark eclipse Stole quickly. Ere an hour had fled, The slave was gone, and Zarleb dead! By poison for his lips prepared His hand had smote again. Was it because his life was spared That Zeinab wept not then?

XIII.

Yet is he not of all bereft; Three stars to cheer his night are left. Gulsheeren,* youngest, sweetest, best-Of all his children loveliest; Hassein and Ahmed, bold and brave As those he cast into the grave. These still remain; and still for them He would misfortune's current stem. At length the eagle of his breast Folded its weary wings in rest. Would peace might sway all hearts, and cast Oblivion o'er the fatal past! A signet, as safe conduct, came In answer to Murwaree's claim. Again before the shah he stood, And spoke his thoughts. In gracious mood The monarch seemed his words to list. "Murwaree from our court is miss'd;" So he replied; "may Allah give Us power his absence to outlive. Yet, ere he goes, we would he saw The will of him whose word is law;

^{*} Marvel of Peru. † A plant which puts forth its odours only during the night. ‡ "My dear," \$Literally Sweet-rose.

Then let him, as our answer, bear The tidings to rebellion's lair."

"Oh, Alee madud! can this be?
Oh, take my life, but set him free!"
Vain is the prayer—the father's eyes
Look on, while Hossein firmly dies.
His head rolls at Murwaree's feet.
"Such, rebel, is an answer meet
For speech like thine. The Kamsin's wrath
Spares but what crouches in its path."

XIV.

Dark as the sky when thunder-clouds
Are gathering to burst,
Deep gloom Murwaree's spirit shrouds—
He feels as though accurs'd;
For all he loves around him die,
And he the tool of destiny.

The sunset beams are on the air,
But not a head is bowed in prayer;
Unheeded is the Namaz + hour;
For seen afar, the lofty tower
Which bore Murwaree's flag on high
Glares redly on the evening sky.
Spur on! spur on! for death or life!
And soon are met the sounds of strife;
Yet well they know the slender train
That guards those walls must strive in vain.

There Zeinab and Gulsheeren dwelt.

How wild the fears Murwaree felt!

What maddening visions came

To torture, as upon his sight

His palace-home glowed wildly bright—

A pyramid of flame!

xv.

On! on! The adverse bands have met; Yet seems Murwaree to forget His troops a leader's voice require— His foe is the destroying fire. He dashes on through smoke and flame, Still loudly shouting Zeinab's name;

• "Ali, help me." † Vesper prayer.

But, hark! a cry—Gulsheeren's tone
Is even in this moment known.
He turns—upon a terraced wall
She stands below. Oh, should she fall!
Murwaree's soul grows wild with fear,
At least her father shall be near.
One bound to reach that wall it took.
Alas! beneath his weight it shook;
It fell—flames soared into the sky,
And choked Gulsheeren's dying cry.
From earth, unscathed, Murwaree gazed,
Upon the tomb which o'er her blazed—
Was there not madness in the thought,
That he had her destruction wrought?

XVI.

He wist not how—but 'mid his band
He stands again—and hand to hand,
Sabre to sabre, knife to knife,
Speeds on the fearful hour of strife;
Pity is 'neath its sway unknown,
And mercy is not asked, nor shown;
His gallant band soon fades away
Like gala-wreaths of yesterday,
Like youth's bright hopes, around him fall,
Friends whom no after sighs recall.

At last he stands alone—
They close around, a blade has found
A sheath within his breast;
Powerless he sinks upon the ground—
Alas! why, tell me the rest?
His glance has seen the slayer's face,
Those features which he sighs to trace,
Oh, Ahmed! are thine own.
No more the father's eyes behold,
For gathering mists his thoughts enfold.

XVII.

Murwaree woke—he felt the wing
Of death his soul was shadowing;
And all was still, yet on the night
Red flames still cast their lurid light.
He looked away. Oh! does he dream?
Or in the moon's soft silvery beam,
Does Zeinab kneel beside him there?—
Ah! never did she seem so fair,
In brightest hours of happiness,
As in this moment of distress:

There is a gladness on her brow. Yet in her eyes are gleaming now-What saw he not in all the years Which he hath known her—there are TEARS! Tears—which her eyes had never shed O'er all his loved and buried dead; Yet speaks she not:—does reason stray?— Or, in the moon's pale trembling ray. Sees he one stand by Zeinab's side, Whom years long past he thought had died?-The aged man, above whose grave He oft had seen the cypress wave. His bright eyes wore a fiendish gleam,— Murwaree wished it were a dream, Yet feared it was not, feared the glare Of Ifrît's eye was on him there. A prayer came to his lips—he sighed, "Oh, Allah! pardon me, if pride Of heart hath e'er thy laws defied, Submission to thy will refused, Or thy decrees of fault accused! If e'er by dreams of pride beguiled, I swerved from duty's path, Allah! forgive thy erring child! Oh, spare him in thy wrath!"

XVIII.

A light glared on Murwaree's eye, A shriek as 'twere of agony, Smote on his ear—then from his sight That strange old man was gone! But yon fair form of love and light, Hath left him not alone; For Zeinab knelt still at his side, And to his wondering look replied-"Murwaree! soon thy soul will part, And I have power to tell, The creature whom thy noble heart For years hath loved so well, Is but a shape of air—a thing Might ride upon the whirlwind's wing: Although a being such as thee, She hath had power to love. I am a Peri of the sea-An Ifrîtt o'er me wove A spell which bound me to his will, The agent of his deeds of ill.

^{*} Evil genius, or demon.

Thy wild words in thy trial's hour, Placed thee within his master's power; I was their slave—and yet I sighed O'er the dark destiny of pride. I pitied, loved,—but might not warn; Yet hoped that at the last, The tears of true repentance born, Would wash away the past. The things we loved were soulless forms, Whose eyes once closed in death, Were but as leaves, which autumn storms Scatter with careless breath,-By Eblis in his triumph sent-A portion of thy punishment. But all is past, and both are free; Thy lot is heaven—and mine the sea!— Soulless I am-and yet I weep With joy, to think thy mortal sleep Is but an hour of summer's night, And ending in eternal light!"

XIX.

The moonlight is sleeping On mountain and wave; And dew-drops are weeping, The fall of the brave; The nightwinds are sighing In melody o'er The brow of the dying, Who wakens no more To fear, and to anguish, To terror and strife; Death only can vanquish, The sorrows of life; And yet they are given, That suffering and woe, To fit us for heaven By trials below.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Pneumatogony, a Poem in five books. With other Poems. By John Wood Tombs.

The offices of poesy are multiform and multiplied. Sometimes her votaries are garlanded with flowers—sometimes the mirth of Anacreon is echoed from their wine-cups—sometimes they march to the trumpettone of war—sometimes they wear the gravity of the philosopher—sometimes the sacerdotal garment of the priest. The spirit of poesy is, indeed, a pervading essence breathing through the whole of this fair world; heaven-born, because an inspiration; earth-dwelling, that it may

elevate the earthly into the heavens.

And most especially is the volume before us inspired by this spirit, belonging, as it does, to the highest class of poetry-if, indeed, that may be said to belong to a class which has no single point of resemblance to the productions of any other author. So far from the author contenting himself with charming with sweet numbers, embalming the affections, singing soft lullabies to the passions, wakening up the sympathising echoes of the heart, or making the world musical with lovers' dreams, he has chosen to grapple with those august subjects, the majestic grandeur of which may well awe into nothingness the mind of He has ventured into that ocean of eternity, the past, which existed before time was, and drawn up from the depths of the profound conceptions of the creation of the universe, as derived from the Eternal. Be it, however, perfectly understood, that in treating of this scheme of the world's origin, we look upon it solely as a fine conception of poetry, ourselves reverentially resting on the sublime truths of Revelation, and believing that in them we have the highest views of the Divinity unveiled, which the present constitution of our humanity permits us to receive. We know, indeed, that now we see through a glass darkly; but we know also, that our weakened vision cannot bear the fuller blaze Thus, then, we approach this work, not as theology, of divine truth. but as poetry, contemplating it rather as the conception of lofty intellect, and poetic spirit, than as a creed of religious belief. In doing this, we must at once confess, that they who pass the confines of the visible, whose spirits soar beyond the bounds of the corporeal, expatiating in those regions which the visible eye hath not seen, and from whence sound reaches not the ear of sense, at once assume a distinction and exaltation which can only attach to the few who are elevated above our present existence. This position our author has assumed; and when we say, that his tone of thought and illustration keep equal pace with the sublimity of his subject, we scarcely think we can express

higher appreciation of genius of such extraordinary power. In days like the present, when talent crowds the various marts and walks of life. it is no small eulogy to say, that we know of no poet, either living himself, or in his works, with whom we could compare our author. Milton's imagery, notwithstanding all his greatness, is the likening the invisible to the visible, showing the lofty by the mean; and, in fact, is too corporeal. He gives us, indeed, shadows; but we would fain mark the difference between shadows and reflections, the one being but the dark outline, the other presenting not only perfect form but faithful colouring. We say then, that our author has given us reflections and His subject is too lofty for metaphor and illustration, not shadows. and his muse has gone on with a stately head, and a style, chaste, pure, and commanding. The awe attached to the being of an unknown world attends her footsteps, the mysteries of the ideal surround her. We have already said, that the style is in the strictest harmony with the subject. There is no flapping of the soaring wing—save here and there a relenting into human sympathies—a melting into human interests; and when this is the case, the feeling is so tender, the language so full, so ready, so outrushing, that the author seems to have difficulty in re-It is as if the mind had here and there given place covering himself. to the emotions of the heart, in these rich outbreaks of feelings so full of sweet poetry, fine paintings, and all the untaught eloquence of nature.

But not to extend our own remarks further, we will quote a passage

or two.

And dwellers in the caves, and they who rear'd Their lithal shrines, ere o'er the Theban plain Arose the hundred-gated city, and the fanes Of mighty Ammon, or their giant arms The weird Colossi stretch'd o'er earth, and frown'd Defiance back to Heaven, ere Sphinx Gazed on the teeming land with glance of stone, Serene, compassionate, as if she knew The secrets of a mighty Past, and held Within her jealous breast a wondrous tale, Too awful in its ancient mystery To be reveal'd to us—the legend of the world; A race who carved the temples of the Sun, And mighty fanes from out the living rock, Fanes which lay mouldering o'erthrown by Time, While yet the Pyramids were not! They with whose tops the sun is now familiar,— And greets them like his own coeval mountains, Casting their shadows to the Libyian hills; Those shadows where the desert antelope Browzes unconscious of the morning beam, And where the night chill'd snake uncoils in vain His folds to bask; all shadowless they stand at noon. Unto th' Arabian mountains night speed on, And Edom's sea, o'er half of Egypt's breadth Behind their mighty screen, which dims the path Before the blackness of her rushing feet, The shadows of her coming cast before.

Son of the morning, why so silent now?
Aurora, thy fair parent, comes she not
With dewy lip to cool thine aching brow;
And on the mountains are not, as of old,
Her footsteps beautiful? Or did thy heart
Break ere thou grewest dumb, great Memnon, say?
And they, thy giant compeers, look they still
For Thebes, as if the desert should roll back
Its sandy depths, and yield her up with all
Her hundred portals? Are their eyes of stone
Untired with watching? or will they outgaze
The fiery orbed Sun, and Time himself,
And look into the eyelids of Eternity,
Just ere he wakes again to smile upon
The wreck of these material worlds, and quench
In all his living light their daring glance?

General Observations on Modern Music and Musicians, chiefly in reference to Players on the Pianoforte.

This little work contains some interesting information on the subject to which it relates. We wish the author had been more ample in his details respecting the *debuts* of young musicians. The subject is a curious one, and might have been rendered, by the intermixture of anecdotes, very attractive. The hopes and fears of debutants—their success or failure on their first appearance—and the fate which eventually awaited them in the musical world, would all have formed materials for interesting narrative.

In thus referring to this subject, we beg to take the opportunity of mentioning, that a young gentleman may, ere long, be expected to make his debut, who, if we mistake not, will create no small sensation in the musical world. We allude to Mr. Coleman Jacobs, who has been for some time engaged in giving private lessons on the pianoforte in families of distinction, by whom his talents as a professor of music are held in the highest estimation. We have repeatedly heard him in private, and have no hesitation in saying, that a more able pianist has seldom appeared. He plays with surpassing skill, and with an effect which, when he appears before the public, cannot fail to elicit bursts of applause Nor ought we to omit to add, that to Mr. Jacobs's wonderful acquirements as a performer on the piano are united a cultivated mind and the feelings and manners of a gentleman. We look forward with great interest to the period when he will make his debut.

Plans for Gentlemen's Libraries, with Remarks on their Formation and Arrangement, Bookbinding, Catalogues, &c.

An useful little work, which every book-buyer should possess. The estimates which accompany it, and selections for libraries of various amounts, appear to have been prepared with great care and a thorough knowledge of the subject.

Peter Schlemihl the Shadowless Man. By Chamisso.

This forms one of the small volumes of Burns' Fire-side Library. It is a translation of a work which has long been exceedingly popular in Germany. The story turns on the droll idea of the hero, Peter Schlemihl, having sold his shadow to some mysterious personage, described as the gentleman in grey. The circumstances under which the story was written, are thus narrated by the editor:—

"The origin of Peter Schlemihl is to be ascribed, in a great degree, to circumstances that occurred in the life of the writer. During the eventful year of 1813, when the movement broke out which ultimately freed Germany from the yoke of her oppressor, and precipitated his downfal, Chamisso was in Berlin. Every one who could wield a sword hastened then to employ it on behalf of Germany and of the good cause. Chamisso had not only a powerful arm, but a heart also of truly German mould; and yet he was placed in a situation so peculiar as to isolate him among millions. As he was of French parentage, the question was, not whether he should fight on behalf of Germany, but also whether he should fight against the people with whom he was connected by the ties of blood and family relationship. Hence arose a struggle in his breast. 'I, and I alone, am forbidden at this juncture to wield a sword.' Such was frequently his exclamation; and instead of meeting with sympathy on account of his peculiar situation, he was frequently doomed to hear, in the capital of Prussia, the head-quarters of the confederation against France and Napoleon, expressions of hatred and scorn directed against his countrymen. He was himself too equitable to mistake the cause of such expressions, which were perfectly natural under the circumstances, but they nevertheless deeply afflicted him when they reached his ears. In this state of things his friends resolved to remove him from such a scene of excitement, and to place him amid the quiet scenery of the country. An asylum was offered him in the family of Count Itzcenplitsch, where he was sufficiently near to become acquainted with the gradual development of the all-important crisis, and yet free from any unpleasant personal contact with it. Here, at the family seat of Cunersdorf, scarcely a day's journey from Berlin, wholly devoted to botany and other favourite pursuits, Chamisso conceived the idea of Peter Schlemihl, and with rapid pen finished off the story.

"Chamisso was often pestered with questions respecting what he really meant by the story of Schlemihl. These questions amused as well as annoyed him. The truth is, that his intention in writing it was perhaps scarcely of so precise a nature as to admit of his giving a formal account of it. The story sprang into being of itself, like every work of genius, prompted by a self-creating power. In a letter to the writer of this notice, after he had just commenced the story, he says—'A book was the last thing you would have expected from me! Place it before your wife this evening, if you have time; should she be desirous to know Schlemihl's further adventures, and particularly who the man in the grey cloak is, send me back the MS. immediately, that I may continue the story; but if you do not return it, I shall know the meaning perfectly.' Is it possible for any writer to submit himself to the scrutiny of

the public more good-naturedly?"

The little volume, we ought to state, is beautifully printed, and very tastefully got up.

The Woes of War. A Poem in Two Cantos; with other Pieces in Verse. By a late Medical Officer.

THERE is more to commend in the feeling which pervades this little work, than in its literary or poetical merits. In these respects its pretensions are of a humble order. We give a specimen from the larger poem. The author is apostrophising ambition:—

Check'd in thy nascent, madly bold career,
And dash'd impetuous from th' empyrean plains,
With fell discomforture, to regions drear,
Where Satan's revelry infernal reigns;
Whence early sprung those numerous woes and pains
That hard beset this world's first happiness,
Ere long emerg'd from Chaos' gloomy chains:
And that sweet spot which Heaven first deign'd to bless,
By thee was soon involv'd in misery and distress!

Say—when a mortal breast first burn'd with ire,
With blood and vengeance roll'd his jealous eye,
And rais'd his arm with murderous desire
His cruel hands in brother's blood to die;
When, at his feet, he saw him bleeding lie,
Say—didst thou smile to see the reeking blade?
For joy cast up thy haughty plumes on high?
Commend the deed—and say that Man was made
To wield thy burnish'd lance, and learn thy barbarous trade?

Did, then, anticipation charm thy soul
From this example of man's thirst for blood,
To see posterior ages furious roll
O'er desolated plains thy purple flood?
To see thy pennons glaring dark and broad
O'er lines of marshall'd murderers, whose aim
Was conquest o'er a similar restless brood,
Alike transported with the deeds of Fame,
That blazon on thy crest—thy glory—and their shame?

Athwart the gloom of distant unborn years,
Didst thou rejoice the Patriarch's sons to see
Their promise violate, and snatch their spears,
Against their brethren from suspicion free—
And Judah's Son, pierc'd on th' entangling tree?
To see the Assyrian and the Medion wield
The Tinctur'd scymitar in praise of thee,
And buckler'd Greek, triumphant in the field,
With helmet dazzling bright, and death-opposing shield?

The poem from which we have made this extract is decidedly the best in the collection. The shorter pieces are not only destitute of vigour,

originality, and all the attributes which constitute genuine poetry, but there is want of attention to the measure, which would mar the effect of the matter, even were it of a superior kind.

The Goldmaker's Village. Translated from the German of H. Zschoke. Translations from the German have become very common of late. This is an addition to the number. It is a well-written interesting tale; and is got up with excellent typographical taste.

The Queen's Fire Side Library. 1, Siege of Liechfield; 2, Undine. Translated from the German of Foque.

This is an elegant serial work: the opening numbers promise well. We shall refer to the publication at some length, when a few more numbers have made their appearance.

This work appears anonymously. Who the author is, we cannot even form a conjecture. He has a lively perception of the ludicrous, and many of the scenes in his book are most provocative of laughter. It is, too, fluently and ably written. Its chief defect is a want of design, and the absence of that consistency between the different parts, which is necessary to give effect to the whole. But for the encroachment of our general literature this month, on our review department, we should have given copious extracts from the work, which is got up in a style of surpassing elegance for a volume of the kind. It is also, we ought to mention, abundantly illustrated. The expense of bringing out the volume must have been great—much too great, we fear, for this book-neglecting generation.

END OF VOL. XLII.

